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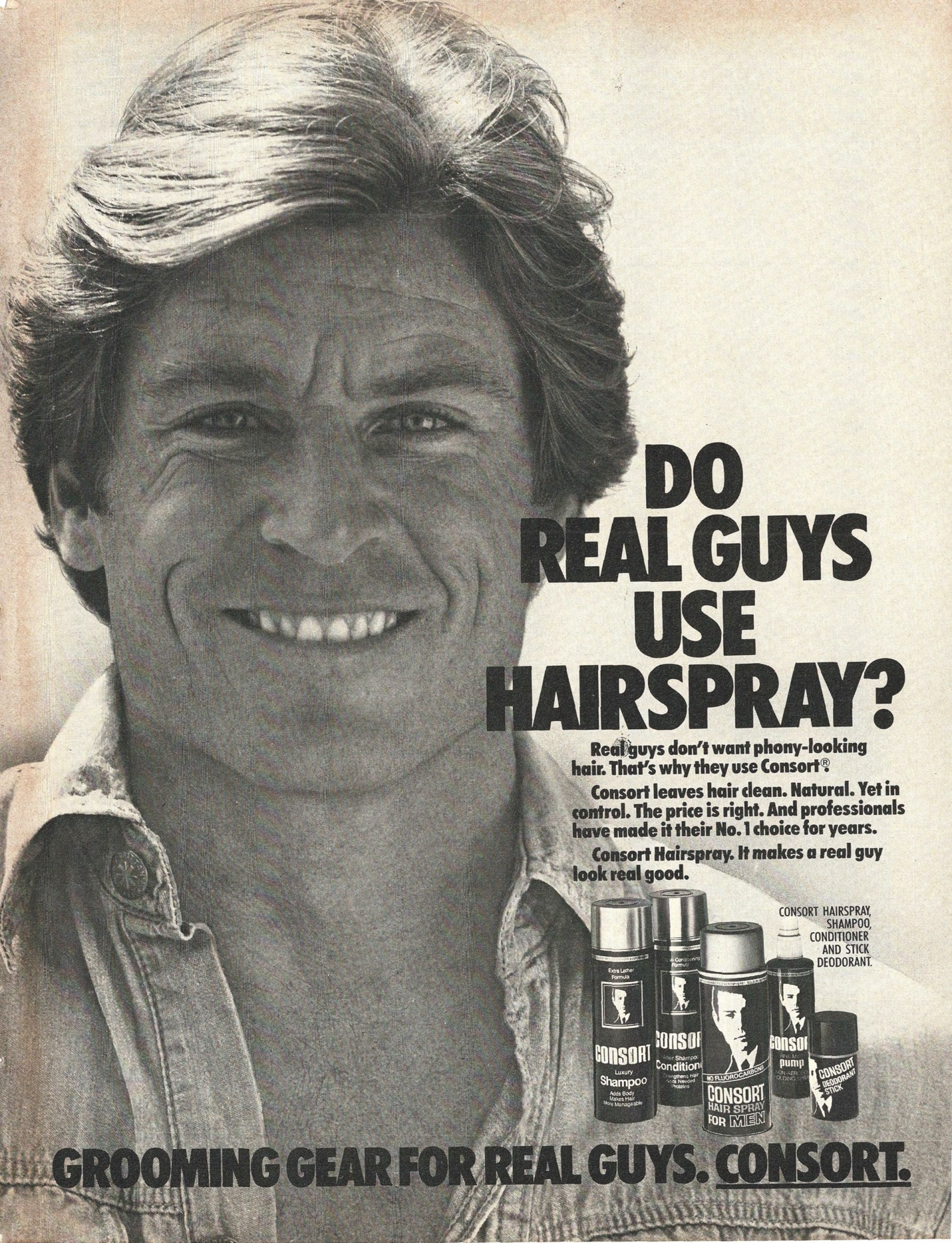
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This month's cover features Jody Swafford who also appears on page 123. She was photographed by J. Stephen Hicks with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. For more information on the equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 207.

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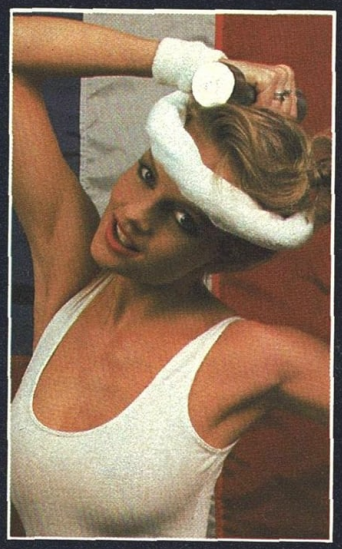

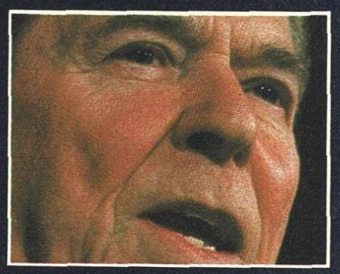

MILLION-DOLLAR WINNER
By this time, millions of people worldwide have already thrilled via television to the first spectacular Penthouse International Pet of the Year Pageant. But now, in a special pictorial portfolio by Pulitzer Prize–winning photographer **Eddie Adams,** *Penthouse* readers can go behind the scenes of the world's greatest beauty contest (page 112). Although the judges finally selected gorgeous Jeanette Starion of Denmark as the winner of an almost unbelievable $1,000,000 in cash and prizes, you'll see that the profusion of lovely international contestants made the decision a very difficult one indeed.

BUGGING AMERICA
A luxurious Long Island mansion called Killenworth houses the Soviet Union's massive technological spying operation against the United States, intercepting and recording important telephone calls. On page 68 investigative reporter **David Kahn,** one of the world's leading experts on cryptography, discusses how this outrageous eavesdropping threatens vital American diplomatic, security, and business interests.

HOME PORN
Screw magazine editor and publisher **Al Goldstein** joins us with a new column on X-rated videocassettes (page 60). Although this million-dollar industry is one of today's most lucrative, the number of totally boring and inept erotic films is staggering. Al's humorous reviews, supplemented by his "penis-meter" ratings, will help you to select the best sex films available.

OBSESSIONS
Byron "Blue Suede" Bluford, the hero of "Stark Raving Elvis" (page 148), is so taken with the King of Rock 'n' Roll that he finally has to find out "how the hell do you make a life out of being Elvis?" You'll find the answer in this month's fiction, excerpted from **William McCranor Henderson**'s forthcoming novel from E. P. Dutton....And in a blistering "Advise & Dissent" (page 110), fiscal watchdog **Donald Lambro** accuses President Reagan of allowing the Washington bureaucracy to continue to waste millions, while he pretends that he's slashing every pound of fat from the federal budget....

GOOD SPORTS
"When he comes out of the bull pen," says one terrified batter, "that's just what he looks like—a bull. There's smoke coming out of his nose and his cap is down over his eyes." The bull in question, this month's interview subject (page 120), is actually a Goose—**Goose Gossage,** to be precise, the flame-throwing relief pitcher who for the past decade has been the single most dominant figure in major-league baseball....And on page 84, **Larry Linderman** continues in his controversial tradition by naming the seventh annual "20 Worst College Football Teams" and castigates his critics "who can't decide whether it's better to die for their school or to kill for it."

GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN
Oh, they certainly do! And in "Female Pleasures" (page 66) we share two true stories of sexual encounters by anonymous women, excerpted from *Pleasures: Women Write Erotica* (edited by **Lonnie Barbach Ph.D.**, and to be published by Doubleday). Turning back in time, you can savor erotic notions of a very different nature in the lush collection of Victoriana photographed by **Malcolm Kirk** (page 140), which were sexual talismans for the worldly gentlemen of that age....And while we're on the subject, let's not forget *today's* worldly gentlemen (you, our readers) who can savor in several other lush pictorials this month some modern, thoroughly up-to-date sexual talismans—our ever-lovely and ever-lusty Pets! Happy reading!

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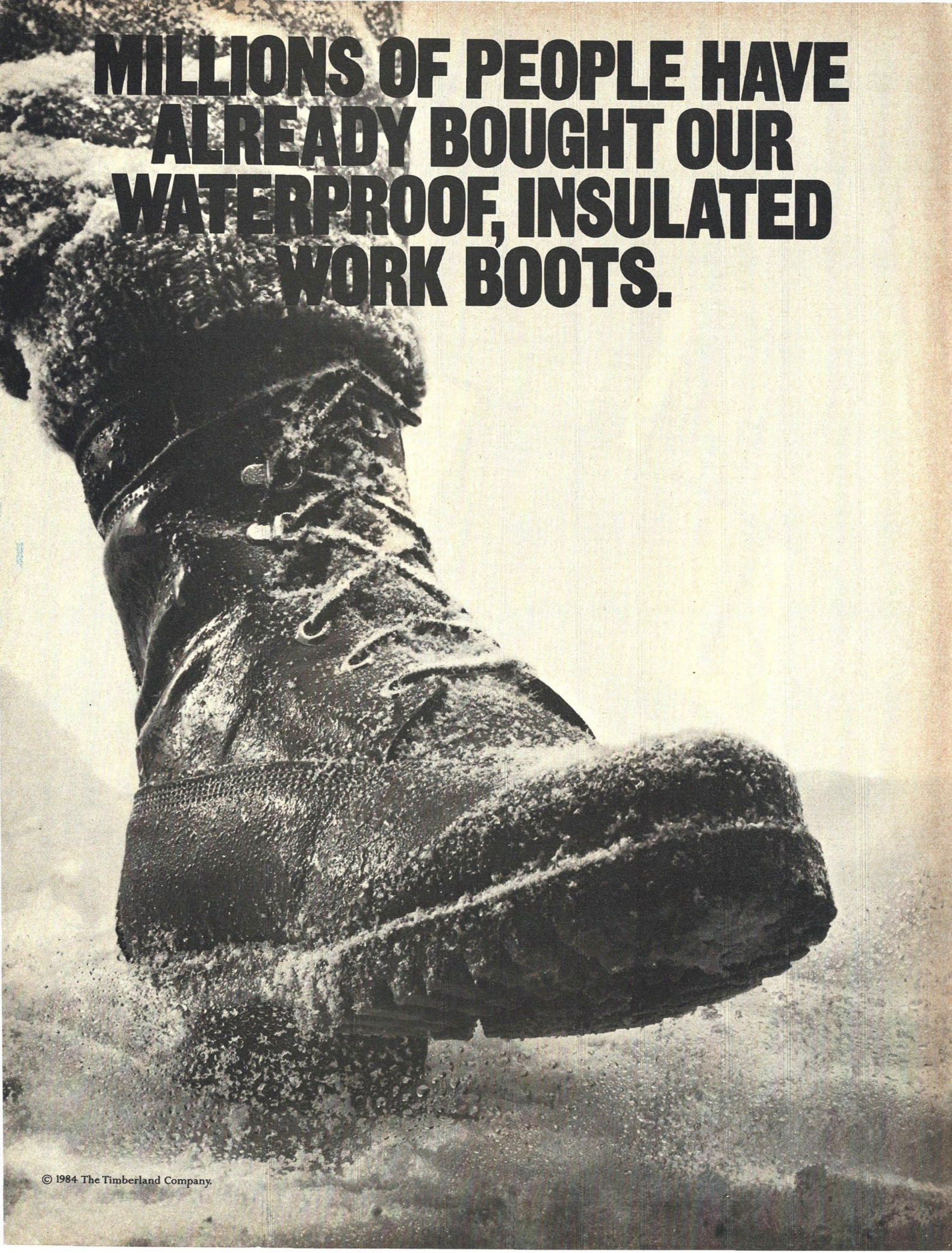

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"Cynthia got out a small leather whip and gave me 20 of her best lashes across my ass."

PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE BOND AGE

Some time ago, I answered an ad in a local underground paper for a submissive male. This has always been my biggest fantasy, so I immediately wrote back, and a week later I received a reply. The letter

KENKICHI SATO

stated that I should meet my new "mistress" at a local massage parlor for a try-out. When I arrived, I was led into a small, dark room by the woman who was soon to change my life.

Cynthia, my new mistress, told me to strip and put my hands behind my back. She then put a dog collar around my neck, led me to a wall, and told me to put my hands above my head. They were quickly strapped to a couple of shackles just within reach. I was now at her mercy. She raked her fingernails over my entire body. I was soon excited beyond my wildest dreams. My cock was as hard as steel, and she knew I was loving the sweet agony.

Next, Cynthia got out a small leather whip and gave me 20 of her best lashes across my ass. After this came a fur-covered paddle that she rubbed across my balls and ass.

While she did this, she kept asking me if I wanted to be her slave. I answered, "Yes, Mistress." This seemed to please her.

Cynthia then brought out a candle, lit it, and proceeded to drip the warm wax on my cock, down my back, and into the crack of my ass. She then left me tied up and invited a couple of her friends into the room. As they giggled and laughed at me, each one took turns playing with me and whipping my ass.

Finally, she let me go. She gave me an address and told me to report there the following day at noon. I couldn't wait for the time to pass. I was on her doorstep at 12 on the dot. She told me to come in and strip, which I did in two seconds flat. Next she informed me of the house rules: 1) no talking except when spoken to; 2) answer "Yes, Mistress," or "No, Mistress "; 3) obey every command or pay the price of being tied down, then whipped.

I thought I could follow these rules pretty well, until I found out that there was a party that night for all of her girlfriends. I wanted to leave but I couldn't. Cynthia had locked up all of my clothes.

At eight o'clock, about five of her female friends showed up. Did they ever look good! I had seen some of them at the massage parlor, but there were also others I had never seen before.

After serving them all drinks, I was told to entertain them. First, I had to jack off in front of all the girls. Then I was told to swallow my own come. This was something I had never done before.

Next I was taken to the torture room, where Cynthia strapped my hands and feet to the wall. She then put some baby oil on my virgin ass hole and, ever so slowly, buried a 12-inch dildo up my ass. While she did this, I could see all of the girls strip out of their leather outfits. Next, a girl named Edie brought out a short whip and proceeded to turn my ass a nice crimson color. While she was whipping me, one of the other girls started to put a cock ring around my engorged member.

This went on until the wee hours of the morning, and they probably made me come at least 20 times. I'm sure they got off a few times too.

But my torture was not over yet. One of the girls brought out a small camera and started to take pictures of me while I was still strapped to the wall. They told me they were doing this to make sure I didn't tell anyone what had happened. The photos were for "The Scrapbook," which I saw at a later time. It also contained dozens of pictures of people in similar distress.

MICHEL ANCHOR

I have now been in the service of my mistress for over six months, and I would have it no other way. I have even moved in with her and will stay there as long as she lets me. I love it!—*Name and address withheld*

FAMILY TIES

My sister-in-law, Jean, is not only about the same age as my wife, she also has many other similarities, including good looks. So, of course, it's only natural for me to be attracted to the same things that attract me to my wife.

Jean called to say she was coming over to watch TV, so I decided to test the waters to see if she had the same desires as me.

I put on a pair of cutoff jeans, purposely didn't wear any underpants, and anxiously waited for her to arrive.

My wife was home at the time, but I don't think she noticed my attire. Sitting on the couch, I played with my cock until it strained at the seams of my shorts. As I

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OCTOBER

did this, I purposely exposed the tip of my cock under my cutoffs. I then pretended to read a magazine. When she entered the room, Jean sat in a chair directly across from me. My wife sat in a chair facing a different direction and couldn't see what I was doing. Jean's eyes immediately focused on my crotch. I watched in delight as she stared directly at my exposed cock. She remained transfixed for quite a while, and then a smile appeared on her knowing face.

That was all the prompting I needed. That evening after Jean left and my wife had gone shopping, I called Jean and asked her if she had enjoyed the show. To my surprise she said that she had been so excited she masturbated right in *our* bathroom during a commercial break!

Jean said that she couldn't come over again that night because she was afraid her sister would find out about us and that she also didn't want to be unfaithful to her husband.

She did suggest, however, that from then on we both tease each other and then fantasize about the experience while masturbating.

The next time Jean stopped by *she* wore cutoffs and no underpants. She waited until my wife left the room and then pulled back the pant leg, exposing her cunt. Then she looked right at me and put her finger on her clit and played with herself. I couldn't contain myself. I immediately ran into the bathroom and jacked off.

Now, every time Jean comes over she leaves the door to the bathroom ajar so that I can watch her as she masturbates.

If this weren't enough, one time she went to the beach with my wife and me, and while we were swimming, she slipped off her bikini bottoms and circled me under the water.

The situation has gotten out of hand and I don't know how much longer I can stand just looking at her. But for now this is all I can expect out of respect for both of our spouses.

Anyway, sometimes it's more fun just to fantasize, and believe me, Jean has given me a lot to think about!—*Name and address withheld*

CLOSE SHAVE

Some months ago I read, and more or less forgot, a "Forum" letter that described a rather unusual haircut given to a girl as the result of her boyfriend's begging her to let him shave her head.

About a month after reading that letter it was time to give our poodle a clipping. I've always hated doing it because it makes such a mess, so while we were cutting her hair my wife mentioned that she thought it would be a lot easier to shave a person than a dog. I told her that was easy, since I remember getting my monthly crew cut when I was in the marines. She then started making comments about what she would look like shaved. Being preoccupied with the dog at the time, I said she'd look like Fidji (our poodle). She got very upset and screamed at me for my lack of understanding and ran from the basement. I didn't know what the hell she was talking about, so I quickly finished clipping Fidji and went off in search of her. I found her crying in our bedroom. I asked her what the problem was. Her reply hit me like a ton of bricks. She was mad that I hadn't taken her hints earlier about shaving her head! I was absolutely shocked. When she finally convinced me that this was her ultimate fantasy and that she had to live it out I went and got the electric clippers that we had used on the dog.

When I returned to the bedroom, she had gotten out my razor and shaving gel and had set up a chair in front of the mirror. She then took off her clothes and told me to take off mine. I was a nervous wreck. I mean, she is really cute—five feet five inches, 112 pounds, with shoulder-length blond hair—and there I was with a pair of electric clippers in my hand ready to shave her!

She sat down naked and told me to do it as slowly as I could since this was not an everyday job (the understatement of the year!). I placed the clippers at the front of her forehead and slowly pushed it back to the crown of her head and stopped to let 18 inches of blond mane fall to her lap. She looked up at me, smiled, and said, "I knew you'd find this exciting," and pointed at my now erect penis. Was she ever right! I finished clipping the top of her head and moved to the sides.

I got the shaving gel and razor and lathered her up well—her head wasn't all that was lathered! Her pussy was dripping and all I could do to keep her still long enough was finish the job. As I stepped back and patted her gleaming scalp, she said I wasn't finished until *all* of her hair was gone. She spread her legs so that I could shave her pussy. After I shaved her, she got up and went to the bed and started playing with herself. I rushed over to her and plunged my face into her sweet-smelling bald pussy. She came in multiple orgasms. I then fondled her bald scalp and licked her entire head before ramming my penis into her cunt. My climax was like nothing I had ever had before.

My wife now has a wig that she wears during the day, but when we go out at night she usually goes bald. I love to watch the stares she gets.—*Name and address withheld*

LOVE ME TENDER

I recently made an unscheduled visit to the office on a day that it closed early and caught one of the office boys frolicking with his girlfriend. He had just finished undressing her, and she was stretched out across my desk.

I told Eddie to step outside immediately. I made him aware of the consequences of my discovery and told him to go home and leave her with me to straighten things out. He reluctantly agreed. Carrie didn't seem to offer much objection.

Since she was already unwrapped and

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worked up, it wasn't long before my penis slipped in and out of her. Her young, sweet cunt felt like heaven. I now knew the true meaning of "young and tender"—her pussy was soft and snug. Innocently she warmly held onto me in harmonious motion as I moved deep inside her.

Finally, I could hold back no longer. As I pulled my cock back, her lips closed around me once more and I began to blow. As I did, I plunged forward to the hilt just in time to deposit my second spurt of come into her pussy. I was bucking and pumping and almost completely out of control.

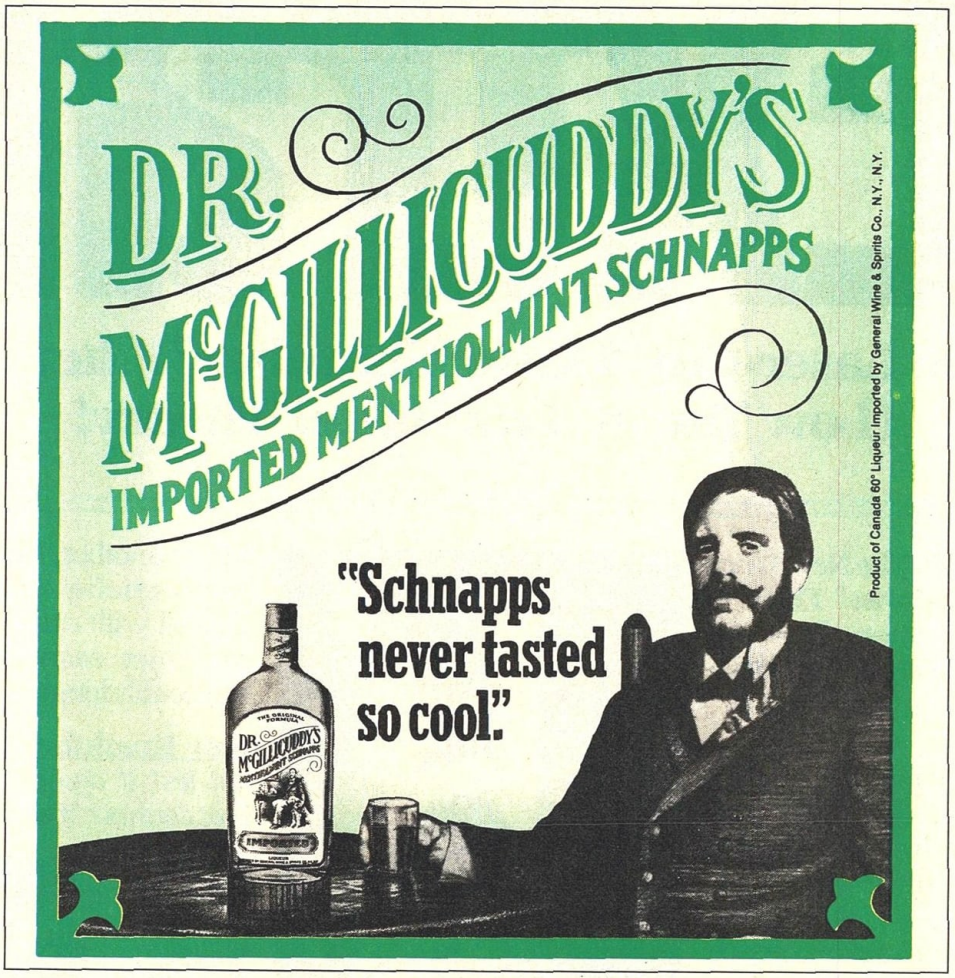
As our earthshaking passion subsided, we collapsed to the floor and lay entwined. She just lay there quietly. I slid down and began to savor the sweet tender folds of her pussy. I sniffed and inhaled her fresh musky perfume. I gently lapped the honey that trickled from her moist, pink opening.

As I kissed and caressed her tender thighs, her fingers ran through my hair, and she told me how much she enjoyed the slow, loving treatment I had just given her. Her cute face, her innocent smile, and her soft, sexy voice put my mind in a haze.

It took no further urging for me to move between her legs and nuzzle her pussy once more. Carrie then, softly gasped, "Ohhh" and began to moan in surrender.

I took one long last look at this beautiful picture—her thighs, her perfect little ass, and the light wisps of pussy hair that adorned her crack. And then, for the last time, I slid my cock into her wet young cunt. Her moist pussy embraced me for all its worth, and her arms wrapped around my shoulders. Her petite nose nuzzled my ear. I was driven into wild oblivion as I blew my last load inside her.

After a short and peaceful sleep, we woke up, got dressed, and I dropped Carrie off at her boyfriend's apartment. After a tender kiss, I watched this young beauty walk away. That weekend I constantly jerked off thinking how her 18-year-old cunt squeezed me tight. The memory of the aroma of her pussy pervaded my nostrils and taste buds, and this sensation bounced inside my head for weeks.—*Name and address withheld*



OUI, MASSEUR

I've often heard the expression "mixing business with pleasure," but on my last business trip it was more pleasure than business. While in the Midwest, I decided to stay over an extra night rather than take a late flight home. The next day, since I wasn't going back to L.A. until that afternoon, I grabbed a cup of coffee and a copy of your wonderful magazine and headed for the pool in search of relaxation. I did not know then how pleasurable this afternoon would be.

Sitting in the sun and almost dozing off, I didn't notice the woman enter the pool area. So when she asked to borrow my lighter, I almost jumped out of my skin. We both laughed and she tried to apologize. She was about six feet tall and in her middle to late forties. Even in her modest one-piece bathing suit, she was an attractive, classy lady.

She told me that she was a computer consultant, and that she was killing time before an afternoon meeting. I noticed that she moved very stiffly and asked her why. She told me that she had twisted her back the day before. Half joking, I offered to give her a massage. To my surprise, she said she'd love one. Since none of the lounge chairs in the pool area would lay flat, I said we'd have to go to her room.

When we got there, I told her to take a long, hot shower. While she was in the shower, I stripped down the bed and turned on some FM music. When she walked out of the bathroom, I nearly swallowed my teeth. Due to her height, the towel didn't quite cover her very heavy bush. Trying very hard to control myself, I told her to stretch out on the bed. She started to lie down with the towel on, but she looked at me, blushed, and dropped it. I only got a quick glimpse of her tits before she lay on the bed. Her body would put most 20-year-olds to shame.

I straddled her hips and started working on her neck and shoulders. Her firm ass felt great against my crotch and was very distracting while I worked my way down her back. As I gently rubbed, I felt her muscles start to relax. At the base of her spine I found a spot that made her moan slightly. I used my thumbs on this area, with my fingers lightly caressing her cheeks. She began to moan more and slightly parted her thighs. Working my hands lower I started to work on her left thigh. One of my strokes accidentally brushed the lips of her very hot and wet cunt. She let out a loud moan and flipped over, almost tossing me off the bed. Ignoring her protests, I buried my face in her sweet-smelling crotch. It only took a few well-placed licks and nibbles to bring her to a crashing orgasm. Her thighs slammed against my ears, causing a ringing sensation. She went limp and was almost in a trance.

As we lay next to each other, sharing a cigarette, she told me that she had never had anyone "do that" to her before. Caressing the bulge in my swimming suit, she shyly asked if she could "return the favor." What she lacked in experience, she made up for in enthusiasm. We took a shower but ended up back in bed for a hot sixty-nine and a slow, teasing screw.

We had lunch together before we had to leave. She plans on being in L.A. next month for a week-long seminar, so we'll have to get together and continue the massage therapy.—*Name and address withheld*

THE FIRST TIME AROUND

I have been reading your magazine for the past five years and have always wanted to share an experience with fellow "Forum"

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readers. My girlfriend, Shana, and I have been having sex for over a year now, and it seems to be getting better all the time. When I first met Shana, she was a virgin. I will never forget the first time we had sex.

I was spending a few days at her house helping her dad do some odd jobs. One Friday night her parents took us out to dinner. Shana was dressed to the nines. The dress she wore really showed off her 36C tits. Over dinner, Shana's father and I discussed the work that needed to be finished on the house. I smiled at Shana, who in return licked her lips and winked at me when her parents weren't looking. After dinner we returned to the house. I sleep on the couch when I stay over, so I laid down and got comfortable. Shana's parents watched TV for a little while, and then they said their good-nights and went upstairs to bed.

Shana moved over to the couch and we started kissing. I then asked her why she was flirting with me at dinner. She said that she and her friend Angela had seen a porno flick in which a girl gave a guy a blowjob. She also said that I was in for a special treat. I could not believe what I was hearing! It was like a dream.

I reached over and kissed her and started massaging her tits. She got up and went to see if her parents had gone to sleep. When she returned she had on a short black nightgown and a pair of matching panties. I got an instant hard-on. Shana dimmed the lights and returned to the couch. She said that she wanted me to make love to her.

She reached over and unzipped my pants, took out my cock and began sucking on it slowly. I was in heaven. It felt so good! She started moving her tongue over it faster and faster, sometimes gagging on it. I moved on the floor and knelt down. I ran my hands through her hair and felt her firm tits. She stopped me and said, "Come on, do it to me. I want you to fuck me." I then knelt between her legs, and started sucking her pussy. It was nice and sweet, her juices were very tasty. As I began to move my finger in and out of her pussy, Shana moaned in ecstasy. She arched her back and her ass came off the floor as she reached her first orgasm. It was really nice to see her get off.

I then proceeded to get on top of her. She resisted at first, but finally agreed. I guided my cock to the opening of her virgin hole. Her black pubic hairs tickled the head of my cock. Gently I pushed it in and she let out a small cry. I put my hand on her mouth to drown out the sound so as not to wake her parents. Once I was in it felt unbelievably wonderful to be in her virgin hole. I gave a huge push and started to slowly stroke my cock in and out. Her pussy was wet and warm, and the look on her face as I fucked her was unreal. She started clawing my back with her fingernails. I was about to come.

I pulled out and positioned her in front of me, doggy style. Her round ass was staring me in the face as I spread her ass cheeks and shoved my cock into her hot and dripping snatch. She fucked back at me like a wild woman. I slammed my cock inside her faster and faster while I fingered her ass hole. It was a real turn-on and she came quickly. I then started to insert my cock into her rectum. She said it would rip her butt open so I stopped and inserted it back into her dripping, newly fucked hole. I fucked her again doggy style and shot my load on her ass hole. The creamy fluid dripped down her pussy and onto the floor.

We both kissed like we never had before and fell asleep in each other's arms. As for the remainder of the weekend, I finished painting the house, and Shana and I had two more heavy lovemaking sessions. Shana was just beginning to learn about sex and all of its pleasures, but from the outcome of our first time, I would never have known she was a virgin.—*Name and address withheld*

"Your time of month again, Marge?"

MASTER BEATER

What man doesn't dream about possessing a beautiful, totally submissive female whose only desire is to satisfy his every sexual whim? I recently experienced absolute dominance over a beautiful woman—one of my many sexual fantasies.

One rainy night my date, a petite redheaded secretary I met at work, spent the evening with me at my place. Looking for something to do, I suggested that we throw some darts—my second favorite indoor sport. Dee didn't seem very excited by the idea, so I proposed that we spice up the game with some high sexual stakes.

This was the proposal: The loser of the dart game had to agree without protest to completely submit to the winner and be an obedient slave for the rest of the evening. The loser was to be addressed only as "Slave," and the winner would at all times be referred to as "Master." After a little coaxing and a lot of beer, Dee agreed to the terms.

In spite of my crippling handicaps—I had agreed to throw with my left hand and from twice the distance—I still managed to beat my pretty opponent. Then the fun really started.

"Slave," I commanded her in my best despotic tone, "get me a beer." My newly acquired slave bowed in obedience, then headed for the kitchen to get the beer. But when she returned she was carrying two beers, one for me and one for herself. I was furious with her. I told her that she had not been granted permission to get herself a drink. I also told her that she would have to be severely punished for her impudence. I demanded that she take off all her clothes and prepare for a beating. Casting her eyes down in shame, she meekly replied, "Yes, Master." As she peeled out of her tight jeans and her black sweater, I searched for an instrument of punishment. I settled on an old leather belt and some

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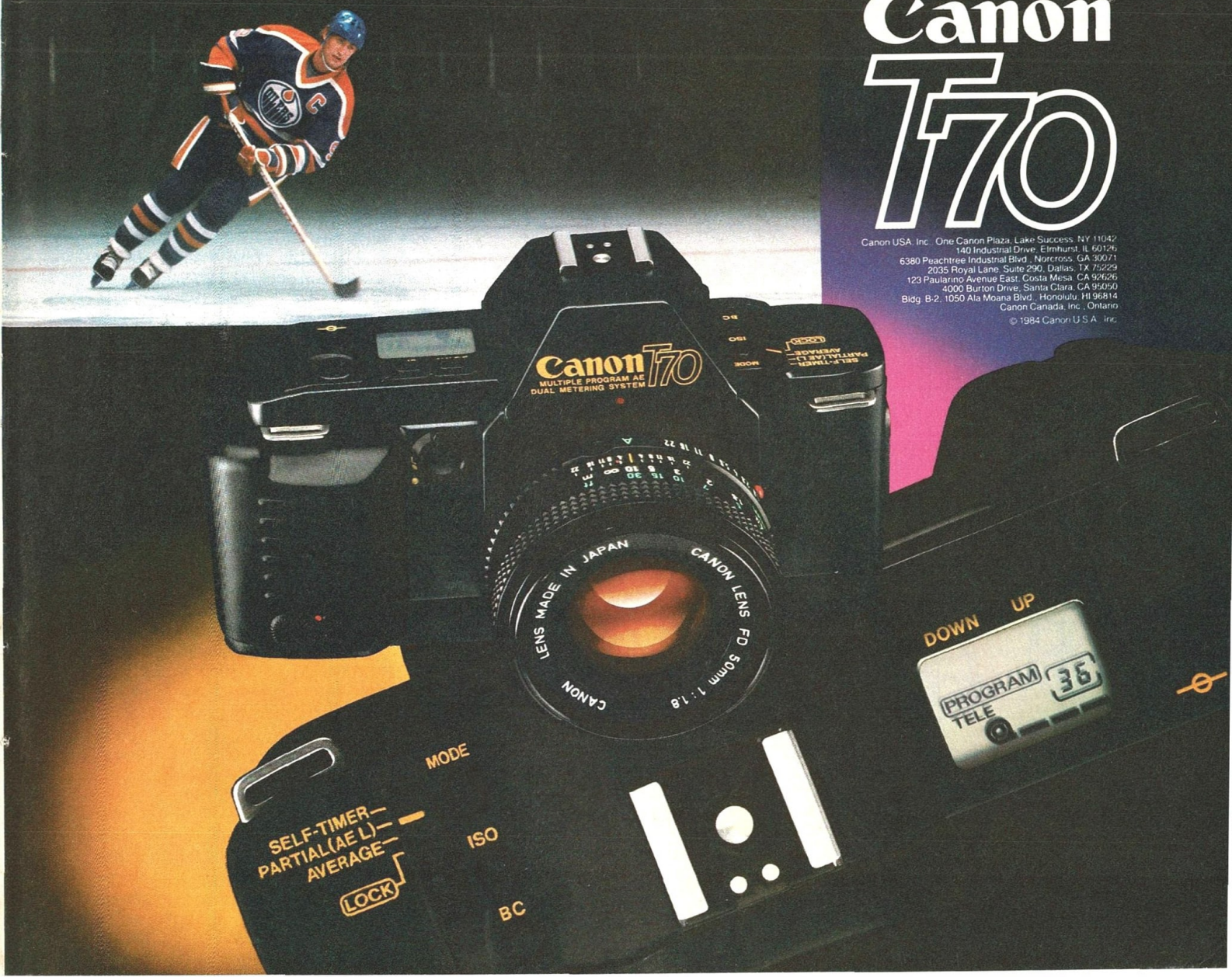

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rope. With mock force and indignation, I grabbed her hands and wrapped a piece of rope around them. When my lovely slave began to protest, a bit frightened I suppose, I reminded her of our pledge. This quieted her down.

Next, I led Dee into my bedroom, ordered her down on her knees, and tied her hands to one of the bedposts. Then I blindfolded her with one of my T-shirts. I told her to brace herself and began to lightly brush her little naked ass with the belt. I hit her gently, reprimanding her for her disobedience. I stopped for a moment and asked her if she had learned her lesson. She didn't reply, so I whacked her a few more times. As I did this, I could feel my dick harden. Finally, my little bound pet whimpered, "I've learned my lesson, Master. Please stop."

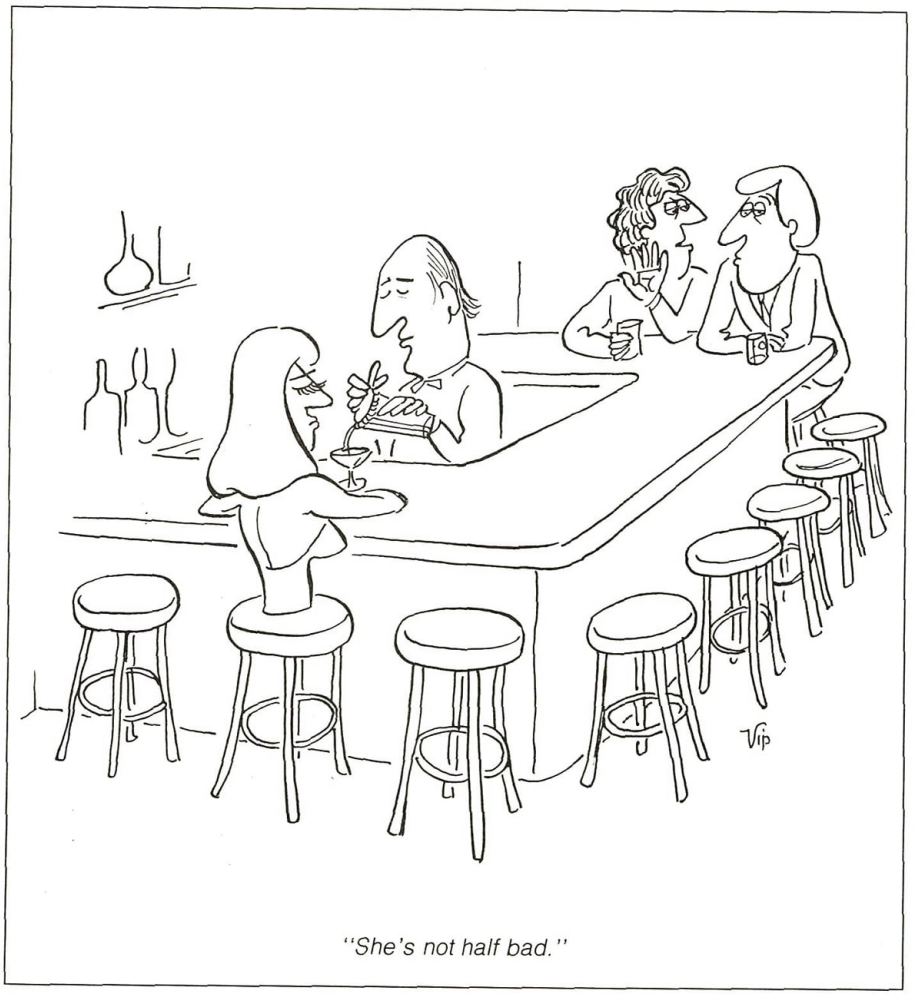
I untied her and told her to prove her repentance by kissing my feet. As she bent down to kiss them, I commanded her to lick them. What a sight she was! She licked my feet like an affectionate dog.

I playfully complained to her that she had a lot to learn about being a good slave and that a dog would be easier to train. She protested, assuring me that she would be the best little slave any master ever had. "Then be my dog slave," I commanded her. After constructing a collar and a leash from the rope and belt, I placed it on my petite prisoner. I then took my "dog" for a walk around the apartment. I enjoyed every minute of it as she struggled to keep up with me, stumbling around on her hands and knees. I ordered her to do dog tricks—to fetch, to play dead, to roll over, and finally to beg for food. As she hunched on her legs in doggy fashion, I petted her on the head and said, "That's a good girl," and fed her a piece of candy as her reward.

I told her that I still was not convinced of her worthiness as my slave. A good slave, I reminded her, satisfies her master's every sexual need. Looking up at me from the floor, she promised to do her best to please me. I led her back into the bedroom for more. Pointing to the bed, I ordered her to lay on the bed with her arms and legs spread wide apart. She did as she was told, and I tied her limbs to the four posts. I undressed and joined her.

I pointed my stiff penis at my slave and commanded her to open her mouth. When she did, I thrust my swollen dick into it. She gagged at first, but did her best to accommodate me. Since her hands and feet were tied down, I had complete control of our movements. Enjoying my power, I frantically lunged my prick in and out of her submissive mouth as hard as I could. When I felt like I was about to explode, I pulled out.

I fingered her wet pussy. Then I tongued her clit while she squirmed and moaned in pleasure. Finally, I was ready to complete my conquest. I climbed on top of my quivering victim and plunged my dick deep inside her sticky, fiery cunt, pounding it in and out as hard and fast as I could. "Take me, Master. Harder. Fuck me harder," she pleaded over and over again. Before I came, I pulled out. I slammed my meat into her pouting mouth and exploded. "Take my load, Slave," I snarled at her. She wiggled, moaned softly, and then smiled at me as come dripped out of the corners of her mouth. As I knelt over my slave, totally exhausted, I smiled back at her and wondered for a moment who was the real slave during this game.—*Name and address withheld*



"She's not half bad."

THE HORNY HIGHWAY

I am a frequent reader of "Forum." It's the hottest read around. I would like to contribute a recent event of my sex life that still has me beating my meat every time I think about it. I am 22 years old, and I live in a medium-size town where plenty of action is on hand. I met a young girl a few months ago, and we have had hours upon hours of great sex in some of the wildest places. She is 21, about five-feet-seven-inches tall, with a build good enough to give a statue a hard-on.

This incident occurred a few days ago when I was taking her back home. She lives about 15 miles out of town. We were cruising along in my car, drinking beer, when she pulled off her shoes and started to massage my balls through my jeans. She slipped off her panty hose and continued with this torture for about two minutes, then she reached down to unbutton my jeans, releasing my throbbing hard-on. I slowly placed my hand under her dress and firmly massaged her clit. Our eyes met, and we both knew that this horny state we were in could not go unnoticed. I slipped her panties down her legs and drove my finger up her love tunnel. She moaned slightly and squeezed my bulging love tool. She looked over at me with a smile and suggested that I turn on the cruise control to prepare to live out a fantasy. I was so horny I decided that relief was more important than any insurance risk. She carefully climbed over from the passenger side and sat facing me. With a sigh of relief, she lowered herself onto my hard dick. I took only a few seconds to get the rhythm down and away we went. I had one hand on the steering wheel and the other on her ass. As she licked my earlobe, I pounded even harder. About 15 minutes later I felt an ocean of come rise from my balls. She was pinching one of my shoulders so hard I knew she was about to come. With a shudder from her and a scream out of me, we came together. Needless to say, that was the fastest and hottest interstate trip we've ever had.—*Name and address withheld*

SECLUDED HIDEAWAY

Last month I met a beautiful nurse who works in the same hospital as I do. We stopped in the hall to chat, and I felt an immediate rapport with her. Her lovely eyes

and mouth and shapely body really appealed to me. I was enthralled.

After brief small talk, I invited her to my place for supper. I wanted to show off my newfound ability to fend for myself in the kitchen. You see, I'd just been through a rough divorce, and I was just learning to take care of myself again. She said that she would be delighted to try my cooking.

When she arrived at my apartment that evening the first thing she noticed was a large refrigerator box in the front room. I told her that I had picked it up at an appliance store and planned on building a playhouse with it for my children. Eventually, I intended to add on other boxes for rooms.

After a nice supper, my friend said that she wanted to start working on the playhouse. She left the kitchen with a knife in her hand, and I finished cleaning up the dishes.

When I entered the front room she was nowhere in sight. She had carved a window along the side of the box and had closed the end for a door. I assumed that she was inside the box. As I opened the cardboard door, I smelled the sweet aroma of a woman's pussy. In the darkness, she said softly, "Turn off the lights and come inside."

She was nude. She had wrapped pillows and a comforter around her and lay on her back with her legs apart. She told me that she had always wanted to make love inside a box, isolated from the rest of the world. For some strange reason, the close confines excited me, too. I backed out of the box, took off my clothes, and joined her.

She was gorgeous. Her nipples were erect and nicely placed atop her lovely breasts. Her hair flowed back over the pillow, and her hips and thighs raised to greet me. I dropped my head to her pussy and tasted her wetness. She placed her hands on my head, and I drew my arms around her hips to hold her tightly. We began our lovemaking slowly.

She knew how to make love to a man. She rolled me over on my side and took my swollen cock in her mouth. She stroked it in perfect rhythm to my hip movements. She, too, moved in perfect rhythm as I tongued her cunt. She whispered sexy words. They seemed to echo within the small, intimate world we had created.

Our fucking began with her on top. I held her hips, guiding her up and down on my cock as she closed her eyes, gritted her teeth, and arched her head back.

I shall never forget her orgasm. First she flushed. Her chest turned beet red. Then her breathing grew more rapid, and her hips grappled for my cock with greater intensity. When she exploded, she cried out with joy. A bright red triangle appeared just below her neck. I cupped both her tits in my hands and she collapsed on top of my body.

A few moments later, she said she wanted more. She began fucking me again, moving her body up and down,

seeking pleasure from my embedded cock. This time when she came there was even greater passion and intensity in her cries. I could not deny my own orgasm any longer and released torrents of come deep inside of her.

We stayed inside our cardboard utopia for hours, exploring each other further. And now, when my kids leave, after spending their weekends with me, the two of us get plenty of use out of our secluded world.—*Name and address withheld*

THE FRIENDLY GHOST

I was undecided as to whether to send my story to "Forum" or Ripley's *Believe It or Not.* I figured Ripley's wouldn't believe it, so as you can see, I've decided to send it to you.

Let me start by saying that I have always been skeptical about the existence of things I haven't seen or touched. I am talking about Big Foot, aliens from outer space, ghosts, ESP, and all supernatural things that are untouchable or invisible to the naked eye. I felt this way until last month when I had the most wonderful and bizarre experience.

I have lived in a crowded city all of my life. I wanted some room to move around in, so I began to look for an alternate living space. While driving through the countryside I saw a nice little two-story house for sale. It was pretty run-down, but I knew that it was just what I needed—a place in the country. It offered me room to stretch out and it was definitely secluded. I called the broker listed on the FOR SALE sign and bought it that same day.

It had been a week since I moved into the house, and I was getting the place squared away. Several times during the week I felt as though someone was watching me. I was forever turning around to see if someone was in the same room with me.

Finally, on my seventh night in the house, I met the presence I had been feeling. I was lying in bed reading when the lamp suddenly became dim, so dim that it barely illuminated the room. Thinking that the filament in the bulb might be acting up, I rolled over onto my side toward the lamp and flicked the bulb with my finger. After tapping it several times, I rolled back over onto my back and suddenly began to feel that strange, uncomfortable sense of being watched again. As I scanned the room my eyes fixed on what I thought was some type of vapor. To my astonishment this vapor started to take shape. My heart started racing so fast I thought it was going to come right out of my chest. I was scared to death, but I couldn't move. I was totally paralyzed. I just lay there watching the vapor transform into the figure of a young woman.

As I stared in disbelief I heard a soft but chilling voice call my name. I tried to answer, but every time I opened my mouth to talk, I couldn't make a sound. Again the voice called out, "Jon, please relax and don't be afraid. I will not harm you. As a matter of fact, I need your help." I was mesmerized, but slowly I tried to control my breathing and heartbeat. After a moment I was able to relax somewhat and talk. I asked, "What are you? Who are you? How can I possibly help you?" She told me her name was Bess. She said that she and her fiancé had bought this house together right after he was drafted for World War II. Before he was shipped overseas, they were married right here, in this house. But that's all they had time for. He had to be at the train station to leave with his unit in a matter of two hours, and there wasn't time to consummate the marriage. Three months after her husband had left, Bess received a wire from the War Department. Her husband had been killed. Bess said she almost went crazy, but eventually she pulled herself together. Shortly after the news of her husband's death, Bess caught pneumonia and died. With her last breath she murmured that she wished that she could have received her husband's physical love before she died. She said that because of her strong yearnings to have sex, her spirit remained in the house, waiting for her husband to return. As much as she wanted to go to the hereafter, she was trapped by an unfulfilled craving.

After Bess related her story to me I asked her, "Well, how can I possibly help you?" She said, "I have watched you this past week. You look a lot like my husband and you seem to be a gentle man. I want to make love to you."

I was dumbfounded. I didn't know what to say. "Please," said Bess, "just lie back and relax and surrender your body to me." I was still in shock but I consented. She came toward me in a floating gesture, then moved over me as if she were laying on me. What a strange sensation this was! I knew she was on top of me because I could see her, but there was no feeling of weight pressing down on me. There was just this strange feeling. It felt as if a very warm, steady breeze was blowing gently over my entire body. I began to relax.

I felt a very pleasant sensation on my face and neck. It electrified my entire body. I asked her what she was doing and she said, "I am kissing you, my dearest." Bess moved slowly down my body, kissing me, causing the most wonderful sensations I have ever experienced. By the time she got to my balls and cock the anticipation alone was almost enough to make me come. Somehow I held back, aided by some power other than myself. I could feel the electrified kisses all over my cock and balls. Then my cock received the most sensuous treat ever. Starting at its tip Bess moved up and down my cock. It was the most heavenly feeling. How I ever kept from coming is beyond me. The sensation would hover over the tip of my cock and then plumb back down again. There was no doubt about it. I was getting head from a ghost.

Later, Bess sat on my thighs and I could

"Oh, my God! We've been sending billions of dollars in military aid to a booger!*"*

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feel her slide my cock into her. Oh, man, what a sensation! Her warm presence was now resting on my thighs and hips. A warm breeze surrounded my cock and an electrical charge tingled my balls. I almost passed out from pure pleasure.

Then Bess started rocking on my cock, sliding it in and out of her. I just couldn't hold back any longer. Just as I started to come she said, "Thank you," and I passed out. When I awoke, there was a sweet-smelling liquid all over me. I thought surely it was a dream, but there next to me was a picture of Bess in her wedding gown, and on the back were the words: "Even though we are apart, we shall always be together."—*Name and address withheld*

A FUCKIN' "A" STUDENT

This year I worked as a high-school teacher in St. Louis, Missouri. Being a good teacher was important to me, so I took my job very seriously. And like most teachers, during the first half of the year, I was very strict with my students. I got along very well with the majority of the students, and things went smoothly until springtime came around.

I became very close to about 30 students—one in particular, Sue, who was then 18. She had curly, dirty-blond hair and an outstanding body. She was tall, about five feet eight inches, with a 34-inch chest. When her nipples stuck straight up, I got aroused just by looking at them.

Sue was a very good student who quickly rose to the top of her class. She received several awards during her senior year. One evening when a few students were getting ready for an awards ceremony, Sue asked me to help her pin a medal on her jacket. I quickly jumped to attention, and with my forehand moving ever so gently and slowly, I brushed her beautiful breasts. Sue blushed but did not say a word.

A week later our school planned a long trip for the students. There were two buses and Sue couldn't ride with me on the way down, but during our trip she asked if she could sit with me on the way back. I, of course, said sure. We left early in the evening for our five-hour return trip. After sunset, Sue told me that she was getting cold so I covered us with my jacket. Since we were in the front seat of the bus and in plain view of all the other students and teachers, I had to be very careful. My hand rested on Sue's knee. She reached down and held my hand.

It was getting quite dark, so I told the students on the bus that it was time to get some sleep and turn out all the lights. Underneath my jacket Sue rubbed my hand as she leaned against my shoulder. I pretended to be asleep.

After rubbing her arms and legs, I slowly started to unbutton her blouse and unfasten her bra. She had the softest tits and hardest nipples I have ever felt. Moving downward, I rubbed the crotch area of her shorts. Gently my hand went inside. Her panties were soaked. I couldn't finish anything that night but I promised myself that I wouldn't let any opportunity to make love to her pass by.

After the trip Sue and I talked quite frequently. Two weeks before school was out, Sue invited me to go jogging with her. I met her about 10 A.M. and we jogged for about two miles until we were both very sweaty. After watching and wanting her all year, I couldn't deny my fantasy any longer. I asked her if she wanted to shower off at my apartment. She said yes. As soon as we were inside, we started French-kissing. Sue loves to be kissed on her neck and all over her body. She was wearing a white cotton blouse and very tight navy shorts. I undressed her very slowly. When I lowered her panties, I found a very beautiful, light-blond bush. I kissed and sucked her tits for an eternity and then worked down her very slender body to her wet pussy. I kissed her pussy until she was highly aroused, licking and sucking her clitoris for about 15 minutes until neither of us could stand it anymore. She asked me to be gentle as I entered her with my cock. She was very, very tight. I hadn't experienced anything like this since I was in college. I worked my cock in and out of her at an agonizingly slow pace. I increased my speed until my balls were beating her smooth, nicely rounded ass. I quickly shot my best wad in years. We then started all over again and she came several times.

I have seen Sue many times since then and every time is as great as the first.—*Name and address withheld*

BEGINNER'S COURSE

It is not without some trepidation that I write this letter to you, even one year after the events I am about to describe took place. Never in my wildest adolescent dreams had I ever envisioned that some of the things that appear in "Forum" would ever happen to me.

I am a young person, only 20 years old, and a sophomore at a New England university known for attracting "nerdy" people who are interested in studying computer science or engineering. I must admit that I too originally came here with those same intentions.

At the start of my freshman year, I joined an off-campus fraternity that wasn't known for being a party house, so I didn't expect it to interfere with my schoolwork. One of the things I didn't realize was that my house was located right next to a women's living group, and that the close proximity of these women would soon affect my life.

I come from a very conservative family. I even belonged to the Moral Majority at one time, so I entered college with very little sexual experience. I had a steady girlfriend. We had had sex a few times, but nothing out of the ordinary and certainly not unless I dominated the situation. But little did I realize that I was going to get a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202

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"I really loved "Orbits." The woman lost in space was quite a fox. Her poses were great."

PET FORUM

HOW TO GET STARTED

I would appreciate it if you would send me some information concerning modeling for *Penthouse*. Also, would you be so kind as to tell me how I might attain this goal?—*Name and address withheld*

This is the procedure to follow in order to become a Penthouse *model: First of all, do not mail any prints or photographs that you do not have duplicates of. Only send color photos or slides that are clear and in focus. Don't bother about backgrounds or sets; we're interested in seeing you. These should be nude photos. Include one full-front and one back shot, plus a close-up of your face. These pictures are not intended for publication.*

Send a letter with the photos stating your age (you should be at least 18), hair color, color of eyes, and measurements. Feel free to include any other information of interest.

Send photos to: Penthouse *Magazine, Pet Promotion Department, 1965 Broadway, Third Floor, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Attention: Pet Possibilities.*

All material will be returned by mail or you'll be contacted for future photo sessions. We look forward to your submissions and wish you the best of luck!

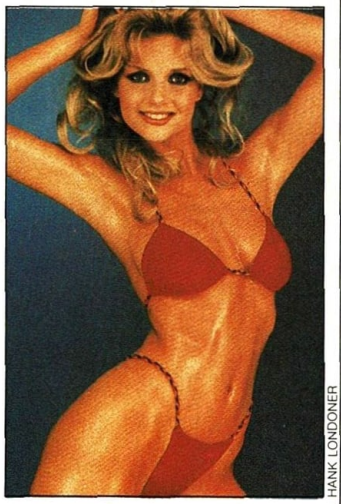
STARS IN HIS EYES

I've just finished watching the $1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant and I am hopelessly in love with the winner, Jeanette Starion. She deserves a whole magazine dedicated to her. I don't think I could ever get tired of looking at her. Will we ever see her again?—*J.Z., Toledo, Ohio*

Our readers are in for a delectable treat. We have just distributed a poster of our $1,000,000 Pet of the Year, Jeanette Starion. It has been released worldwide and is now available in many stores. If you like, you can send a check or money order for $3.50 to Starmakers Poster, 8 West 19th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Also, don't miss this Danish delicacy, and her gifts, in this issue!

ORBITAL REFLEX

The June 1984 pictorial "Orbits," photographed by J. Stephen Hicks, was well done. Actually, I would go so far as to say that it was the best pictorial ever published in *Penthouse*. I have been reading your magazine for as long as I can remember, and I must say that this lady is the foxiest of all foxes!—*Name and address withheld*



HANK LONDONER

Jeanette

J. STEPHEN HICKS

Orbits

The woman featured in the pictorial "Orbits" [June 1984] is absolutely beautiful! She is without a doubt the most delicious *Penthouse* model I have ever seen.

How about one more glimpse of this lovely lady for a faithful reader?—*C.H., Peoria, Ill.*

I have been reading your magazine for three years now and have enjoyed its contents immensely. Your pictorials are the finest, especially "Orbits."

It simply cannot be ignored any longer. *Penthouse* features some of the most provocative and stimulating women alive. This beautiful female, whoever she is, is everything the Creator ever imagined a woman to be. Never before have I gazed upon anything so unabashedly divine, so majestic, so erotic.

So how about it, *Penthouse?* A name? An identity card? Anything?—*Michael Alexander, San Jose, Calif.*

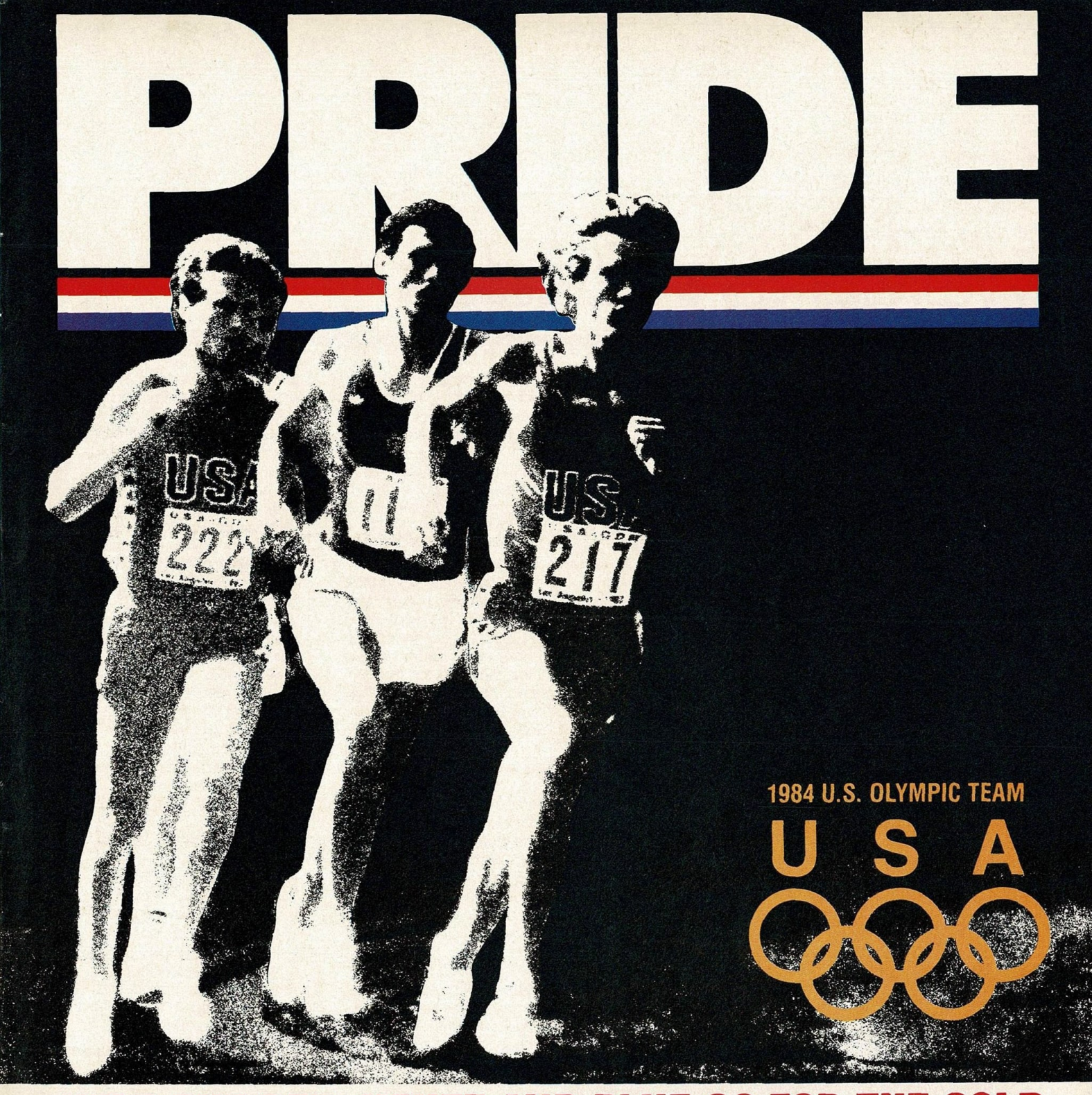
I really loved the June 1984 pictorial by J. Stephen Hicks entitled "Orbits." The woman lost in space was quite a fox. Her poses were great. Please keep entertaining your readers with such excellent work.—*Danny Phillips, Charlotte, N.C.*

TWO LUSCIOUS T'S

Being one of a breed of young men who are totally and hopelessly mesmerized by the vision of an exquisite derriere, your June 1984 pictorial of Ms. Teddie Treacher immediately transformed me into nothing less than a randy, blubbering idiot. What a beauty! What an angel! My hat is off to photographer Suze Randall, who obviously has an eye for bringing out the ultimate in a woman's form!—*Name withheld.*

PET FORUM
In which our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5665. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

PRIDE



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"Teasingly, I asked him how long he had this "little foot fetish," but he could barely speak!"

WOMEN'S FORUM

JUSTIFIABLE TEASE

I am a 36-year-old female attorney. I'm five feet eight inches tall, with a body that drives men nuts. When I was in school, my friends and I had only one goal: to cocktease men to the point of unbearable frustration then leave them hard and dry. After I passed the bar, I forced myself to stop this cruel habit, but once in a while I meet a man who needs nothing more than to be reminded of exactly how vulnerable he really is.

Last month I was at a cocktail party with my best friend Sonia and her boyfriend Tony. Tony had a few too many and started to brag about how macho he was. He started to come on to me, but I played it cool. Poor Sonia was watching all of this and was utterly humiliated. I was furious but could do nothing.

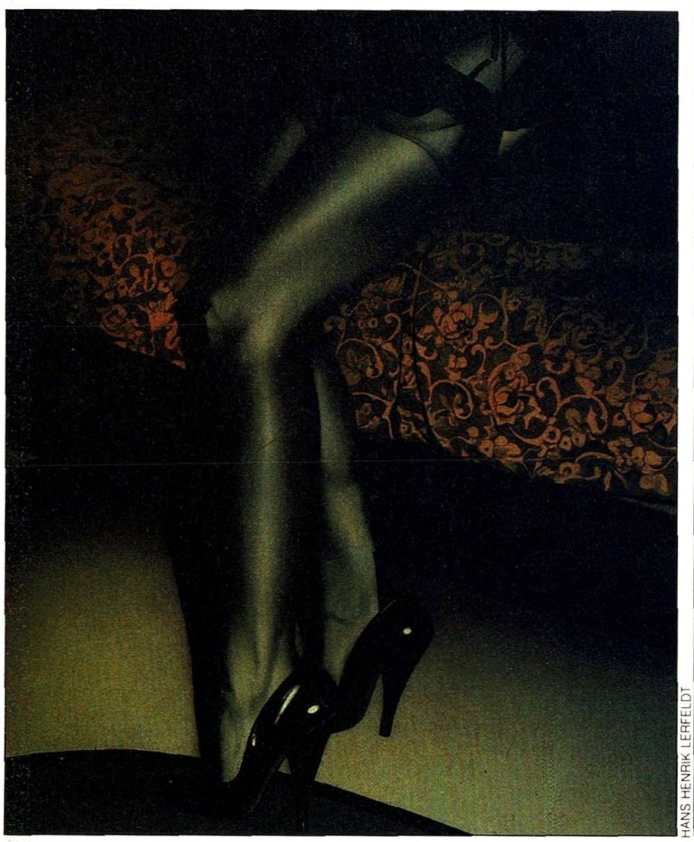
Believe it or not, the next evening Tony called me up and asked me for a date! My first reaction was to hang up, but the sadistic side of me decided to teach this arrogant Romeo a lesson he'd never forget. I invited him over to my apartment for a drink. He showed up right on time.

Sonia had previously confided in me about Tony's fetish for women's stocking feet so I planned my tease accordingly. We sat down in the living room; he was on the couch and I sat in an armchair opposite him. As we sipped our drinks and chatted, I slowly crossed my long legs and dangled one shoe from my foot, allowing the heel to sway back and forth slowly. Tony began to stare at my foot, but I really knew the tease was working when a huge bulge developed under his slacks. I continued this subtle tease for a few minutes, then I let the pump slide off my foot. I innocently wiggled my long pointed toes and arched my foot as my leg swayed back and forth. The effect was incredible. The poor thing started to squirm and adjust his slacks. He could barely concentrate on our conversation. When I noticed a wet spot coming through his pants where the head of his penis was trapped, I knew it was time to increase the torture.

I slipped off my other pump and innocently suggested that a foot massage would feel wonderful. The fool took the bait and within seconds was kneeling before me caressing my feet.

As he massaged one foot, my other foot started to brush against his confined cock and balls. My toes gently drew little circles over his throbbing penis. While still insisting on the foot massage, I slowly unzipped his fly and peeled his pants down to just above his knees. Then down came his underwear. Tony was perspiring now. I just smiled and lay back in my armchair. His cock turned a reddish-purple color and twitched uncontrollably. It was literally glistening from his very own lubricant. As he tried to concentrate on my left foot, my right foot started to glide over his slick cock. He went crazy! Teasingly, I asked him how long he had this "little foot fetish," but he could barely speak! Finally, he broke down and whined for relief. I slowly started to stroke his cock harder and harder and allowed him to start licking my toes. After a few seconds he blurted out how good it was going to feel to come on my stocking-clad foot. Precisely at that crucial moment I stopped and ordered him to get dressed. You should have seen the look on his face! He began begging for relief, but I calmly told him why I had just tortured him then said he'd better leave. He then asked if he could at least masturbate! I said I didn't think so. While he was getting dressed I raised my long leg, pointed my narrow foot in his direction, wriggled my toes, and thanked him for the foot massage. As he was closing the door, I laughed out loud!

It was an utterly exquisite torture and my panties were soaked clear through. The rest of the evening I masturbated to the memory of poor Tony's terri-



HANS HENRIK LERFELDT

In WOMEN'S FORUM, female readers of *Penthouse* discuss their sexual interests, aspirations, and relationships. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Women's Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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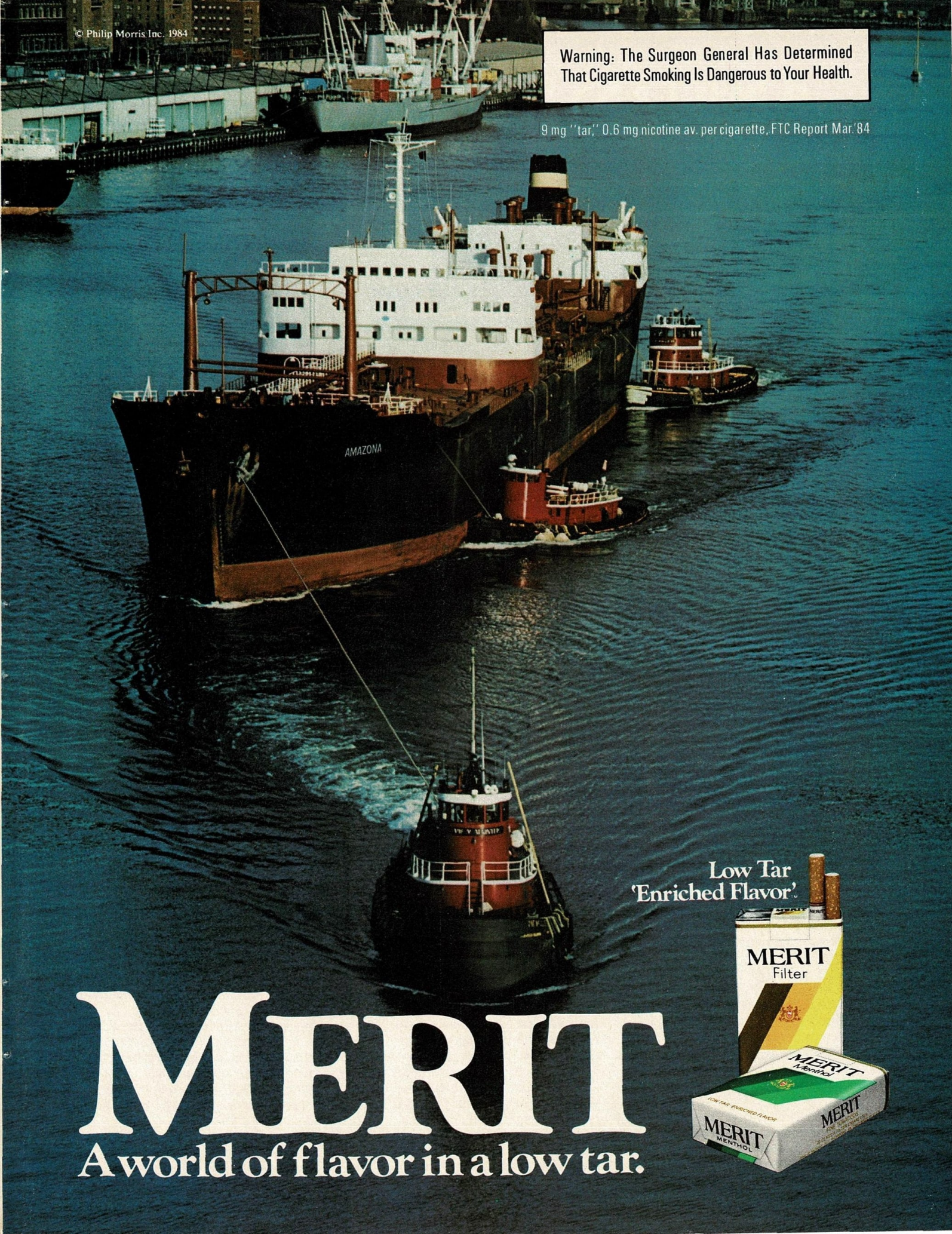

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ble agony and frustration.

I knew it was terribly cruel to do this to him, but he deserved it. Besides, I had almost forgotten how much pleasure a woman can get out of "dishing out" a well-deserved cocktease.—*Name and address withheld*

GRAVEYARD SHIFT

I am a registered nurse and an avid reader of your magazine. Working the graveyard shift, I am often able to combine my career and my favorite off-duty pastime.

Many nights, before going to work in the not-too-busy emergency room, I usually slip my pleasure-giving ben-wa balls deep into my vagina. When things are slow, I pore over the pages of your latest issue, while rocking on my heel. The balls always do the "trick," and I now have the reputation for being the happiest night nurse in the hospital.

Anyway, last night I discovered other ways to satisfy myself at the hospital, and I thought I would share my experience with other readers.

It was a rather slow night, and I was indulging in my favorite form of relaxation, when suddenly a severely injured car-accident patient was brought in. I paged the surgical resident, and together we worked diligently to save this comatose man. I left the room hurriedly to get extra sutures and ran back as fast as I could. When I returned, the room was deathly quiet, and as I reached the stretcher I heard an unmistakable sound: plastic-coated balls clicking together—and the sound was coming from between my legs! A knowing grin crept over the resident's face.

After the patient had been transferred to the intensive care unit, the resident suggested that we get a cup of coffee. The air was charged with mounting sexual tension. No sooner had the door to the coffee room closed when his mouth closed over mine—his tongue probing, exploring, teasing! His hands found their way under my skirt, and pulling back the elastic band of my white-lace panties, he found the balls' plastic string. Gently tugging at it, he inserted his middle finger for extra pressure. His thumb and forefinger found my joy button, and he gently massaged it with persistent effort. My juices flowed all over his hand, and the unmistakable throbbing in my cunt told me that it was about time to slow down.

My hands found their way down the back of his surgical greens, and I gently kneaded his muscular ass cheeks. When my finger found the tight opening of his bung hole, he responded by gently pushing back, allowing me easier access. His eight-inch cock stiffened even further as my "action" finger gently massaged the area over his prostate.

Stopping only to make sure the door was locked, we stripped off our clothes, dispensed with the ben-wa balls, and headed for a nearby couch.

Diving between his legs, I took his throbbing member eagerly down the back of my throat and sucked for all I was worth. The purple head oozed small drops of precome fluid as I tongued the magic spot at its base. Working downward I licked and sucked each of his balls until he begged for more.

I then turned around and lowered my dripping honeypot over his mouth. The wet squishing, sucking sounds turned me on even more as his tongue twirled back and forth over my clit and lapped furiously inside my cunt.

Sensing that we were both about to explode, I moved and positioned myself on the floor on all fours and begged him to fuck me in the ass. My love juices mixed with the wetness from his tongue-lashing, made access easy, and in no time he was in to the hilt and moaning with pleasure. Grabbing the infamous balls, I hurriedly stuffed them into my love hole. While he drove his pecker home and tugged on the string, I fingered myself furiously. I wondered if he could feel the balls through the thin wall separating my pleasure channels. Within seconds we came together with shrills that probably made the hospital vibrate.

Spent, we lay on the floor panting and exhausted. The sounds of approaching sirens and his ever-present beeper quickly brought us back to reality.

Never believe a nurse who says she doesn't like the graveyard shift. There's nothing dead about it!—*Name and address withheld*

SQUISH SQUASH

This past summer, my husband spent hours working in the garden: weeding, pruning, and watering. The end result turned out to be more than I ever dreamed of. Sure, there were red-ripe tomatoes and long green beans, but nothing compared with the gold-rush squash.

These gold-rush squash were a deep yellow, ranging in width from three to five inches. Their length fell anywhere from six to an unbelievable 12 inches. Every morning I'd go out back and look at those beauties, fantasizing about what I could do with them.

After about two months, I finally got the nerve to tell my husband about my fantasy of having one of them up my pussy. His reaction was better than I expected. It seems he'd been thinking the same thing. Only he figured I wouldn't want to do it. So now that it was out in the open, we made our fantasy come to life.

We went out to the garden and I chose the squash with the best proportions. It was about 12 inches long and four inches around—better equipped than most men I've known. Well, we were both anxious to get started, so we brought it in the house and scrubbed it clean.

After a few minutes of foreplay, there we were trying to work it up my wet, hot cunt. But woe was me, the damn thing didn't fit. I

couldn't take the last three inches, no matter how much lubricant we used. I was getting very frustrated and very horny, so my hubby suggested cutting it down to size. This time it fit. It was the biggest rod I ever had and did it ever feel good! As my hubby squash-fucked me in and out and in again, his ramrod grew and grew. Finally, he could take the pressure no longer, so he shoved his throbbing cock up my ass as he continued to fuck me with the squash. Together we moaned and groaned as we fucked harder and harder, faster and faster, until wow!—we both climaxed into a frenzied orgasm. It was great for both of us, but especially for me since I'd never been screwed in both ends at the same time before. This is one kink I'll enjoy again and again, forever, and I'll still be getting my "fresh vegetables" for supper!—*Name and address withheld*

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

I am a 27-year-old single female who lives alone and works as a legal secretary in a large metropolitan area. I would like to tell you that I enjoy your pictorials and look forward to buying your magazine every month. I suppose it is a little unusual for a girl to enjoy looking at erotic images of other girls, but that is why I decided to write in. I wanted to tell someone about my desires.

Don't get me wrong, I enjoy being with men very much, but when I'm alone, your magazine serves me very well. Although I may sound gay, I have had only one encounter with another woman. It happened two years ago while I was at the beach for a holiday weekend.

It was early June, and for some reason the beaches were surprisingly empty. One morning at about nine o'clock I left my oceanside hotel room carrying a towel, a book, and a radio with the sole intention of enjoying a day alone on the beach. When I found a suitable spot in a secluded area I spread my blanket out on the sand.

Lying face down on it, I unhooked my bikini top and quickly buried my head in my book. After about 30 minutes I noticed a young girl, around 22 or 23, walking toward me. She was fair-skinned and very attractive, and her one-piece bathing suit showed off her nice figure. She said hello and asked if she could sit and rest for a while since she'd been walking for hours. I invited her to sit down and relax. It wasn't long before we got into an intimate conversation. I felt very warm and close to this woman. It seemed as if we had been friends for years. Suddenly I noticed that her skin was turning pink, so I offered to spread some coconut oil on her shoulders. She said that would be fine, turned over, and laid face down on my blanket. Immediately she pulled the straps down off her shoulders, and I started to work the lotion into her smooth skin. I could feel her muscles relax as I gently massaged her. I don't think either one of us was thinking about anything sexual at this point, but I started to breathe a little faster as my adrenaline began to flow. She wanted to pull her suit down a little to expose more of her back, so I pulled the straps down for her. Now my hands were free to roam the small of her lovely back. But what I really wanted to do was to touch her beautiful ass. It was then that I decided to work my way up from her ankles. Down I went, starting first at her feet, then slowly working up toward her knees. I kneaded and massaged her loins, and it seemed as if we both enjoyed it tremendously. Next I moved up to her thighs, and with great care managed to spread her legs slightly in order to get my hands between them. Her suit had crept up over her buttocks, exposing her creamy-white cheeks. Her white swimsuit was pulled tight through the crotch, but I had yet to see any of her pubic hair. I was now about six inches from her ass, yet undecided as to how to proceed. I was so hot I shook. My mouth was so dry that I dared not speak at any cost for fear of disrupting the moment. Finally, she let out a sigh and parted her legs. I could see clearly where her suit creased between her lovely legs. I was ready to go for broke. Slowly I worked one leg with both hands. I applied the oil lightly to her upper thighs. Then I reached across her sexy body and began to work on both of her legs at the same time. It was time for me to touch her ass. I pressed my oily hands forward, over her firm cheeks and bathing suit. She didn't say a word, but much to my enjoyment, she spread her legs even further. I then reached up under the elastic band of her suit and slid one hand over her ass. I slid one finger into her open crack, and almost came at that point. I was feeling very brave now so I moved one hand under her suit toward her crotch.

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I felt for her pubic hair and found a very excited pussy. Her hips began to move, and I realized that I was fulfilling the fantasy of finger-fucking a lovely young girl to orgasm. She started to move her hips up and down, faster and faster. I pulled my hand out to taste her wetness but quickly put it back in. My other hand went into my own bikini bottoms to tweak my own clit. I switched hands several times so that we could exchange our juices. She was humping hard now and I could tell she was about to come. She bucked and moaned, then suddenly lay quiet. I was so pleased and happy and horny that all I could do was roll over on my back, pull my bikini down to my knees, and masturbate. We both lay there for 30 minutes or so until she looked up and said she had to get back to her husband. She kissed me on the mouth and we caressed for several minutes. After hooking her bikini straps, she ran off down the beach.

I lay on the beach for another hour hoping she would return, but she never did. I never saw her again. Thank you for letting me share this with you.—*Name and address withheld*

FROSH CREAM

I am a student at a prestigious northeastern university. I am a shapely brunette (38-25-36), tall and dark, with smooth skin, and succulent thighs. I had a sheltered childhood in a small New England town, so when I came to this university I was eager to find out all college had to offer.

One evening during the first week of school I was trying to study in the library, but it was difficult to concentrate because of the heat of that sultry September night. I noticed that my black T-shirt was getting damp and clinging noticeably to my breasts.

As if the heat wasn't enough to ruin my concentration, I couldn't keep my eyes off the gorgeous athlete studying across the table from me. He was large and muscular, with glinting blue eyes and a mass of tousled blond hair. As he wrote in his notepad, my eyes strayed from my book to his strong, powerful hands. I couldn't help but imagine how his fingers would feel caressing my hard nipples.

Gradually I noticed that he was beginning to stare at me too. I turned my head away to avoid his intense gaze, but I'm sure my hot blush betrayed my secret desire. Incredibly embarrassed, I buried my face in my book.

Suddenly, I felt his bare foot caress the back of my knee. I looked up to meet his hungry stare as his foot pressed upward. I bit my lip to contain a sigh as I yielded to his delightful probing. I slid my hips forward on the seat to meet his quickening strokes. My cunt was throbbing and getting wet under the skillful rubbing of his foot. Our eyes met. We both knew what we had to do.

Without a word, he stood up and I could see the eager bulge under his tight jeans. I followed him through the stacks, my eyes

stayed fixed on his broad back and his firm, boyish ass. He turned sharply into a dark corner that housed a phone booth.

As he pulled my body against his, we squeezed into the booth. His burning tongue sent desire throughout my quivering body as he explored my mouth, ears, and neck. I slid my hands under his shirt to caress his back, slowly moving them down to grasp his muscular buttocks. As I squeezed his buns, he unzipped his fly and I felt his huge cock press against me.

His hands slid up my sides and slipped off my shirt. I groaned with desire as he buried his face in my luscious tits. I began to heave and buck as he alternately sucked then playfully nibbled at my breasts. At the same time I ran my hands up and down his rock-hard shaft as he moaned with excitement.

Then, to my surprise, he took the phone receiver in his right hand and wrapped my body with the cord. Slowly he ran the receiver between my breasts and down toward my steaming pussy. He rubbed the hard plastic against my clit until I begged for the real thing. He was only too glad to oblige.

As he thrust into me, I shrieked with pleasure. I grew hotter and hotter as he pumped deeper inside my buttery cunt. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to take all of him. But somehow my cunt opened wide enough.

Digging my fingers deep into his shoulders, I knew I was about to come. Our bodies blasted into orgasm together as he shot quarts of creamy jism into my bursting, shuddering love box. We stayed in the phone booth until the library closed, then we ventured out to explore new territory, new positions, and new sensations.—*Name and address withheld*

KUNG-FU FUCKING

I'm a 34-year-old businesswoman and a practitioner of the Chinese Wu-Shu (Martial Arts). My specialty is Chinese boxing—Northern Shaolin style. It's very difficult for non-Chinese to be accepted as pupils by some of the better instructors who are really into teaching—not into making money. And it's especially difficult for non-Chinese women.

Since I have an interest in Oriental history, I decided to take up the art of Chinese kung fu, both for its beautiful physical forms and also as a means of self-defense. I inquired about one particular studio in Chinatown, but was informed that the instructor doesn't accept non-Chinese students. I made up my mind to get accepted and went to the studio to talk my way into the class.

The instructor was not in, but one of his assistants invited me into his office and told me to wait. As I looked around his cluttered office, I saw a stack of men's magazines (mostly *Penthouse*!) on the floor in one corner of the room. As it turned out, the instructor was a handsome young guy about 30 years old from Hong Kong.

He was very aloof at first, and after a few

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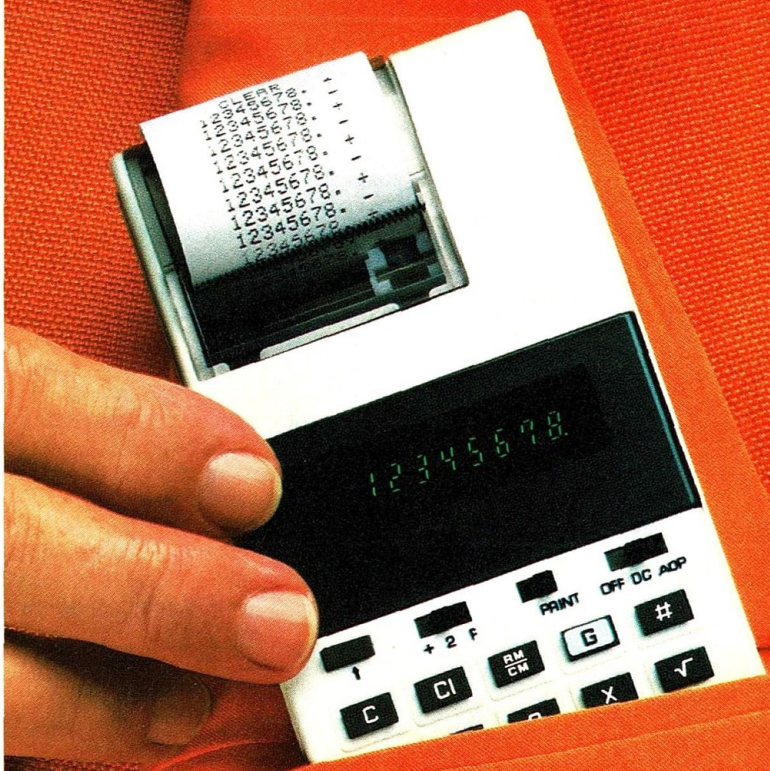

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minutes he told me that he was very busy and that I should return around seven o'clock to discuss the matter further. I had no choice but to comply and came back promptly at seven.

He was waiting for me, and this time he was very friendly. Everyone had left and he had locked the door. He invited me upstairs to his office, and we exchanged small talk. Then, he took me out to the middle of the studio and told me to squat in a horse stance. He told me to close my eyes and remain very still until I was told otherwise. I knew that he was checking me out. Incidentally, I'm five feet ten inches tall, 150 pounds (a big girl), with shoulder-length brown hair and green eyes. I have medium-sized tits, but they are shapely with nice large nipples.

After a good ten minutes, I was aching! Finally, he told me to relax. Next, he made me do some basic exercises and moves in order to check out my coordination. He seemed satisfied. He told me that I had good balance and reflexes. He asked me to sit down as he demonstrated various forms, and I was truly awed by his speed and agility.

Finally, we went back into his office. He told me that he didn't accept women, especially Caucasians, since they usually lacked sincerity and the will to learn. But he told me that he would think about accepting me and that he would let me know in a week.

I had worked up a sweat and asked if I could shower. He said yes, led me to the showers, then departed. I stripped and showered, but when I stepped out of the stall, I noticed that there were no towels. I didn't know it then, but students are required to bring their own. I was out of luck, or so I thought.

I called out to the instructor and told him that I needed a towel. When he came into the room, I stepped out stark naked and proceeded to dry myself in front of him.

His eyes just about popped out of his head! Giving him a sly smile, I said, "What's the matter, haven't you seen a naked American girl before?" "No, only in magazines," he replied. It was obvious that he had an erection under his baggy trousers.

I felt giddy inside, but I knew I was making a lasting impression on him so I took my time drying off. Then I told him that my body ached all over. He quickly offered to massage me with some Tiger Balm ointment. I readily agreed.

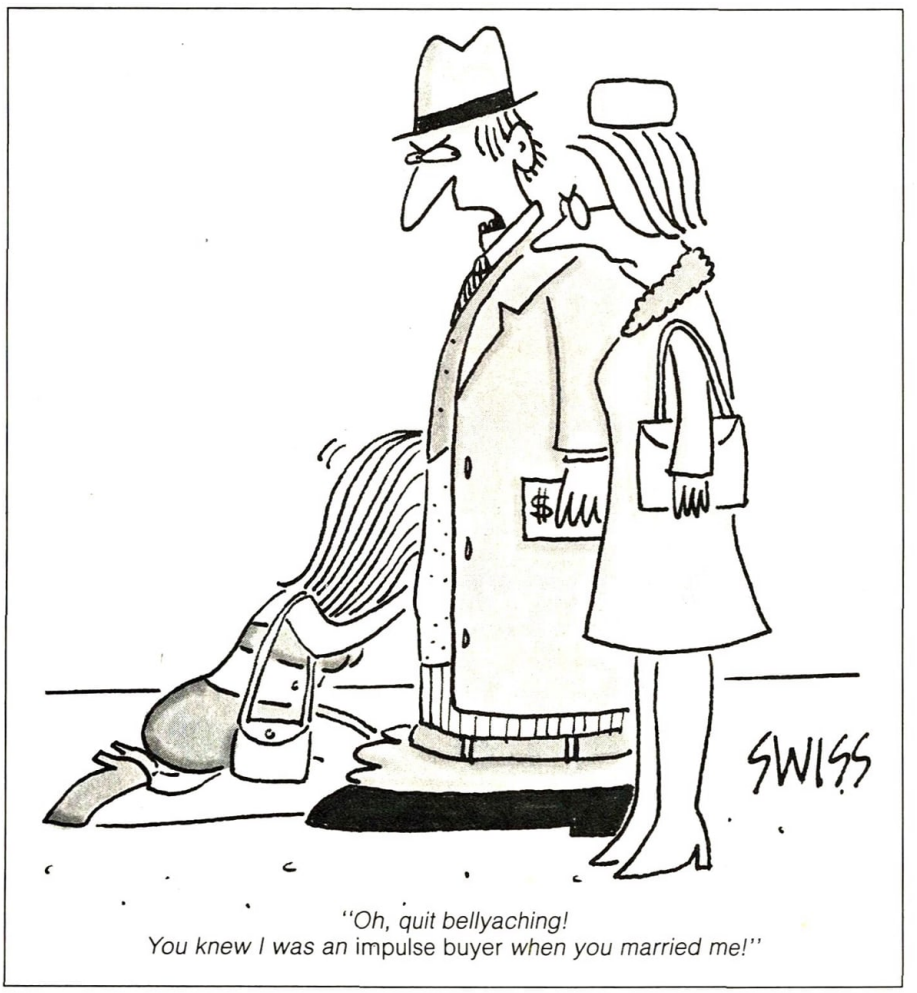
As I lay down on the couch, I realized that he couldn't hold back for long! As he fondled my tits, I reached down and began to stroke his cock through his pants. He quickly took them off and I started to jerk him off. Without a word, he buried his head between my legs and began to lap at my cunt! "American girls have much hair on their pussy!" he said. "Chinese girls don't have that much hair!" He munched away for a good ten minutes until he brought me to a powerful orgasm!

I was now ready for him to enter me. I was pretty well lubed and he entered my pussy with ease. He then proceeded to bang away on my box for another good ten minutes. During this time, I achieved another orgasm. Finally, nearing my third climax, I reached down and pulled out his cock and rubbed it fast till he exploded, sending a geyser of come right over my breasts into my face! I couldn't believe the sheer force and volume of his ejaculation! The last time I experienced anything like that was back in college when I jerked off a classmate who had a wild crush on me.

The instructor stayed hard and he entered me again. He was really sweating as he worked vigorously to get his rocks off. Finally he had another orgasm. By this time we were both wasted, and we lay in each other's arms for a few minutes. Then we got up and showered off.

He was so happy that he couldn't contain his joy! He had always dreamed of balling an American girl, and I was very happy to let his fantasy come true. I hadn't been fucked like that in ages.

He agreed to take me on as his pupil. During regular class sessions, he gives me no special treatment and works me as hard as everyone else. But once a week, I stay after school for private lessons. Afterward, I give him "private lessons"! We both learn a great deal from each other and find this arrangement very satisfactory!—*Name and address withheld*



"Oh, quit bellyaching!
You knew I was an impulse buyer *when you married me!"*

MAY-DECEMBER

I am a 26-year-old female who has worked for the same man for the past eight years. Until about five months ago, there was no physical contact between me and my employer, although there have been occasional compliments about my appearance. Our first sexual encounter occurred on what I considered to be a very bad day for my employer. As his administrative assistant, I opened the mail that morning and it contained a $7,000 assessment from the IRS. This information caused my boss, Lloyd, to have some sad thoughts because the bank account contained far less than that, and most of the accounts receivable had already come in for the month. Within three hours calls came in notifying us that two usually dependable contracts were being cancelled due to the economy. The recession had dealt a crippling blow . . . and all in one morning.

When lunchtime arrived I walked into Lloyd's office to deliver some papers and found him just sitting there staring into space. I left his office and tried to think of some way to cheer him up. Over the years I had observed how he had helped many people financially and professionally, but now he was the one needing special help.

I had never thought of Lloyd in a sexual way, but I had a sudden thought, and it turned out to be a good one. I went to the ladies' room and removed my bra and panties. Returning to Lloyd's office, I

walked over to where he was sitting and started a casual conversation. I told Lloyd that most clouds had silver linings, and that we'd look for them together. I then placed my hands on his head. I gently massaged his temples and the back of his neck. In a short time, I gently pulled his head to my breasts, which by now were beginning to get excited.

I shifted my body, still holding him close to my breasts, so that my buttocks rested against Lloyd's large desk. With one hand I slowly inched up my dress, catching it between the desk and my ass in order to hold it above my thighs. I then took hold of Lloyd's right hand and guided it toward my moist pussy. Just seeing the expression on Lloyd's face when he first felt my wetness was almost enough for me.

Up until this point we had not kissed, but Lloyd lost no time in making his move. With his lips he first traced the contours of my cheeks, then my nose, then my lips. His kisses were passionate. All this time Lloyd's hand never left my pulsating pussy. He massaged the lips of my pussy and clit with a steady and gentle rhythm.

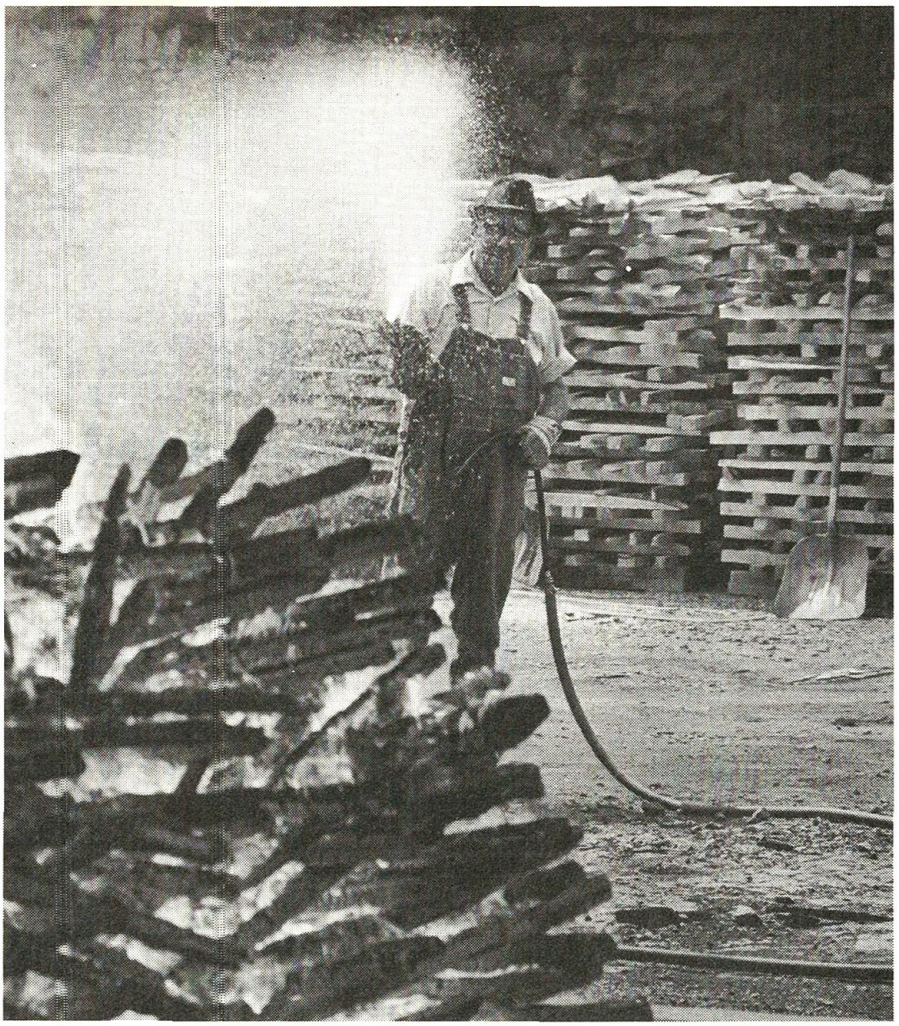
We then started to undress each other. Since the desk top was cluttered with stacks of paper, we both lowered ourselves to the thick carpet on the floor.

Lloyd slowly and lovingly entered my pussy. He made some good moves with that wonderful peter and then rammed it home. He varied the pace of his strokes just right. It felt so good!!! I could tell that his vigorous tempo was bringing him to a climax, but he masterfully controlled the action, and after many strokes, he brought both of us to an overwhelming climax.

About 30 minutes later, I awoke. Lloyd told me I had made the love session enjoyable for him, and that he was now going to show me how a man ought to love a woman.

He took two cushions from the chairs nearby and placed them under my ass. As I sat in front of him, he knelt before me and slowly began massaging his cock with his right hand. At the same time, he placed his left hand at the top of my pussy and extended his thumb down and over my clit.

He continued this massaging action for about 15 minutes. Finally, he told me to take hold of his peter and ease it into my pussy. What a thrill! Lloyd's cock was not long (between five-and-a-half and six inches), but it had filled out immensely during our first session. And it felt so stiff and strong—like a steel rod with latex covering. Man, that was some erection! The delight I felt as it stretched my pussy open was beyond description. Lloyd really knew what he was doing. He made moves inside my pussy that I didn't know existed. Lloyd's staying power was incredible. Several times when I screamed, "I can't take anymore," Lloyd would reply, "You can, if I can give it to you." Boy, am I glad he kept on giving it to me. All in all, we were on that carpet for a little over three beautiful hours.—*Name and address withheld*



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"Wayne Williams, accused in the Atlanta murders, is a sacrificial lamb to be yielded to the white dominators of racism."

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

ACHIEVING ATHLETIC EXCELLENCE

I enjoyed Hank Herman's well-written article on runner Stu Mittleman and the sport of ultramarathoning ["The Man Who Can't Stop Running," July 1984]. I was mentioned in this article as having run against Stu Mittleman in a 100-mile race in 1982.

Ultramarathoning is a sport in which contrasting philosophies attempt to achieve similar goals. Since our first 100-miler in New York in 1979 (where Stu finished a "stunning" fourth, and I finished second), we have taken divergent paths in trying to achieve athletic excellence. Through superb discipline and dedication (apparently often at the exclusion of all other endeavors), Stu has been America's finest 100-mile runner over the last six years. With a somewhat different philosophy, I too have strived toward this goal. Running has obviously been important in my life. I run 80 to 90 miles a week in preparation for an important race, but I cannot view it as an end in itself. Despite the important aspects of camaraderie and personal learning, and after all the rationalizations, running competitively is basically an ego trip.

My challenge in the sport of ultramarathoning is to see if one can achieve athletic excellence without excluding other aspects of life. With this in mind, I will continue to work (my hours seem to match my mileage) and train.—*Lion Caldwell, Houston, Tex.*

WAYNE WILLIAMS—"LONELY WOLF"?

After reading William Warren Northrop's recent article, "Wayne Williams Is Innocent" ["Advise & Dissent," April 1984], I really felt the lion in me burst forth. After following the media coverage of the murders of those helpless black children and the events that followed, I strongly feel that when Atlanta's judicial system arrested and convicted Williams, they finally had their "witch to burn." But they never caught a murderer; they caught Wayne Williams.

I won't be led to believe that one person is fully responsible for all of those murders in Atlanta. Does Atlanta's justice system feel it's satisfying the public by swiftly convicting and silencing one man, Wayne Williams, making him the "lonely wolf"? Is the public in total agreement with this conviction and arrest or are they easily swayed by propaganda? This all points to one word: racism.

Atlanta, surrounded by suburbs and industries, has a population totaling easily over a million. With this many people, you are going to have crime and murder daily. Pick up any newspaper in Atlanta and read the front page. There always will be the cult groups and fanatic terrorists, such as the Ku Klux Klan, infiltrating these communities.

The events of the Wayne Williams case point out how racist the South really is. The oppressive Southern society, the real culprit, continues to pull the plug on poor people and minorities. The accused Wayne Williams is a sacrificial lamb to be yielded to the white dominators of racism. With the hope of fooling the rest of the world with its beautiful cityscapes and legendary economic boom, the South cannot hide what clearly remains: social inequity.—*Name withheld, Oakley, Calif.*

PRAGER STIRS 'EM

I read Emily Prager's article, "The First National Prayer," in "View From the Top," July 1984, and have the following comments.

Television is available, or not available, to all humans—children or adults—within the privacy of their homes. Within that home, the individual retains the right to watch or not to watch, to censor or not to censor, and to believe or not to believe.

Moreover, if a person makes a conscious decision to tune out, he is not subject to comment or criticism by his peers. In-home free choice is particularly evident at the end of a television viewing day, at which time a most typical prayer or religious message is delivered dutifully by a priest, rabbi, or other clergyperson. Never have I seen an atheistic or agnostic message delivered during this period. In fact, rarely am I aware of any sort of antireligious theme anywhere on television. Isolated from peer comment or review, viewers retain the right to tune out at will.

But this peer comment or review is not absent from a public school or gathering. Should any individual choose to withdraw from a publicly supported gathering in which a religious message or prayer is expounded, attention would be drawn to that person. Any individual so subjected would be forced to obey or listen without objection. Long-term psychological consequences could be devastating, particularly when the incident occurs in a child-group situation.

Content of the message is not the question. Situation or location is.—*Michael Schwartz, Teaneck, N.J.*

Emily Prager understands men. Her satiric article in the June issue of *Penthouse* carried a ballsy, one-word title, "Masculinity." The drawing that accompanied the article, a little boy attempting to shave like a real man, perfectly summarized the message of the essay. Men are simply little boys who are forced by nature to take a razor to their throats every day.

I remember once asking my father why all the men who played in the minstrel shows were white if they were supposed to be black? My father told me that since whites had created Jim Crow, they understandably could play him better than blacks. Only one who creates a character can truly play that character. The answer satisfied me.

Like the Tin Pan Alley promoters who brought us

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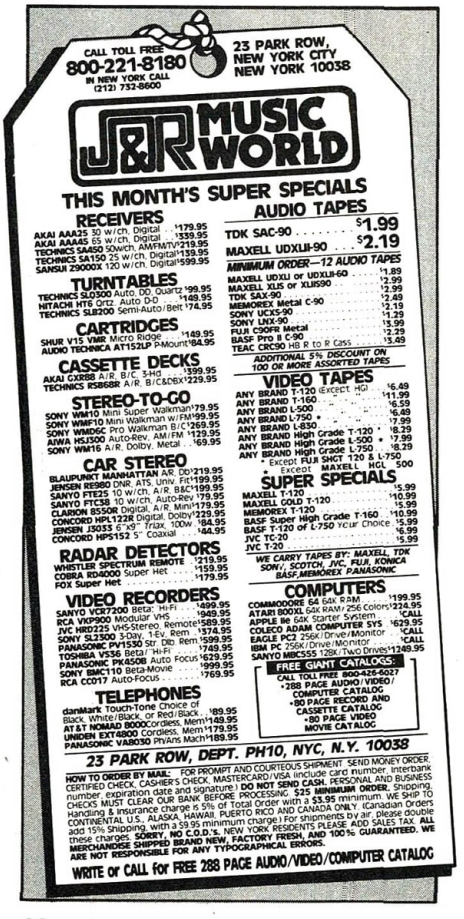

the blackface character of Jim Crow, women like Ms. Prager understand men because they have *created* them. She and her liberated, unisex sisters have concluded that their creations are simply females with visible sex organs. The sign of a real man is a real tear or, better yet, a heartfelt sob. Stoicism is masochism, and physical strength is symptomatic of psychic weakness. Under the guise of flippant humanism she has offered a polemic in support of female domination.

Prager was correct, however, in her assessment of the function of "man." What she seems to have difficulty understanding is why a sensible, liberated man would celebrate rather than avoid that function. She writes, "In fact, masculinity dictates that men get involved in only two things: the financial support and physical defense of women. Toward these two ends a man can scream, cry, pout, and whine as long as he comes back with his shield, or on it. If he doesn't come back with the spoils, he'd better come back dead or she'll kill him." Suffice it to say that there are places and times when a man must bring back the "spoils," or else that vulnerable unit, the wife and kids, may itself die. Men who sacrifice themselves for their families, although they may no longer be considered smart in the "Me Now" eighties, are still respected by most men.

In our time the movement for the liberation of men has reached a crucial juncture. The present emphasis in the movement on antiwoman diatribes, of which Emily's is a classic parody, presages men making the same mistakes that feminists have made in defining the values of their liberation movement. The worst course for men to take would be one that leads real men to blame "false" women for all their troubles. Real men still shoulder their responsibilities without whining.—*Charles E. Billings, Florida State University, Tallahassee, Fla. (Mr. Billings is the author of* Race War in America: A Manual for Black Survival.*)*

Emily Prager replies:
Let me say, for the record, that I have never considered men "simply females with visible sex organs." I'm no lesbian.

AMERICAN INJUSTICES

I am writing to register my extreme dismay with your recent swing to the political right, your increasingly conservative rhetoric, and your right-wing, law-and-order articles, the most recent one: "American Justice is a Crime," by William Tucker [March 1984].

I wonder who exactly you think you're catering to with this right-wing diatribe? Do you think your readers relish having Ronald Reagan speeches quoted to them? I do not read *Penthouse* to be subjected to this conservative "lock-em-up-and-throw-away-the-key" idealism. I get enough of it from the media and Republican politicians.

If you're going to worry about the problems of criminal justice, why don't you provide something informative and objective? America already incarcerates more of its citizens than any nation on earth—excluding only South Africa. The real danger, it seems to me, is not that we're incarcerating too few citizens, but that we're about to compromise our freedoms and civil rights in the rush to create a police state, something that ultimately might resemble Orwell's *1984*. Granted, the American criminal-justice system is faced with challenges. The solution is not mass incarceration nor is it quoting the remarks of our aging president. In a few more months you'll be quoting the Reverend Jerry Falwell.—*M.K., West Roxbury, Mass.*

JACKSON'S JIVE

Please, please stick to publishing tantalizing photos of pretty girls and forget the trashy political propaganda.

"Jesse Jackson's Jive" [July 1984] was the pits, but it was typical of what one has come to expect from Ronald Reagan's lackey, William F. Buckley Jr. A few pages into the article you ran another vicious diatribe against the Reverend Jackson: "Hofmekler's People." Your bigotry really shows.

No, I'm not black nor do I live in the ghetto, but I do salute the only presidential candidate with the guts to speak out for *all* the people!—*H. W., Lubbock, Tex.*

After reading "Jesse Jackson's Jive" in your July issue, I was completely disappointed. I read *Penthouse* for its informative articles, and I've enjoyed most of them, but not that article. I've heard several opinions of Jackson, but this one has got to be the most idiotic.

Mr. Buckley seems to be unaware that most politicians use similar idiolects during campaigns. I've heard President Reagan on several occasions say "gonna" and "we can beat 'em."

If Glazer and Moynihan were professional sociologists, they would have noted that white businessmen are in control, and blacks can only patronize whites. The residual prejudices still evident, which Mr. Buckley noted, are now part of stronghold America, which "excludes blacks from positions of prominence."

Buckley's statement, "Let's build houses, not bombs," is not like saying, "Let's have fiddlers on the streets, not policemen." Jackson is implying: Let's build self-help, not an avenue to total destruction.

What I deplored most about this article was a patented James Watt slip of the tongue: "Handicapped people are literally causing the streets to be repaved." What a totally tasteless statement.

I do not agree with everything Jackson (or any politician, for that matter) says or implies, but he is nothing like his depiction in "Jesse Jackson's Jive." Mr. Buckley's rhetorically masterminded plot to disavow Jesse Jackson proves that he's an infamous bigot.—*Calvin Cox, Colorado Springs, Colo.*

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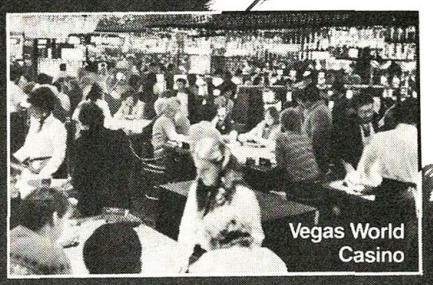

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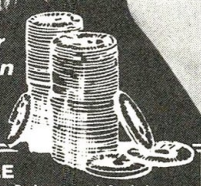

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Offer expires October 29, 1984

MEN'S RIGHTS

"I am crossing party lines to vote for Ronald Reagan for one reason—to protect my rights as a man in America."

I am a lifetime Democrat—but in this election I'm voting for Ronald Reagan. My decision has nothing to do with the issues of unemployment, the national deficit, nuclear missiles, or the Persian Gulf and Central American crises. I am crossing party lines for one simple reason—to protect my rights as a man in America.

As I mentioned in a previous column, you should be alerted that a woman may become the Democratic vice-presidential nominee, if not in 1984 then in 1988, and may head the national ticket by 1992. I am not in the least opposed to the idea of having a woman president, as long as she is elected by voters who consider her more qualified to lead the nation than her political opponent. What I am concerned about is that feminist leadership may control her candidacy—and the Democratic party—and dominate the White House. The issue today is how much power the feminist leadership will wield over Mr. Mondale, not whether a woman will possibly be nominated.

The Democratic party is fragmented and disorganized and desperately in need of a "political face-lift." It seems to have no qualms about pandering to feminism in an attempt to tap the vast reservoir of women voters. The Republicans, on the other hand, as incumbents have no such urgency to make expendient political deals.

Watching the recent Democratic presidential primaries and convention hoopla was as educational as it was recreational. I doubt that the Democrats could govern the country even if they do win. I believe that they cannot erase the damage of the vicious primary battles. The Democratic campaign has been a struggle of personal ambitions, and this has been destructive to the party. Now the Democrats have been forced to sell their political souls to the feminist leadership, and there can be no turning back. The feminists' sole aim is to control politically the White House, the Congress, and the Supreme Court of the United States.

If we choose a president or vice president based on gender politics, it will be only a matter of time before our federal courts become as biased against men as our domestic courts. Once again, let me stress that I am not opposed to women as judges or officeholders, but I *am* opposed to *women who are not qualified to hold office or who are biased against men.*

Even a Reagan victory in November will not really stem the tide toward full and eventual domination of the political scene by women. Senator Packwood (Republican–Oregon) is quoted as saying that the Republican party "will be dead" if it does not bridge the gender gap, because women are crucial to the outcome of the 1984 election. Senator Packwood believes that Reagan will be reelected because voters will cross party lines, but that women, a majority of whom vote Democratic, will influence all local races in November and will weaken the strength of the Republican party. Packwood says: "Women's roles will be dynamite in almost all races except the presidential race." Thus, the picture is becoming crystal clear: One party has sold out, whereas the other, if need be, is open to negotiations. Political expediency has become the order of the day.

What do women want politically? Given the choice, I believe most women would like to see a woman in the Oval Office, because it would be a dramatic statement and an achievement of equality. But I believe that the real goal of feminist leadership is to control the political policy of the United States and its economy.

All American men cannot be viewed as wimps. Faced with the stark reality of the feminist struggle for political power, men have few choices: They can either surrender totally or fight for men's rights by joining the National Organization for Men, thereby making it equally as powerful as present feminist organizations. Men have to have their consciousness raised. We have been put down much too long by the feminist cabal.

President Reagan, as the leader of the Republican party, offers us an opportunity to experience the American ideal of gender equality. The Democrats, however, offer us sexual serfdom, with all of its unjust and unequal ramifications. That's why I'm voting for Ronald Reagan.

Editors' note: The new address for the National Organization for Men, Inc., is 381 Park Avenue South, Suite 815, New York, N.Y. 10016.

BY SIDNEY SILLER

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POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

Rudyard Kipling once voiced the popular opinion that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." Historically, this remains a debatable proposition. Once allowances have been made for Medea, Messalina, and Catherine the Great, most of the major troubles that have afflicted the human race through the centuries have been brought about by men. There has never been, as yet, a female equivalent of Genghis Khan, Attila the Hun, Pedro the Terrible, Napoleon, or Hitler. Given the chance, and time, there's no reason to suppose women can't equal men in every way.

Men have always suspected (though they may have denied it) that most jobs can be done just as well by a woman. There's no reason why a woman can't fly a Boeing 747 every bit as well as a man, but when it comes to running things, like an airline, that's the point at which men start to become worried. It isn't women doing what has hitherto been regarded as "men's work" that concerns them—it's women taking and exercising power.

And power, of course, is exactly what women want.

It doesn't pay to underrate a woman's ambition—or her ability as an infighter. When the nice young woman in your office trades in her handbag for an expensive leather briefcase with sharp edges and gold initials or gets a male secretary (a very common status symbol among young executive women on the rise), watch out! The job she's after may just be your own.

As women reach for power and all that goes with it, men are beginning to discover that they make formidable opponents. The old saying "May the best man win" no longer applies; there are women senators, judges, governors—recognizable authority figures with real power. And the competition for success and power, always hot, has been heated to the boiling point by the fact that women—who represent more than half the population—have joined the race.

The change has made many men—perhaps even most men—uneasy, even a little panicky. Men are used to being on top, literally as well as sexually. It's not easy to cope with the fact that your wife makes more money than you, or that your female assistant is being discussed for a promotion that will ultimately give her more power than you now have, or even that your new boss is a woman.

The rules have changed. Women aren't asking; they're taking. And because men are still inclined to think that women can be charmed out of what they want, women are doing very well indeed at winning the power struggle of daily business life. The best way of dealing with women in power situations is to *stop* thinking of them as women. When it comes to power, jobs, and money, treat a woman just the way you would a man.

If your wife (or lover) is making more money than you are, relax and enjoy it. Nobody ever said that masculinity was measured by the amount of money a man makes in relation to a woman.

If your young assistant has designs on your job, transfer her to somebody else's department with a promotion as soon as you can, so she can get to the top without walking all over you.

Treat women in the workplace just as you would any man—if you can beat her, fine; if you can't, join her team. It's okay to fight back—not because she's a woman, but because *you* want to win.

And look on the bright side. Countless studies have made it clear that in gaining power, women become happier, feel a release of sexual energy and a lessening of inner tension, and relate better to the men in their personal lives.

If the truth be told, "the little woman" who was protected, cajoled, bribed, and kept in her place was never all that desirable a companion. Women reacted to powerlessness with a whole arsenal of weapons—nagging, tears, helplessness—all the familiar forms of emotional blackmail that men, over the centuries, lumped together as feminine characteristics, when the word *femininity* was used in the negative sense, as it usually was.

Instead of power making women less feminine, I think it makes them more feminine; or, to be more exact, it prepares the way for a more interesting definition of femininity, from which men will stand to benefit as much as women.

Independent, powerful women don't have to make men uncomfortable. A woman who can and does compete with men is, in many ways, more attractive than one who doesn't. An equal, challenging partner is certainly more stimulating, in the long run, than a submissive one.

Women are not about to give back their hard-fought gains in the power game. We're going to have to learn to compete with women and love them, all of us, sooner or later.

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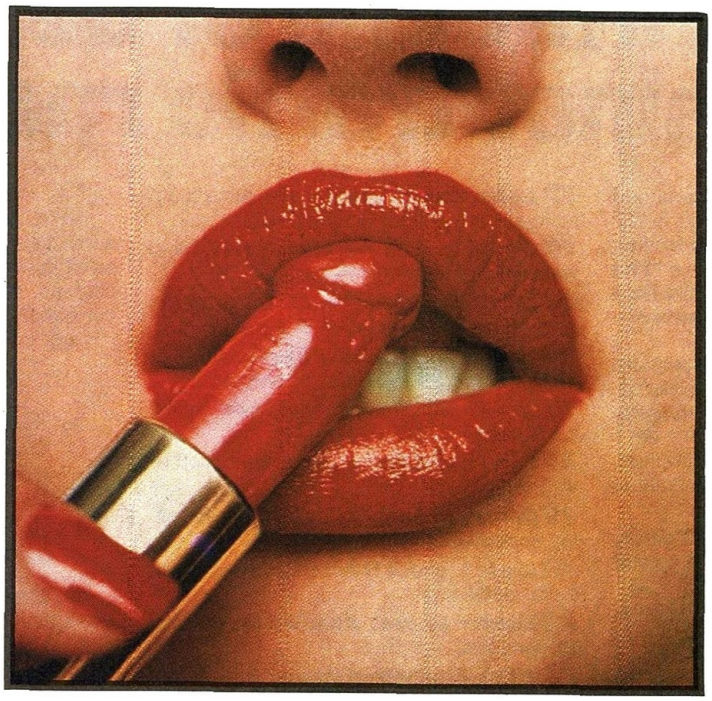
XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH



Something happened to me the other night that might not seem all that peculiar to you. The only thing unusual about it was that it involved you, which is surprising, since I really don't know what you look like except for the picture on the cover of your book The Happy Hooker, *which probably doesn't even do justice to your beauty.*

I'm a college student who leads a relatively active sex life and enjoys it, as well as the relationships that naturally occur with it, immensely. My dreams at night rarely include sexual adventures, and I can honestly say that I had never experienced a wet dream. That is, not until last night.

I came home late and felt exhausted. I listened to a Mozart album while sipping a beer and found myself falling asleep. I don't even remember getting into bed, except for having a vague recollection of the feeling of cool sheets against my naked body in the balmy summer air.

Suddenly I experienced a sensational and vivid dream. I found myself in a quaint little restaurant with high, beamed ceilings and beautiful, lush green plants. The place was full but not overcrowded. At a nearby table sat the most enticing, exotic woman I'd ever seen, accompanied by a dark, distinguished chap. I coyly observed her and played the old familiar game of resisting a second glance. But I couldn't help myself. She was just too intriguing.

As I slowly turned to face her, I was drawn in by her gentle, alluring eyes. Shyly I turned away, certain that conversation at her table was aimed at me. Then the gentleman raised his voice. Suddenly he pounded his fist on the table, grabbed his tweed jacket, and, in his rage, slammed the door on his way out.

I watched him leave, and when I turned back I was staring at two curved hips at the edge of my table. As I looked up, my eyes followed the lines of the most sensual body I'd ever seen, up to an incredibly exquisite face. A shock of gratitude overcame me. "May I sit down?" she asked.

I could only nod. I sat there stunned and mesmerized.

"Do you know who I am?" she continued, with a smile. Fear surged through me, and as always happens in dreams, I couldn't seem to find my voice. Finally I managed a "should I?"

Anger lit her face. She opened her mouth to speak but we were interrupted.

"Good evening, Ms. Hollander. You know it's illegal to seduce minors," he growled.

"Good evening to you, Inspector. I see I haven't lost you yet," she answered without fear in her voice.

"Just a friendly reminder that I'm watching your every move, Ms. Hollander." Then he went to a table near the door.

"He and everyone else is watching you," I said.

"Now do you know who I am?" she inquired.

"We've just met," I said, and then realized how stupid that sounded. She extended her warm, slender hand and formally introduced herself as the famous Xaviera Hollander. I grinned as though I had just won a million dollars.

I can't remember what happened right after that, but the next thing I do remember is that we were walking down a corridor and you were giggling. You got your keys out of your bag and let me into a beautiful apartment. Without warning, you gave me a sensual kiss and led me by the hand to your bedroom.

The next thing I knew, we were naked and I was on top of you. As we made love, your moist breath was buzzing in my ear. I felt in love, and nothing seemed to matter except pleasing you. My body slithered over yours. I felt your smooth, warm thighs and the taut, erect nipples on your silky, luscious breasts. There was an aroma

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from your neck, and if someone could bottle it, he could easily make a million. You whispered things in my ear that were incredibly beautiful. Our rhythm was steady and you urged me to roll over on my back. Then you sat on my shoulders and arched your back to slowly bring your sweet, tender triangle closer to my lips for a taste—and then pulled back, as if to tease me. Then you jumped back to my hips and eased my erect cock in and out of your tingling, warm crotch. Soon your whole body was convulsing and you held my face in your palms and whimpered for me to come with you, saying blissful words of pleasure until, my darling, I could hold back no more.

I opened my eyes and searched my room for you. My cock was quivering with spasms and come was oozing down my legs. I lay there quiet, thinking over the dream and wishing you were here.

You affected me, Xaviera. I know it was only my imagination running away, but even so, you were wonderful. I just wanted to share the adventure with you and thank you for giving me that special, unforgettable night.—M. F.

I'm most flattered to have been the lady in your first wet dream. My specialty has always been inaugurating men into sexual awareness. One's first sexual experience, if bad, can be detrimental to the rest of one's adult sex life. It's obviously a great ego boost when I do this right, and I always hope the man will then be able to go out on his own and feel secure in life and in his future sexual experiences. I like to think my books and thoughts have helped liberate a lot of men, as well as women, from their sexual hang-ups.

PHOTO ENVY

I have been very happily married for three years. Although I have a very good sex life with my wife (she's 24, I'm 27) and I've never cheated on her, I still enjoy a little variety. I satisfy my urge for other sexually adorable women by masturbating to their pictures. My wife has known about this since we were first married, but recently she has begun to object. At first she was very understanding. In fact, she used to bring home magazines for me and would occasionally jerk me off while I looked at the sexy naked bodies. But as I said, lately she objects to this. I also find that I need more sex than she does. She has tried to satisfy me by dressing up in sexy outfits, like the kind models wear, and then she poses at the edge of the bed while I get off on her. Sometimes she gets so hot doing this that either we fuck or she ends up masturbating. Last Tuesday she caught me jerking off to Rita in the May Penthouse. *She came on with the what-has-she-got-that-I-haven't-got routine. Since then she has bought lots of sexy outfits and lets me take pictures of her so that I can get off when she isn't around. Anyway, she went on to say, "Millions of guys can jerk off to Rita, but you, honey, are the only one who can jerk off to me." Is my wife jealous? Is it fair for her to do this to me? I love my wife, but the girls in the magazines are only temporary fantasies. What do you think?*—R. D.

The average, normal American male, unless he has had an unusually lucky adolescence, has probably jerked off thousands of times before he's gotten his hands on a real woman. Old habits die hard. When a husband and wife have different levels of sexual needs, as you and your wife do, masturbation is a healthy and natural way to blow off steam. Of course, your wife gets a bit jealous when you fantasize over Rita. Most women (and most men as well) have a feeling of ownership toward their mates and don't like them to screw around, even with photographs. The difference between Rita and your wife is that Rita is fantasy. She doesn't say or do anything. But in your mind you can make her say and do the things that turn you on—maybe things that you would not even want your wife to say or do. I remember reading a letter years ago from a guy who claimed to be a trisexual. Not only was he into both men and women, but he got turned-on by garbage cans and mailboxes, too. When you start masturbating to pictures of steam boilers or intercontinental missiles, then I think your wife should worry.

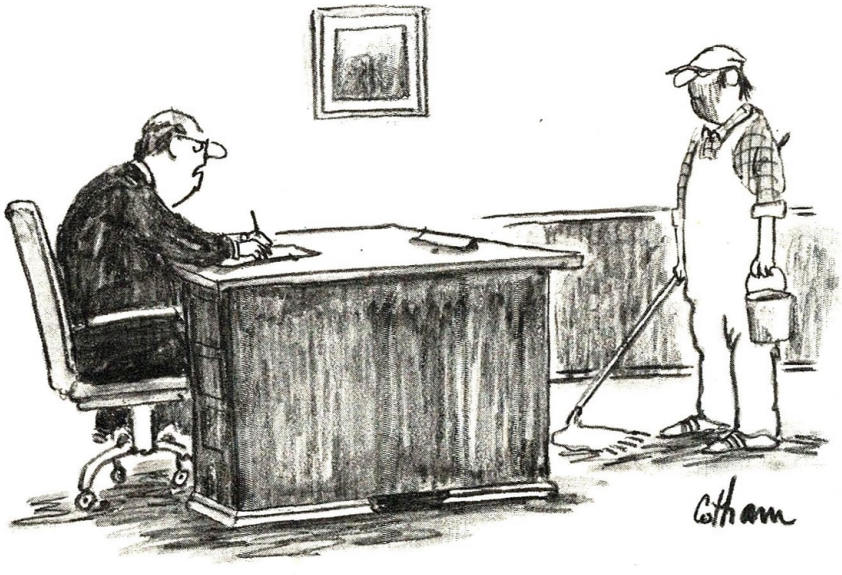
THE NAME GAME

Just what do people mean by the word "lesbian"? The reason I ask is that my girlfriend and I live together; we're lovers, but we're not sure if we are lesbians or not.

Michelle and I have been in love for over two years, and we've been living together for almost 19 months. Both of us are blond and very pretty, though Michelle is a bit more full-figured than I. Neither of us is a "butch" sort of girl. When we go walking down the street together, we turn heads. I'm not trying to brag, I'm just letting you know that we can have men if we want them. Both of us had had male lovers before we met, and neither of us really liked them.

We're not man-haters; we like men. We find them handsome, nice to be with, and good company. Michelle and I do not feel the same about other women the way we feel about each other. We never did before and we don't now. When we meet at our apartment at the end of the day, it feels like we haven't seen each other for a long time. We hug and kiss and tell each other silly love things. We eat dinner at home or go out to eat, then we sit and read together, do chores, listen to music, or just talk. After more than two years, we still get a thrill out of just being with each other.

It's not just hugs and kisses, either. Sometimes when we meet in the evening, there is so much sexual energy that we just have to do something about it. We ei-



"I had hoped to fire you, McCucheon, but there's no one around here qualified to replace you."

ther have sex on the couch or in the shower. Bedtime is something we really look forward to. We have a lot of fun trying new ideas to please each other.

Some of my friends say we're gay and just not being truthful about it. But I've always thought that being gay meant that you were attracted to women for sex. Like I said, neither of us is interested in anyone, male or female, for sex—just each other. If it wasn't for Michelle, I'd be looking for a man. Sex with men may not be all that great, but I don't think I'd want another woman.

My feelings are that Michelle and I are meant for each other, and it's just a matter of chance that we are of the same sex. It isn't too important if we're gay or not, but I would like to clear it up.—T. P.

How people love to classify everything and neatly file it away! When a heterosexual person scathingly refers to someone as "gay," it usually means that the speaker is pissed off because the person he or she is talking about is unavailable. At the moment, you are deeply involved in a loving, sexual relationship with another woman. The dictionary definition for that type of relationship is "lesbian." So you are gay. So what? You are in love, and your relationship is satisfying and complete. If you loved and lived with a man, then gays could brand you with the derogatory label "hetero." Your friends who say you're not being truthful are simply jealous because you and Michelle are in love with each other and are therefore self-contained. There is nothing more boring or irritating than two people who are totally involved with each other. As time goes by, friends will probably say things like: "You're not still together, are you?" Take no notice. In the words of an old proverb: "Sticks and stones may break your bones, but names will never hurt you, unless you work for the CIA."

CHATTY KATHY

I am an older man, 61, blessed with a 22-year-old Irish-eyed doll who's romantic, sensual, somewhat masochistic, exhibitionistic, abundantly sexual, and brilliant. We met through an erotic pen club. Until now, she was a self-professed "cocksucker" who only knew the wham-bam of young studs. This beautiful youngster would have never gone to bed with this short, fat, funny old man, if the pen club bulletin hadn't printed a fantasy of a couple who met for the first time in a dark room. We lived out that fantasy, and as the dawn unveiled our eyes it no longer mattered what each of us looked like. Affection had taken over.

Affection combined with sex is the most powerful combination I know. We've taught each other a lot about new positions and long erotic byplay such as shaving her pussy, having anal sex, and wearing crotchless panties and panty hose. We enjoy sex by the day and week, rather than by the hour, in sex clubs, bathrooms, outdoors—with foursomes, etc.

But this young lady has shown me something really new. It seems that in her teens, playtime in the bathtub taught her to inhale air into her cunt then send it out through her cunt lips, actually blowing out cunt farts. The lips vibrate and the noise does sound like farts, but I am certain that with practice she will be able to say certain words and sound like Donald Duck.

I never would have believed this without seeing and hearing it myself. In your experience have you ever seen, heard, or known of any other woman who could do this? I really would like to know.—M. P.

Last year during the Holland Festival, in one of the most respectable theaters in Amsterdam, I witnessed a stage performance given by a lady who made a career out of the same trick that your girlfriend has learned. She draws air into her vagina to the accompaniment of a drumroll, and blows out rows of lighted candles with a blast from her cunt. I think I have mentioned the various famous anal technicians before, the performers who can play trumpets with their ass holes, fart recognizable tunes, and so forth. Whether such accomplishments are desirable in a lover, I am uncertain. It would be a bit unnerving to embark on a little light *soixante-neuf* and have an adorable, smiling, Irish pussy suddenly start talking to you like Donald Duck.

SECOND OPINION

I am a five-foot-three, dishwater blonde who's 25 years old and weighs 129 pounds. I have no problems getting my share of looks from the guys, except for my live-in boyfriend. You see, I have a

Advertisement

Hair Loss . . . Male Pattern Baldness

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For years we have all read and heard a lot of misinformation about the causes of common hair loss and baldness (often called male pattern baldness) and about so called cures or methods to treat it. Most of these "cures" and "treatments" are very expensive, consist largely of water and do not work. Below, we explain the real, scientific reason for this problem, and what our research and testing have shown can be done about it.

Medical researchers know that dihydrotestosterone, a hormone formed by metabolism of the male hormone testosterone or from cholesterol, causes hair follicles to go into their resting phase; this means that the follicles quit producing hairs. Follicles in certain areas of the scalp of genetically predisposed people contain an enzyme called 5 alpha reductase. This enzyme converts testosterone to dihydrotestosterone. Dihydrotestosterone makes the hair stop growing, resulting in the condition commonly referred to as male pattern baldness. This condition occurs more often in men but may also occur in women. Male pattern baldness is also referred to as pattern baldness, common baldness and androgenetic alopecia (baldness).

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problem with my skin, which is soft and flabby. This is because I lost 136 pounds in the last year. I have also had two difficult cesarean sections, so I have stretch marks as well. No matter what clothes I look good in, I don't look good without them. I've tried exercise but nothing seems to help. It disgusts my boyfriend to touch me, let alone to have oral sex with me. He says he has a hangup because too many women have used sex against him. In addition, when he was married and in the service, stationed overseas, his wife was raped. He couldn't come home to her, and she went crazy.

Don't get me wrong, my boyfriend and I get along great. We talk, laugh, and are the best of friends, but I need to be needed. Without the closeness of lovemaking, a relationship is just not the same. Please give me some advice before I run out of "so-so blowjobs." This is what he says, though I've never had a complaint before.—F. E.

I recently met a Canadian lady who has, in the last year, reduced her weight from almost 300 pounds to a manageable 140 pounds. She is almost twice your age, and, of course, at first she was a mass of wrinkles and sagging flesh. She has exercised industriously and now looks a great deal better, but she has decided that only cosmetic surgery can finally give her the figure she wants. In your case, you are still very young and exercise may do the trick, but don't expect it to happen overnight, you will have to excerise regularly for quite a while before seeing the results. Cosmetic surgery is expensive and also leaves scars, but I think in your case it might restore your self-confidence and so might be worth a try. A cheaper solution may be a new hairdo and a different boyfriend. While it sounds as if you're really trying, I don't think he is. If he continues to tell you that your appearance turns him off, look for a guy who finds you attractive. I guarantee that there is someone out there who not only will give you the love and affection you need, but who will also actually be turned on by your gutsy self-sacrifice. Losing 136 pounds is a magnificent achievement, and it deserves a reward.

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THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

How do you exorcise a ghost? About ten years ago I had a brief but thrilling affair with a man whose memory haunts me to this very day. Whenever I get real horny and can't do more than masturbate, I do so with our encounters in my mind.

My husband is a military man. He was sent to school to cross train for six weeks at a new Midwestern base, and I was left alone to find a new job, put the children in school, and readjust to a totally new area. I was hired as a bartender at the NCO club, where I worked with Mitch. We got along well together, and we seemed to complement each other in our duties. Mitch was a great help to me during my readjustment. He helped me cope with my problems, especially since my husband was away. We became good friends. Our relationship was platonic, not sexual.

One night when we were very busy at the club, I felt a special attraction to Mitch. The house was packed, and finally, about 10:30 P.M., I was able to take a much needed break. I went out back, away from the customers. Rubbing my neck and shoulders, I tried to get rid of the fatigue that was coming over me. Mitch walked up from behind and said, "Here, let me." With that, he began to massage my neck and shoulders. His touch was pure heaven, his hands seemed so learned in the art of massage. When I said, "I'll give you a year to stop," he kissed me.

Then I told him, "Watch out, I haven't had anything like this in a long time. I may attack you." He grinned sensually and replied, "I'm sure I can handle it." We flew through the rest of our work, eager to leave the club and explore this new feeling. We left the club with our arms around each other; our tiredness was slipping away as we walked to our cars. He got into my car and with his hands rubbing my body but never going near my hard tits, he caught me in another fierce embrace. He said he didn't want to rush things. "Rush," I pleaded. He did and soon had one of my hard nipples in his hand. His mouth came down on it as he pulled at my blouse and unsnapped my bra. I have never liked the look of my nipples—they always seemed too big and didn't look like any of the girls' tits in the men's magazines—but when he said, "You have magnificent nipples," from then on I liked my 38Ds. I could stand it no more. I had to touch the large swelling bulge in his crotch. I fumbled at the zipper and with nervous difficulty got it open to expose the most glorious cock I'd ever seen. It was damp with his moisture of expectation. He was worried it might be too small, but believe me, it wasn't. I don't know why men think all women want a stud-size cock. For me it isn't the size, it's knowing what to do with it.

By now he had gotten my pants down and had his fingers into my dripping cunt. Our kissing was hotter than ever. "We must go somewhere," he panted. I had such an urge to take that glistening head of his cock into my mouth, to love it with my tongue, lick it, taste that moisture, but I wasn't sure how he would react. I told him I wanted to do something, but I didn't know if it would embarrass him. He said I could do nothing that would embarrass him, so I went down on him, taking his very swollen head into my mouth ever so gently. I ran my tongue around his hard shaft, sucking him harder and harder. He let out a groan and I stopped to ask if I was hurting him. Did he want me to stop? He said, "God, no, I've just never had anyone suck my cock. It feels so good!" I was quite surprised at this revelation. He was so experienced. He explained that his wife did not like to suck him off, and I was

pleased beyond all pleasures to introduce him to this. Again, he said, "We must go somewhere. . . . I know where." With that he started the car. I was stroking his cock hot and hard as he drove a short distance to his office on the base. He let us into the building with his key and we undressed. Then he cleared his desk and lay me down on it and began to eat my dripping pussy. His mouth was as educated as his hands. I wanted him so badly and sucked his cock some more. Finally we couldn't wait any longer and he gently worked his throbbing hard cock into my steamy cunt. He began to pound into me. I wanted to suck this man totally inside me and feel him completely. Our orgasms were long and hard as the juices of our excitement flooded through me. We lay in each other's arms for a while until he withdrew his cock from me. "I've never had it like that," he said. Neither had I. We got dressed, put his desk in order, and went out to the car. He said, "I felt like a kid again, doing something like that. I want that again." I knew there would be a "next time."

It was difficult to work with him after that. Our eyes would meet and we would remember our pleasure. When we looked at each other we seemed to be mentally fucking right then. We had only four more times together, and then he was given orders to move to another base. I remember the friendly peck on the cheek I got the last time I saw him. Since then, I have spoken to him twice on the phone and he reminds me of our time together.

In my mental pictures of him, Mitch remains as clear today as he was ten years ago. Whenever I need sexual pleasure and the only way to get it is to do myself with my fingers, I fantasize being with Mitch. I sometimes wonder if, in fact, he doesn't know it. After having had a Mitch in my life, and a wonderful husband, I have never met anyone else who could measure up. So I've not been attracted to other men. My husband has been the only man for me since. If I could change him I'd only make him more verbal—the way Mitch was with me. I love my husband of 26 years very much, but because I just can't get this other man from my memory, I don't even try anymore. Our private greeting used to be double sevens. Double sevens means 77 is better than 69 because you get ate (eight) more.—S. T.

The only reason for exorcising a ghost is if the ghost is making trouble. Mitch sounds like a very benevolent ghost, and you seem to have lived with him very happily for the last ten years. So why try to erase a beautiful memory?

About four years ago I had a strange romance that started in an unusual way. It was late at night when a musician friend of mine called me to wish me a happy New Year. The he said, "I have someone here who heard your voice on my answering machine and wants to speak to you." I said, "Put him on," and before I knew what was happening, I was being seduced over the wires by a man who had the sexiest voice I had ever heard. He asked me if my tits were really as big as they appeared to be in a photograph he had seen and so forth. Eventually he hung up, leaving me wet in the crotch, and I wondered what he looked like.

My mysterious caller took to phoning me almost every night, but he sounded so wonderful over the telephone that I was almost scared to see him in the flesh. So I asked him to send me a picture of himself. A day or so later I received a brilliant and amusing letter enclosing a photo . . .of his dog. Finally, I agreed to meet him. When I answered the doorbell, I was greeted by an enormous bunch of roses, behind which lurked a short, bald guy with protruding ears, a scraggly beard, and large, horn-rimmed glasses. My heart missed a beat (several beats in fact). He was really charming and intelligent and a great lover as long as the lights were out. Of course, the romance was doomed, and I shall always regret losing the phantom phone caller in my fantasy.

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FORBIDDEN FRUIT

I have been living with a woman for the past five years, and we will be getting married soon. However, in the past year or so we have found that we have extremely different attitudes and inhibitions about sex, and that our sex drives differ greatly. Where she is content to have sex once or twice a week, I could do it at least twice a day.

My problem is this: I have started to look outside of our relationship for sexual fulfillment. I frequent a massage parlor near my office. I see these encounters as nothing more than the fulfillment of a somewhat constant need for sexual gratification—no strings attached.

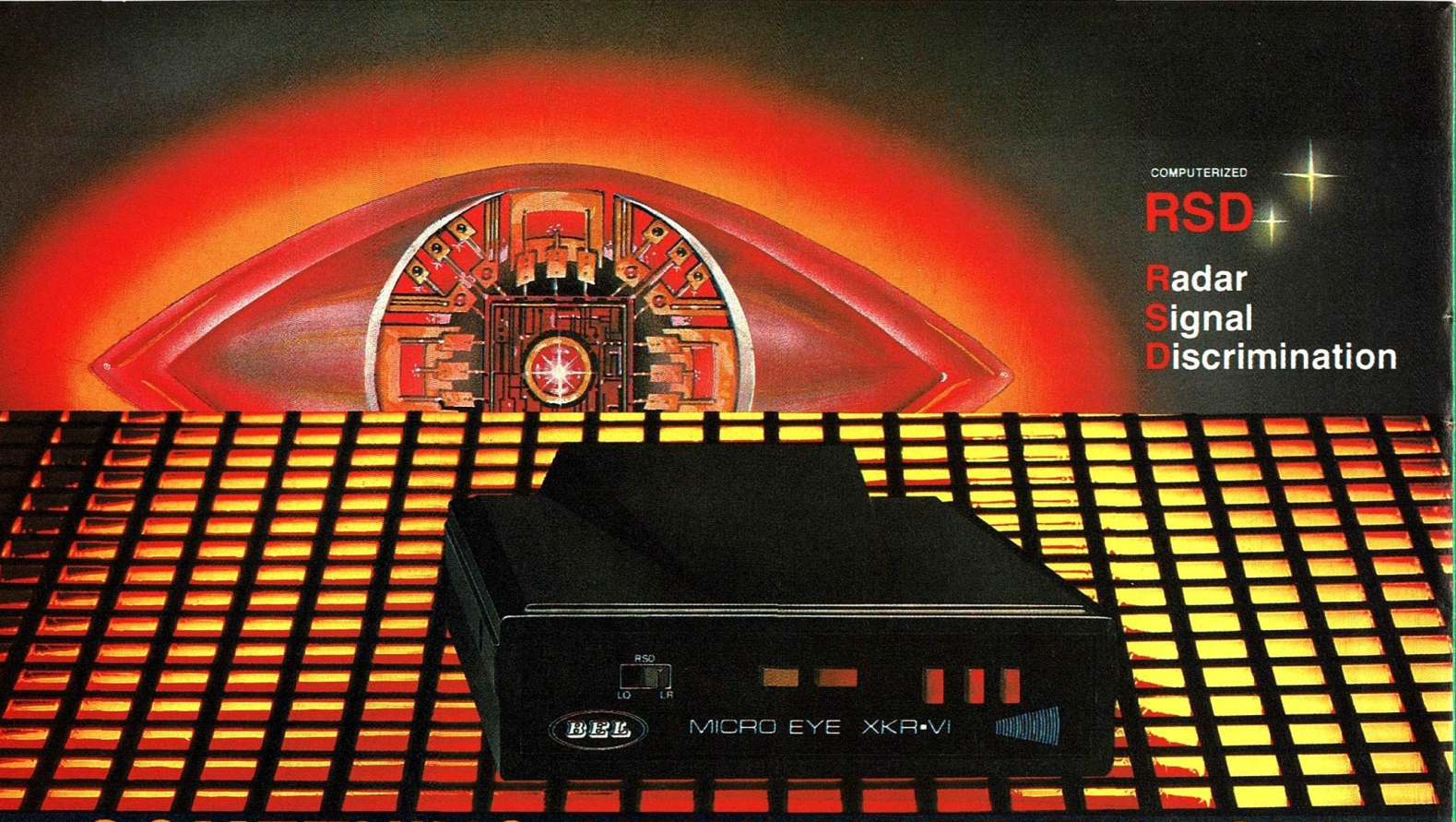
A related problem is that we are very good friends with a couple who, like us, are in their mid-twenties. Samantha and her boyfriend, Bob, are always talking about how great their sex life is, and she goes into graphic detail of how she loves to give head for hours and swallow gobs of come. She says she's insatiable, and Bob agrees.

I've offered to "come out of the bull pen" and lend a helping hand, but she just giggles. Nothing ever happens except an occasional passionate kiss or a quick feel. Talk about frustration!—D.F

Why do you suddenly want to get married? Marriage won't save a dying romance.

Your lady can probably handle the massage parlors, even the occasional one-night stands, but you are playing with fire when you screw around with friends of the family. When a husband and wife both want to swing, it is a different matter.

My lover and I allow each other to screw around when we are apart. We have, however, evolved a set of rules, one of which is "don't fuck friends."



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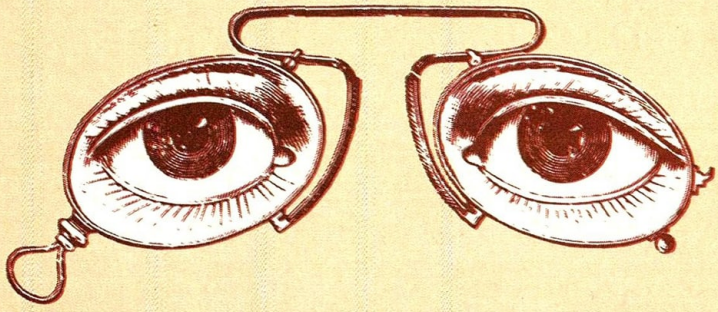


VIEW FROM THE TOP

WOODWIRED

BY EMILY PRAGER

I've just finished reading *Wired,* Bob Woodward's book on John Belushi, and I'm trying to figure out what the point of it is. I realize it's necro-journalism—celebrity-tomb plundering at its most expensive—but I wonder how Woodward can show his face. I'm told Woodward received a $600,000—that's right—advance for it. That's a hell of a lot of money to string together a bunch of drug scores and call it a man's life. If it's supposed to be an antidrug statement, it didn't work for me. If I could have found a couple of Quāāludes, believe me, I would have taken them just to escape Woodward's prissy, arrogant, judgmental attitude toward a high-energy, performing life-style that he clearly finds decadent and sleazy.

John Belushi *was* funny, not that you'd know it from this book. Why any publisher would pay a guy with no sense of humor half a million bucks to write about a great comedian escapes me. Maybe it's that old question of assumed legitimacy. Woodward's the guy who broke Watergate so he must be an expert on everything, right? Wrong. He knows nothing about humor, nothing about show-business structure, nothing about drugs or the drug culture. My friend, humorist Deanne Stillman, says that drugs are a weapon, as Communism was in the fifties, to use against performers to destroy their careers. I think she's right. Reagan backlash. Bob Woodward's consciousness is as wide as a hardened prostate.

And it's classist, too. Do you think anyone writing a necro-journal on Jean-Paul Sartre would chronicle his life in terms of his speed scores? Doubtful. But Sartre wrote all his great books while on speed—Simone de Beauvoir said so—and he must have been one pain in the ass when he was on the down, snarling, shaking, you name it. But, you know, it's literary, so it's romantic. Not that I'm comparing Belushi to Sartre. But when it came to comedic skill, the power was there; and so was the dedication, the all-consuming involvement, the stinging clarity of communication. But it's comedy and comedy is antiestablishment by nature. No matter that the *National Lampoon* and *Saturday Night Live* changed our view of things. They didn't change Woodward's, that's perfectly clear. The book reads like a preppy horror manual.

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

John Belushi was an amazing guy. Woodward would have you believe that it was his celebrity and drugs that zapped him. But that's so naive, so simplistic, so take-the-advance-and-run. Belushi was an explosive, staggeringly unpretentious whirlwind of comedic energy, who mesmerized anyone who came in contact with him, even those who couldn't stand him. His energy would not be denied no matter what it was after. He was *funny.* Even on a binge, *funny.* Even raving and rampaging, *funny.* The point that Woodward misses over and over again when describing Belushi's gross-outs against humanity is that the gross-out was the point, the core. The tone of disdain in Woodward's book would have delighted Belushi on one level, that's its only saving grace. It would have driven him to greater affronts. He would have farted the national anthem.

Woodward's ignorance about drugs is astonishing. It's the old anyone-who-touches-drugs-has-a-drug-problem view of life that I find, frankly, insidious. Belushi had a drug problem, and in the end it killed him, no doubt about that. But Woodward's total condemnation of the *Saturday Night Live* scene as some televisual opium pit verges on libel. This was a group of people who did a live 90-minute comedy show every week for five years (I'm talking about the original *Saturday Night Live*—when it was at its height) and managed to bring to it the highest standards of comedy and intelligence seen on television in over two decades. No easy feat. Anyone who knows show business will tell you that. But not Bob Woodward. He knows nothing about it. So to portray these people as drug-crazed swine reveals an envy. A desire to diminish their accomplishments that is unwarranted.

At John's funeral, Danny Aykroyd pointed out that John worked three shifts a day. He had different sets of friends on each. And let me say, as someone who knew Belushi, he was always like that—when he first came to *Lampoon,* before he was famous, before he was doing lots of drugs. The man was a human dynamo. What a pity, then, that his biographer turned out to be a stuffed shirt, who couldn't get it up to write an insightful book. After reading Woodward's book, I'm beginning to think Nixon got a raw deal. O

SCENES

ALL IN THE BLEND

Recently, I journeyed to Scotland with a group of other writers in search of the secret behind the making of Scotch whiskey: that inimitable spirit that has inspired many a poet, anchored many a business deal, and spurred many a late night on the town. But after a few days, we all began fo feel like Dorothy and her friends in *The Wizard of Oz*—what we had thought was a straightforward task was becoming a seemingly endless search. In our case, we were seeking the evasive wizards who are perhaps most responsible for the distinctive taste of each brand of Scotch—the master blenders.

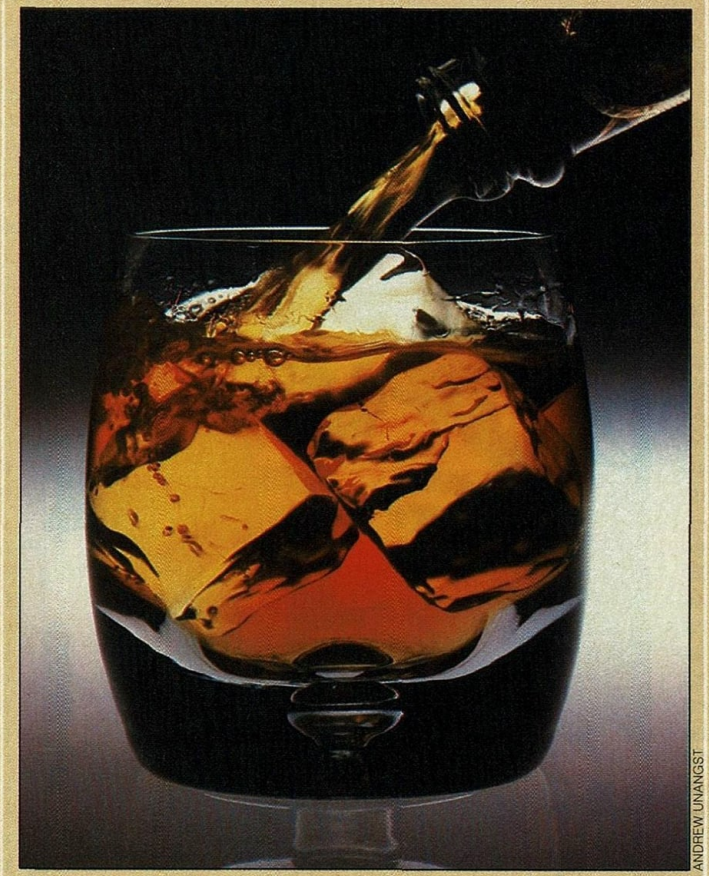
There was no problem in getting to talk to the wonderful chaps who have made the single malts (from which blended whiskey is made) for decades. In fact, we were even given the opportunity to taste the spirit directly from the oak cask in which it had been aging for a good 17 years. But even after we trekked across lochs, through firths, and over moors to one distillery after another, we were merely told that *soon* we would meet the elusive master blender.

Our hosts and the distillery managers were unfailingly courteous and informative in explaining how single malts are made: Germinated barley is malted in a peat-fired kiln; the barley is then mashed with local springwater, which ferments the mash. The alcohol is then distilled and finally aged in traditional oak casks. After a certain number of years, the spirit is usually blended with others.

And this was what was so frustrating, we explained. We wanted to learn how each company determined its blend. And we wanted to know why the master blenders were inaccessible. Granted, the formula for each whiskey brand is carefully guarded—but we weren't out to steal company secrets, we merely wanted to meet one of the enigmas of the whiskey industry who seemed to be taking on the aura of a legendary medieval alchemist.

Finally, after applying group pressure we were granted a brief audience with the master blender in Kilmalid—a plainly clothed but distinguished gentleman named Jack Goudy. Goudy courteously, yet cautiously, submitted to our barrage of questions. "How do you determine a blend?" the oenophile of the group asked. Cautiously, Goudy answered, "Solely by nosing the whiskey. Blending is like conducting an orchestra; it's mixing together single malts with a neutral-grain whiskey to complete perfect harmony." "Are you a chemist?" piped another writer. "No, I determine a blend purely by instinct." "What smells do you look for?" "There are layers of smells, layers of complexity. Behind the original smell is yet another smell. We name each smell—peaty, iodine, smoky, steel, and even hen pen." When pressed to tell more, he hesitated and blushed, saying, "There are more words we could use but not in the presence of ladies."

Unlike a wine-maker, a master blender doesn't taste the spirit. After hours he may occasionally pour a wee dram from his own special blend, but during a day of blending he only "noses" the Scotch. Goudy claims that "the nose is 5,000 times more accurate than the taste." To ensure quality control year after year, a blender must ad-lib on occasion. If a single malt is not available, then he must determine the closest substitute.



ANDREW UNANGST

Scotch: the inimitable spirit that's aged to perfection.

A blended Scotch can contain 40 or more single-malt whiskeys in addition to a neutral-grain whiskey (usually corn). The style or distinctive flavor of a blended Scotch depends on three variables: the ratio of malt whiskey to grain whiskey, the age of the whiskeys, and the origin of the malt whiskey. The ratio in blended Scotch is usually about 40 percent malt to 60 percent tasteless grain whiskey, although this can vary substantially with each blend. Age is a crucial factor in influencing the taste of Scotch. So crucial that the blender must sample every new shipment of single malt (keeping a vial for his library) to ensure that the whiskey has mellowed properly. Aged in virgin oak casks, or oak casks that once held sherry, the whiskey will take on a faint vanilla flavor or tinge of sherry flavor. In addition, the wood tends to give Scotch its amber color. As a rule, the longer the time in wood, the darker the color and more distinctive the flavor. The third factor determining the character of whiskey is geography. For example, a whiskey from Islay tends to be heavy and peaty, while a Highland malt is lighter and the flavor less pronounced.

After saying good-bye to Jack Goudy (aka, Oz), we finally realized that, like Dorothy, what we had been seeking was right in our own backyard all along. Meeting a master blender was an extremely interesting and informative experience. When all was said and done, however, there was only one fact about Scotch that really mattered. Goudy said as much at the door of his modern alchemist's laboratory: "Sipping Scotch is truly one of the natural pleasures of life."—*Lynn Kearcher*

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SOUNDS

THAT'S THE BREAKS

A little more than a year ago, I left a break-dancing demonstration, replete with super-speed footwork and death-defying headspins, convinced that breaking would never amount to more than a remarkable underground phenomenon. The dancers were in their teens, their bodies honed to a razor-sharp fitness by incessant practicing, and by the rigors of growing up black and poor in some of New York City's most dangerous neighborhoods.

The graffiti writing and spray painting that were part of the New York break-dancing scene were already being exhibited as art in SoHo and in trendsetting European galleries. But your average teenager has little or no interest in the art world, and all those fans of Springsteen and heavy metal out in the American heartland didn't seem to like the new funk any more than they liked disco. (Remember "Disco Sucks"?)

How wrong can you be? Within a few months' time the Hollywood films *Breakin'* and *Beat Street* were huge summer hits; dancers like the New York City Breakers had performed for everybody from President and Mrs. Reagan to the Rolling Stones, and amateur breaking had spread to just about every city in America.

A half-dozen books on break dancing are on the market, not to mention more movies and various instructional aids. Even K-Tel, the company that compiles albums of old hits and sells them through television ads, has come up with ***Breakdance***. This album package includes suitable music, detailed dancing instructions, and a warning: "If you have any ankle, knee, back, or other physical problems, you should have a medical checkup before attempting the dances described in these materials. Parental supervision is advised for children who attempt these dances." The first side of the K-Tel record contains some seminal break-related hits, including "Grandmaster Flash on the Wheels of Steel," the record that first popularized turntable "scratching" and the radical surgery being performed on dance records by creative Bronx disk jockeys. The second side of the record features plastic instructional "raps" by a band from Holland.

In *Hip Hop* (St. Martin's Press), the best and most reliable history of the break-rap-graffiti subculture, author Steven Hager reveals that break dancing actually started around 1973 amid the urban devastation of New York's South Bronx and had all but disappeared by 1978, supplanted by newer dances like the "freak" (ritualized dry-humping) and the robotic "electric boogie." What saved breaking from disappearing into the limbo of great lost dances? Mostly the growing popularity of disk jockeys like Kool Herc, Afrika Bambaataa, and Grandmaster Flash, who encouraged competitive dancers at club and community-center functions. And up-and-coming groups of rappers began to equal and then surpass the popularity of the jockeys who originally gave them exposure.

The sudden influx of media interest and monied support has made drastic changes in what was originally a neighborhood scene. Graffiti artists, who were risking their lives to spray-paint murals on subway trains little more than a year ago, have sold single canvases for thousands of dollars and have been flown to exclusive gallery openings in Europe. Break dancers are picking up more money from a few minutes' performance in a movie than they have seen in their whole lives. Dance-music singles, like the innovative "Looking for the Perfect Beat" and "Planet Rock," by the former street-gang leader Afrika Bambaataa and his crew of rappers, Soul Sonic Force, have sold millions of copies. But while the more ambitious hip-hop luminaries are making money, others, like Kool DJ Herc and the inventor of "scratching," Grand Wizard Theodore, have been all but forgotten.

Long after the break-dancing fad has been forgotten and graffiti art has become old news, the best music made by hip-hop deejays and rappers and the musicians associated with them will still be around. Atlantic Records has issued three separate albums from the ***Beat Street*** sound track, each one a mixture of authentic stuff and commercial filler. The ***Breakin'*** sound track is almost entirely Hollywood glitz, by Rufus, Ollie Brown, Dan Hartman, and other bandwagon jumpers, and should be avoided. For consistently spirited collections, try ***Rap 1*** (Profile), which includes the hardest street-rapping hits by Run-D.M.C.; ***Greatest Messages*** by the now disbanded Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five (Sugarhill); and ***Shango Funk Theology*** (Celluloid) by Shango, a group that includes Afrika Bambaataa and members of the group Material.

Two of the best albums to come out of the hip-hop scene are by musicians who stayed in the background, accompanying the leading rappers on records. ***Chops*** (Atlantic), by the group of that name, spotlights a tight horn section and great ass-shaking rhythms from the band that played on most of the trend-setting Sugarhill label's rap hits. And the same musicians are heard on ***Bust Me Out*** (Mercury) by Duke Bootee, a rapper-singer also known as Ed Fletcher. Soul music this tough has been in short supply since the commercial demise of James Brown. If you're partying to these records, you'll be having too much fun to try break dancing, and your back, neck, and noggin will be grateful.—*Robert Palmer*

STEVE PREZANT

Is break dancing ready to enter the limbo of great lost dances?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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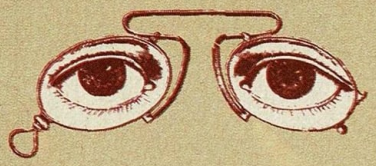
Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 0 .8 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.



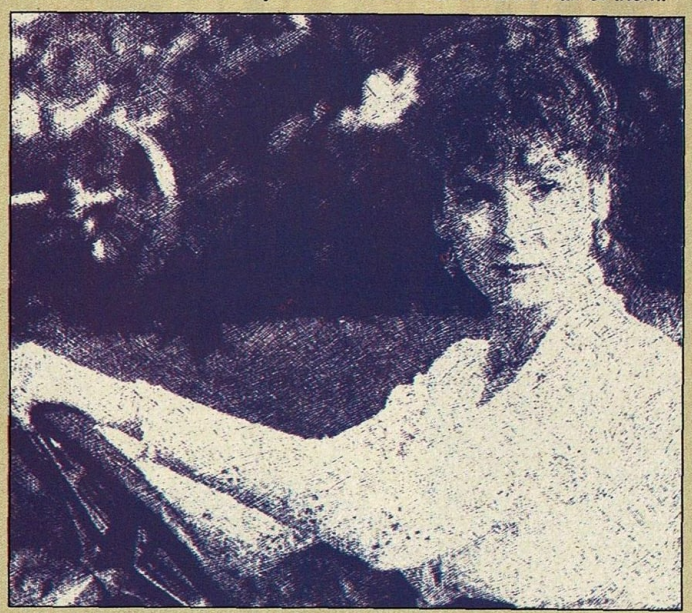
FILMS

SUMMER AFTERNOON Monsieur Ladmiral, the old man at the center of Bertrand Tavernier's ***A Sunday in the Country***, paints pictures. A meticulous academic painter, he accumulated honors, while others of his generation—Renoir, Monet, Cézanne—went on to revolutionize contemporary art. He makes no apologies. He accepts his limitations. How much less original would he have been if he had devoted his life to imitating the originality of other men?

He explains all this to his unmarried daughter—the lovely, troubled, vivacious Irène, late one Sunday at a riverside café, a few hours drive from Paris. She looks around her. "*That's* what you should have painted!" she exclaims. But of course, "that"—the sun-dappled river, the gaiety, the dancing couples, the hints of romantic intrigue—virtually carries the trademark of Renoir. The old man knows it, and you have to admire his response. But I'm not so sure Bertrand Tavernier knows it, at least not in the same way. That picturesque river café carries the trademark of another Renoir, the painter's son, the great filmmaker, Jean, and it emerges as the most blatant miscalculation in an otherwise finely adjusted motion picture.

Disturbing things like that crop up in the work of Tavernier, who has been a solidly successful French director since the early 1970s with *The Clockmaker* and *Let Joy Reign Supreme*. *A Sunday in the Country* won Tavernier the prize for "best director" at Cannes this year. It is easy to see why. Its evocative re-creation of an early twentieth-century milieu, its slow formal pacing, its lightly sketched (in fact, genuinely uncomplicated) characterizations, its ravishingly desirable old country house and studio—all suggest a prize movie, perhaps on the level that M. Ladmiral constructed his prize paintings.

Tomlin and Martin: half of them.



A Sunday in the Country *with Sabine Azema: imitating the masters.*

Which is not to dismiss either. Tavernier has a marvelous sense of place, a feeling for light and shadow, an instinct for how far to move his camera to reveal a setting. All the actors shine: Louis Ducreux, 73, in his first starring role as Ladmiral; Michel Aumont as the stuffy and rather moving middle-aged son who brings his family to Grandpa's on Sunday; Sabine Azema as the impetuous Iréne; and above all, Monique Chaumette as the old fellow's unillusioned loyal housekeeper.

Nothing is resolved by their skillful interactions. But then, nothing has really been broached. The family comes and goes. The late-summer light changes its quality on the great trees at the edge of the garden. With that modern wonder, the telephone, Irène awaits word from a lover. In elegantly realized reveries, Ladmiral recalls his long-dead wife; the son foresees his father's passing; two mysterious playful young girls appear in the old man's private vision.

It is almost perfect. Too perfect. Too lovely. Too derivative—like the vision of young girls out of Ingmar Bergman's *Wild Strawberries*, or the river café out of Jean Renoir. And for all its care, it is also too easy. Throughout *A Sunday in the Country*, a voice-over narration describes what everyone feels in the movie, but it is too tactful, or too unknowing, to say it out loud. At the movies, I'm suspicious of uncommon reticence. But in *A Sunday in the Country* I'm doubly suspicious of that voice, rich with a wisdom it hasn't earned, filling in the silences that should be able to speak for themselves.

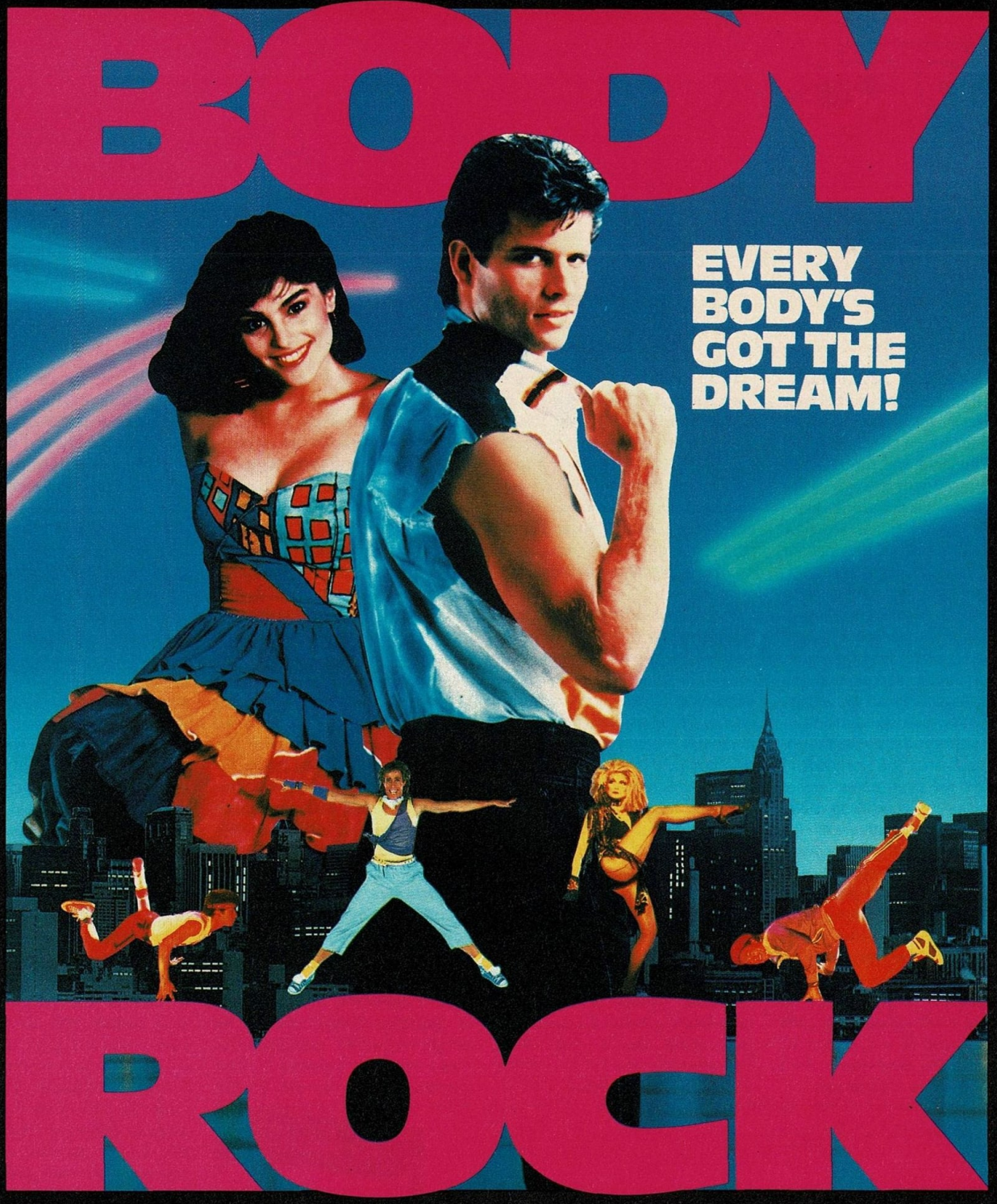
Any reservations I may have about *A Sunday in the Country* are nothing next to my contempt for Carl Reiner's ***All of Me***, in which half of Steve Martin is taken over by the spirit of just-deceased Lily Tomlin—who also confronts him from time to time in bathroom and bedroom mirrors. Tomlin was an heiress. Martin represents her law firm. Also involved are an Eastern mystic who transports souls, and Victoria Tennant, who is supposed to inherit Tomlin's soul (not to mention her money), but who will, of course, settle for the consolations of Steve Martin's body instead.

The joke behind *All of Me* must have seemed hilarious (or, more likely, bankable) to somebody, and it is right up Steve Martin's alley. He splits into two warring personalities. Martin does a lot of that in the movies. Here the split sometimes goes right down the middle, so that one half can battle the other half, Dr. Strangelove fashion. Sometimes it goes in succession, so that Steve Martin can do things Lily Tomlin is immediately ashamed of—as in the john, or in Victoria Tennant's bed.

The joke might have seemed funny, but the movie isn't, ever. I can't recall a movie comedy that sweated harder to less effect. Some of the trouble is with Steve Martin, whose formidable talents have never extended to creating a believable on-screen personality. Here, as always, his ordinary-guy persona registers as a very subtle fraud. The effort that goes into subverting it menaces nothing substantial, and Steve Martin at war with himself has about as much impact as one of the quirkier windup toys you find these days in the fashionable children's shops.

—*Roger Greenspun*

BODY ROCK



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Story by DESMOND NAKANO and KIMBERLY LYNN WHITE Screenplay by DESMOND NAKANO

Produced by JEFFREY SCHECHTMAN Directed by MARCELO EPSTEIN

DOLBY STEREO
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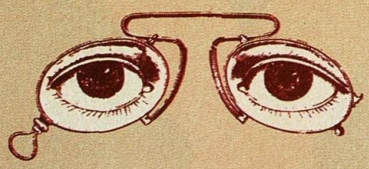
THE ROCKIN' STARTS SOON AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.



VIDEO

HIGH-TECH TELEVISION If you're in the market for a new television, prepare yourself for future shock. The old familiar console and rabbit-eared portable have gone the way of the gramophone. Like stereos, high-performance televisions are now split into components: a monitor or screen, receiver, and speakers. These systems cost more than conventional TVs (about $700 to $2,500), but you do get what you pay for: a bigger and better picture, true high-fidelity sound, and the flexibility to handle an increasing number of home-video options.

Old-fashioned TVs were designed with only one purpose: to transform an over-the-air signal into a picture in your living room. The result was a relatively muddy image with a small, tinny sound. Cable, VCRs, video games, and home computers all provide a purer, higher-quality signal than broadcast television, and stereo videocassettes and laser discs introduced high-fidelity sound. So manufacturers were forced to come up with equipment that could handle these improvements, and the best way to do it was to break the old box apart.

Monitors offer a sharper picture because signals travel directly to the screen. Conventional televisions route everything through the RF converter, which changes over-the-air (radio frequency) signals back to visual images in the picture tube. With VCRs and computers, though, the RF converter is a useless signal-weakening middleman.

The bigger and better picture is afforded by a flat, squared-off screen that allows more viewing area and, some engineers claim, eliminates distortion around the edges. Tinted screens like General Electric's blue Neo-Vision tube heightens contrast and separates colors. Also, hidden in the circuitry of most monitors is the comb filter—a device that separates black-and-white from color signals and improves the quality of the picture up to 25 percent over conventional televisions. Other improvements, such as the surface acoustic wave (SAW) filter, now standard on most monitors, eliminate "ghosts" and other interference gremlins caused by overlapping signals. Top-of-the-line monitors, like Proton's 19-inch 600M ($650) and Fisher's MHT-195 ($580), pack in all of these features and offer more than 350 lines of resolution on broadcast mode, and up to 450 lines for computer graphics and text. The more lines of resolution, the sharper the picture. (Conventional TVs average 240 to 270 lines.) Other high-quality monitors include Sony's Profeel series—the 19-inch is $850, the 25-inch is $1,300; and Jensen's 19-inch AVS 3190 sells for $800, and the 25-inch AVS 3250 for $1,050.

Receivers can power a variety of video sources and can handle stereo sound. Most can also power your audio system. They are equipped with enough inputs for two audio sources, such as turntable and cassette deck, and three video sources, as well as an AM-FM radio. One of the added bonuses of buying a stereo-ready video receiver that handles stereo sound is that next year, when stations are permitted to broadcast in stereo, you won't have to buy a $200 add-on decoder.

With speakers, the advantage is obvious—better sound. All component-video manufacturers make matching speakers for their component TV series. Prices range from Sony's Profeel two-way models at $130 a pair to Jensen's model at $230 a pair. Or you can save money and hook up to your existing stereo speakers.

All of this high-tech tinkering has produced a less expensive offspring that doesn't compromise quality. The monitor-receiver, an all-in-one unit, offers most of the advantages of component TV at about one third of the cost.

A good example of a fully equipped 19-inch monitor/receiver is NEC's CT-1901A ($700). It's stereo- and cable-ready and handles up to 134 cable channels. The monitor offers 350 lines of resolution in broadcast mode and 400 lines for direct video inputs. Two-way stereo speakers come attached. Wireless remote and two audio inputs and outputs are included. A variety of models are available from Sears, JVC, General Electric, NEC, Magnavox, Panasonic, Proton, Quasar, Sony, and Zenith, to name only a few.

When shopping for a monitor-receiver or any part of a component system, keep in mind what your needs are. If you spend a lot of time at your computer keyboard, you'll need an RGB input; a music fanatic will want a powerful amplifier that will produce true stereo sound. Consider what video sources you own (cable, VCR, computer) and what you are likely to buy in the future. Determine the number of inputs that you absolutely require, and leave one open for good measure.

Within a year or two, more video options will be available. Stereo broadcast will begin next year, and direct broadcast transmission will offer alternative programming. Teletext will deliver news, weather, financial information, and educational games. The proliferation of interactive cable will allow banking and shopping at home. Component TV can deliver it all, beautifully.—*Robert Love*

MICHEL TCHEREVKOFF

Good-bye, boob tube: Monitor systems turn watching TV into a state-of-the-art experience.

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Beta Hi-Fi

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Reel-to-Reel

65dB
LP Records,
Audio Cassettes

60dB
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40dB
Conventional VCRs

The finest sound you've ever seen.

Until recently, even the best video recorders had less-than-spectacular sound. Because most standard VCRs have a dynamic range of only 40dB. By comparison, cassettes and LPs rate around 65dB, while reel-to-reels top-out around 70dB. But Sanyo's Beta Hi-Fi VCR produces an astonishing 80dB of dynamic range. The effect is simply breathtaking. Naturally, a VCR this advanced has a full complement of features for equally breathtaking video. Beta Hi-Fi from Sanyo. It must be heard—and seen—to be believed.

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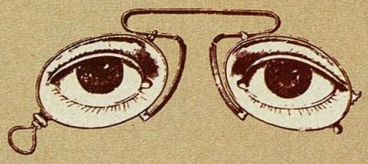
THE MODERN ART OF ELECTRONICS.



X-RATED VIDEO

HOME PORN

"X-rated films used to be downtown—now they are downstairs."

So said some fanatical puritan slimeball recently, agitating for censorship. He was talking about the video revolution and the wide availability of adult videocassettes, which is what this column is all about. But while the puritans deplore the situation, most people I know are relieved that they have the opportunity to watch adult films in the comfort of their bedrooms, out from amongst the raincoat hordes, without fear of catching an anonymous squirt of genetic material upside the head.

It was porn that fueled video's first forays into the marketplace, giving the video revolution its start-up capital, so to speak. It was not until the mid-seventies that mainstream cassettes began outselling smut. And although there are some—the aforementioned fanatics among them—who decry the use of adult fare in the home, saying children may be exposed to it, I think it is a very healthy development. As a parent, I feel more able to control the tape player in my living room than to dictate whether the local X-rated movie house will sell tickets to my kid.

This column will be a guide, a sort of Baedeker of bawd. Each month we'll give you tapes in several loose categories. We'll look over the classics and try to give you some idea of a basic adult-video library: cassettes no self-respecting satyr or nymph should be without. The awesome Goldstein curse will be unleashed upon the numerous ruinous clichés of the X-rated world. We'll be on top of new releases, functioning sort of like the controls on your VCR: fast-forwarding through the many putrid films on the market, freeze-framing the best.

Adult videos are, after all, tools to help people think sexually. We'll try to help you use those tools. Happy viewing!

FILM OF THE MONTH

Between Lovers (Caballero Home Video)

This film is by Marga Aulbach, one of the first and certainly one of the best of all female porn directors. Aulbach also made the excellent film *The Dancers*, and the woman's touch is evident both in it and in *Between Lovers*.

The "couples' film" is a growth sector of smut, with sales of softer, more nuanced films for men and women to watch together rising faster than a stiff prick. *Between Lovers* is a game of musical beds played by Jesie St. James as Maggie, and Joey Silvera and John Leslie as the two men she marries in an attempt to find some sort of sexual center in her life. All the principals in this film are good, but Aulbach has a little difficulty making her men stars look appealing. There are times when Leslie comes out looking a shade reptilian here, like one of those lizards in *V* after the human skin peels away.

This is a quibble, however, since most of the action centers on the women. St. James turns in an excellent performance, sexy and mature. *Between Lovers* is the tape to kick off an explosive night of lovemaking with your partner.

Between Lovers ★★★

Between Lovers: *explosive.*

Insatiable: *an X-travaganza that proves what porn is all about.*

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Too Much, Too Soon (VCX)

"I know this may sound silly, but I didn't wash my hand until the next morning."—Becky Savage, heroine of *Too Much, Too Soon*, after her boyfriend comes in her hand

This film isn't bad enough to be so bad it's good, and it sure as hell isn't good, so it's worthless. It should have been called *Too Little, Too Late.* Another mindless plot about losing virginity, with deflower child Becky Savage mouthing some of the most brutally banal dialogue this side of Ronald Reagan. A pus-marbled fart of decadence. Stay away.

Too Much, Too Soon ½★

BASIC ADULT-VIDEO LIBRARY

Behind the Green Door (Mitchell Bros.), *Insatiable* (Creative Image)

Marilyn Chambers doesn't seem to need what is usually requisite equipment for all-American dream girls: twin flesh zeppelins moored to the chest. What she does have is a taut, tight, near-anorexic body and a lip that curls up and brings your pecker up with it. She lures you into sex with a throaty whisper that sounds as if she's given one too many blowjobs. She is, in other words, one of the most salacious performers in porn.

Behind the Green Door is the film that made Marilyn famous, and although it's a bit dated and silly and something of a porn chestnut, it's still worth owning. It was made back in 1973, when all you had to do was to show people fucking and that was radical enough. There's an honesty to it that's charming now, with none of the slickness that smut seems obsessed with nowadays. The quality is dupe-poor, usually grainy and contrasty, but this somehow contributes to the grittiness of watching it. *Green Door* is also, oddly

enough, where Madison Avenue meets 42nd Street, because two of its stars were featured in advertisements: Ben Davidson is a football linebacker who later went on to make light-beer commercials, and Marilyn, of course, was the original Ivory Snow girl.

Insatiable is a newer effort, one of the big-budget, multi-location X-travaganzas that were made when money began pouring into the coffers of smut. But *Insatiable*'s draw isn't its pretentious locales, it's Marilyn, pure and simple. She plays Sandra, an heiress, and the film represented something of a comeback for her career. The supporting cast is excellent, with Serena giving Marilyn a few good licks, and John Holmes proving what porn is all about in the film's last scene. The critics lauded the "great chemistry" between Mr. Johnny Wadd and Marilyn, but what they were really saying was that they couldn't forget a certain image: John Holmes seemingly stuffing his 14 inches of dangling death into Marilyn's ass hole. One of the great scenes of porn.

Insatiable, Behind the Green Door ♟♟♟♟

SHAUNA-NA

Suzie Superstar (Cal Vista), *Virginia* (Caballero Home Video), *Glitter* (Caballero Home Video), *Valley Vixens* (Gourmet), *Suburban Lust* (Gourmet)

"Good career move." So went the snide and callous judgment when Elvis died. The twisted saga of Shauna Grant, the porn starlet who killed herself last March, is turning out to have the same sense of logic. Since the news of Grant's death has spread, she has become a cult figure in porn and straight worlds alike.

A look at just a few of the films Shauna (or is it Shana?) Grant made proves that necrophilia is alive and well on the American masturbatory scene. *Suzie Superstar* gives us a Grant so wooden, so cadaverous in her sex scenes that, when they told me she had died, I reacted in the same way Dorothy Parker did when they told her Calvin Coolidge had kicked the bucket: "How can they tell?" The films that don't showcase Grant quite so much fare better: Roberta Findlay's *Glitter* has something to recommend it beyond a sick fascination for Grant's performances, as does *Virginia,* though to a much lesser extent. For a cheaper example of Shauna's showmanship, try the made-for-video numbers by Gourmet.

Glitter ♟♟

Suzie Superstar, Virginia ♟

Valley Vixens, Suburban Lust 1/2 ♟

CALIFORNIA CREAMIN'

Oriental Hawaii (Hollywood International)

California has planted its drooling kiss on adult video with all the finesse of an overmedicated spastic. Judging strictly by the quality of porn products churning from West Coast assembly lines, I don't think Californians have anything to worry about when their state drops off into the ocean. There'll be enough bobbing airheads for everyone to latch onto. California porn survives because tan lines are hot as hell, and because women out there will do *anything.* The formula for this type of video is simple: If you have sufficient amounts of sweet, young, tanned flesh, plot doesn't matter. Plots are for paranoiacs. Plots are for cemeteries. Thus we get *Oriental Hawaii,* a movie so bad the man who made it won't even put his name on it. This man, who was closely connected to the Adult Filmmakers Association of America, typifies those members of the porn community who are still embarrassed by their association with smut. His films deserve his shame: casual incest, adults playing teenagers (one of the worst clichés of porn), autistic acting. The women are horny, but forget about them walking and chewing gum at the same time. In fact, some of them come across as being too dumb to chew gum, period. Forget *Oriental Hawaii.* Better to stick your own pecker into your Betamax than into this cassette.

Oriental Hawaii ♟

Roberta Findlay's Glitter: *one of Shauna Grant's better films.*

SIBLING RIBALDRY

Unthinkable (Essex)

Unspeakable. Unstomachable. After the raging success of *Taboo,* adult video jumped on the incest banned-wagon with a vengeance. The family that lays together stays together, and also stays in the Top Ten. But the resulting videos are travesties. Crutched up by their reliance upon a taboo theme, these films forego niggling concerns like plot and believability. *Unthinkable,* the latest in a long line of *Taboo* clones, is better than some and much worse than most films that take reality as their starting point. Eric Edwards and Honey Wilder play the parents of three sex-loving kids, and if they let their children carry on much longer, they may become the grandparents of mongoloids. Bunny Blue as the youngest daughter is hot enough, but the shapelessness of the film conquers all.

Unthinkable ♟♟

—*Al Goldstein*

RATING KEY

♟ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.

♟♟ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.

♟♟♟ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.

♟♟♟♟ Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

WORDS

FOR THE RECORD

Reading a good biography tells us a lot about the dark side of our own personalities. It piques our prurient interest in a subject's life, and we become absorbed by the pure spectacle of it, ogling their well-guarded intimacies like a resourceful voyeur.

The most fascinating subject for a biography is usually a dead one; all the lurid facts about a personality seem to surface after they've gone. Like trained seals, their so-called friends line up at the biographer's door to deliver a final eulogy and take a parting shot at the dear departed for the purpose of setting the record straight.

In some instances, that mantle passes to the next of kin. Take Natalie Wood, for example. When the nymphal actress drowned in a 1981 boating mishap, speculation was raised about the effect her death would have on a battalion of former lovers. Not that it caused any sleepless nights within the gilded confines of Beverly Hills. Nobody, it seemed, was talking—that is, until her sister, Lana, rifled through the lovers' bags of dirty laundry and decided to air most of what she found there.

Natalie (Putnam's) isn't so much a memoir of the late actress's life as it is a starring vehicle for Lana Wood. Very little is revealed about Natalie Wood that wasn't already a staple of Hollywood gossip columns. Okay, so she occasionally tippled and even shoplifted when the spirit moved her; that's mildly diverting, but really only enough to fill about a 30-second spot on *Entertainment Tonight*. Instead, we're treated to a candidly transparent portrait of Lana Wood, who by all accounts lived, loved, and languished in her older sister's shadow.

Lana is quite liberal in the baring, so to speak, of her bedroom exploits. The Wood sisters thrived on a smorgasbord of enviable lovers, but of the two it was Lana who claimed to be the virtuoso starfucker. Let's see now, there was Ryan O'Neal, Sean Connery, sis's ex Warren Beatty, Alain Delon, and even a smattering of men she declines to name, for whatever the reason. The book crosscuts between Lana's and Natalie's volatile personal relationship and while hardly provocative, remains consistently amusing. For my money, Lana Wood is a far more interesting subject than her famous sister, and is worthy for sequel sometime in the near future.

Too bad the same can't be said for ***Diane Arbus*** (Knopf). The photographer's tragic life has posed serious problems for author-journalist Patricia Bosworth. As in her celebrated biography of Montgomery Clift, one expects to confront a sensational tale, punctuated by madness and obsession. At least all the necessary ingredients seem to be in place for a great bio.

Arbus, the daughter of a New York–department–store magnate cum philanderer, was a gifted but moody teenager who lapsed into periods of extreme depression. Single-mindedly, she developed an adolescent fixation for Allan Arbus, one of her father's stockboys, married him over everyone's objections, and with him embarked on a celebrated career as New York's pre-eminent fashion-photo team. So far, so good. The book even picks up steam when Arbus's camera eye forsakes beautiful models in favor of the freaks and derelicts who, friends conclude, ultimately led Arbus to her suicide.

In the end of Bosworth's book, Diane Arbus suffers the same fate as her photographic subjects. The image that we receive of her remains elusive and one-dimensional. She is neither heroic nor sympathetic. While the book provides some colorful New York background material, it seems inconsequential to the story told here. Arbus's short life doesn't offer enough grist or scope for Bosworth's proven storytelling gifts.

FRANCIS MCLAUGHLIN GILL

Diane Arbus with her husband, Allan, 1951: before the freaks.

D. KIRKLAND/SYGMA

Natalie Wood: sisters and lovers.

Nick Tosches has mined a small gem from a mountain of rock (music, that is) in ***Unsung Heroes of Rock 'n' Roll*** (Scribner's). In his wonderfully irreverent style, Tosches profiles rock's pre-Elvis pioneers—the seminal recording artists who fashioned a new and compelling sound in the early 1950s—and while most of his subjects aren't dead, their careers have long been buried by modern music's fickle ears.

The 27 performers profiled are as notable for their outlandishness as they are for their musical contributions. In fact, most seem downright ridiculous by current standards. Take Screamin' Jay Hawkins, the rhythm-and-booze artist who terrified his audiences by emerging from rented caskets. Tosches tracks Hawkins to a flea-bag Times Square hotel, only to find a bitter has-been who claims that he was betrayed by one-time pal Dick Clark and a host of jackals who fed off his act. Then there's Johnny Ace, who played one too many rounds of Russian roulette in between sets at a Houston rock hop, and Wanda Jackson, whose lyrics "drove good men to sin."

Nick Tosches proves once again that he is one of America's most astute and sardonic observers of the modern pop scene. The vignettes here, laced with a generous helping of his mordant humor, are wildly entertaining and tell us a good deal about the forgotten men and women of rock's happier days.—*Bob Spitz*

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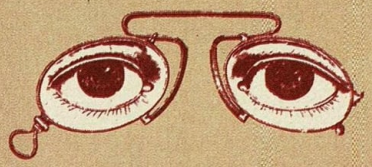


POLITICS

CHANGES OF HART

Throughout the Democratic party's presidential-primary races, one of the three major candidates was a continuing enigma. Whereas Walter Mondale's and Jesse Jackson's personalities, politics, and philosophies became familiar to voters, Gary Hart seemed to be somewhat mysterious from the day he announced his candidacy to the last primary in California. But when *Penthouse* learned that Hart not only changed his name and lied about his date of birth but that there were also noticeable changes over the years in his handwriting, we decided to attempt to learn something about this stranger who wanted to be president.

We asked Jack Anderson's office in Washington to help us obtain copies of Hart's signature over a 23-year period, and to find expert graphologists to analyze what—if any—significance could be read into the changes that occurred.

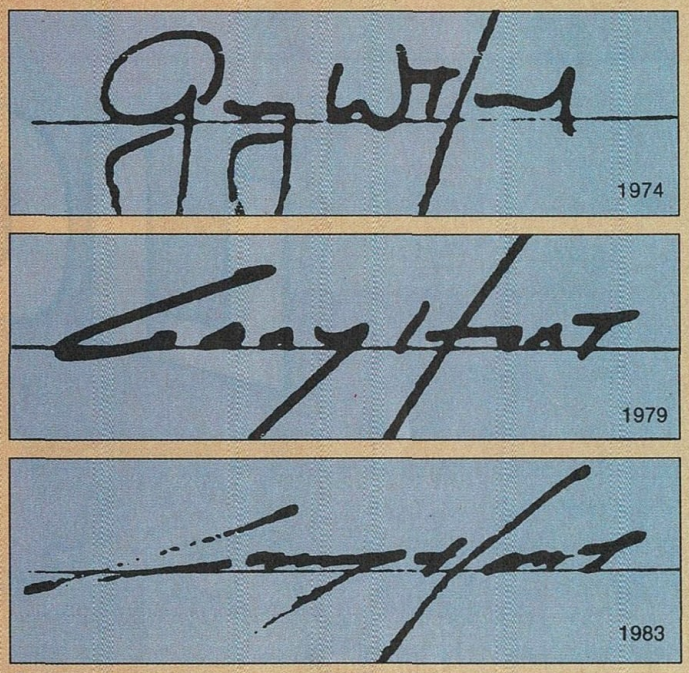
Thea Stein Lewinson has published more than 50 articles on her handwriting studies and has had her work recognized by the National Institute of Mental Health. Patricia Siegel is a court-qualified handwriting expert who teaches courses in the psychology of handwriting at the New School for Social Research. While they obviously don't agree totally in all respects, there are no major differences in their analyses.

It is not by accident, they found, that Gary Hart has appeared to the public as something of an enigma. While there have been changes over the years in his personality, one constant has always remained, according to analyses of his handwriting. In Lewinson's words Hart has "developed a social facade behind which he hides his true personality." Or as Patricia Siegel summarizes: "He has a need to appear tougher than he is. Too much emotional energy is used to hide or deny feelings of vulnerability, which he has not yet overcome. Concerned about making any wrong move, he stresses self-discipline and the need to always be in control. This results in a studied poise and self-contained presentation that obscures any deficiencies. It is an image that is maintained, though, at the expense of his emotional freedom.

"Under his cool surface," writes Siegel, "there is pent-up anger that makes him highly frustrated and inflexible if blocked. His inability to accept his imperfections, to let up and let loose, puts a drain on his resources and on his overall resiliency."

As a young man of 24, 13 years before he decided to run for the U.S. Senate, Gary Hart was, according to Lewinson, a "sensitive, imaginative young man, observant of small details but at the same time concerned with problems of a wider scope. He was reserved and introverted, trying not to show the intensity of his emotions. Whatever illusions and dreams he may have had at that time, he apparently kept to himself." But, according to Patricia Siegel, by the time he was 35, Gary Hart had become a more worldly and sophisticated person. He had a vision of his future. "Part of that vision incorporated an idealized intellectual superiority and a striving for prestige and recognition." And, she continues, "He feels most at home when manipulating abstract concepts and is particularly adept at planning and problem solving."

But Siegel also sees another side of the 35-year-old Hart. His attitude toward others had changed: "The softer, more receptive side of his personality was downplayed as Hart became more self-conscious about how he appeared to others." Hart was less sensitive toward those around him. As a man committed to success he also became increasingly more tense. "His emotional attitude," writes Lewinson, "could be compared to that of a bridled racehorse that is rearing to go into action."



Gary Hart's changing signature: Who is this candidate, anyway?

The last ten years of Gary Hart's life show the greatest change in his personality. His recent signature, says Siegel, "projects a highly assertive personality with exaggerated emphasis on independence, strength, and confidence." And, Lewinson continues, "His motivating force is his almost self-consuming ambition, trying to show to himself and others how much he can accomplish. Also, he has become tougher. He is never satisfied with what he has accomplished and is constantly striving for bigger and better goals. He is almost fanatical in his pursuits. No dreams anymore; action is his motto. Apparently, he has learned social amenities and pleasantness, which are required from a politician, and he exercises them most skillfully. However, as before, he is basically emotionally detached. He represses his innate sensitivity and does not want to let it come into play. At the same time, he uses his intuitive psychological understanding when he wants to manipulate an individual for his purposes, and he can be extremely skillful in this."

Siegel's analysis shows that at 47 Gary Hart's "inhibitions and the importance of maintaining a correct stance hold him back from having easy and close relationships. He does want to seem friendly and responsive, but his warmth is more likely to appear formal and stiff."

No matter what happens this year, says Lewinson, "He will pursue his goal with even greater intensity." And she concludes, "Gary Hart is certainly driven in his desire to reach the top. Yet, his inability to admit that he doesn't have all the answers is limiting, even for a man as resourceful as he."—*Allan Sonnenschein*

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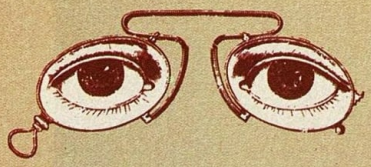


NUTRITION & FITNESS

PROTEIN SCAMS

In the fifties the World Health Organization, aided and abetted by the American and British medical associations, concluded that people in Third World countries were dying of protein shortage and that even Western countries might benefit by beefing up their own intake. Seizing this information, meat and dairy conglomerates mounted huge (and successful) campaigns to convince the public and government alike that a high-protein meal is the key to muscular good health.

The health authorities were wrong. By the early '70s the failure of high-protein diets to build healthy bodies had become obvious to the medical community.

But like many other medical mistakes, the protein travesty was carefully obscured from both the press and public under a liberal coat of whitewash. In the meantime U.S. meat and dairy conglomerates had built empires based on a high per capita protein consumption. If the medical community were to publicly backpedal there would be financial chaos.

Then there is the lucrative market in protein supplements that blossomed in the sixties. The advertising for these products, carefully worded by tame scientists, went something like this: "After water, protein is the most abundant body substance, comprising half the dry weight of the human body. But body proteins are short-lived. Within six months they will all die and you will be completely rebuilt with new proteins, even the very structure of your genes." Thus far, perfectly true. Now comes the pseudoscience. "Because body proteins die off constantly, you need to eat masses to replace losses."

Totally false. Human physiology doesn't work that way. During man's evolution, protein was not so easy to get, so nature developed within the human body cunning mechanisms to conserve its proteins. Proteins are made up of 24 different kinds of amino acids. When old proteins die, most are not lost: They are broken down into their constituent amino acids, which then enter a storage system in the body. This system then supplies amino acids on demand to make the thousands of new body proteins needed daily—recycling. So really you need only a little new protein from food.

These facts of physiology also show that the prevalent myth among athletes that mountains of protein are required to build muscles is totally false, too. To get to the muscles, food proteins have to break down and pass through the body's amino-acid system. But the size of the store is controlled by mechanisms in the liver, which hold it precisely at a level just sufficient enough for the protein demands made by the muscles (and other body structures). The body's demand for new protein comes from the muscles' response to exercise. So beyond a certain requirement the protein you eat has no influence at all.

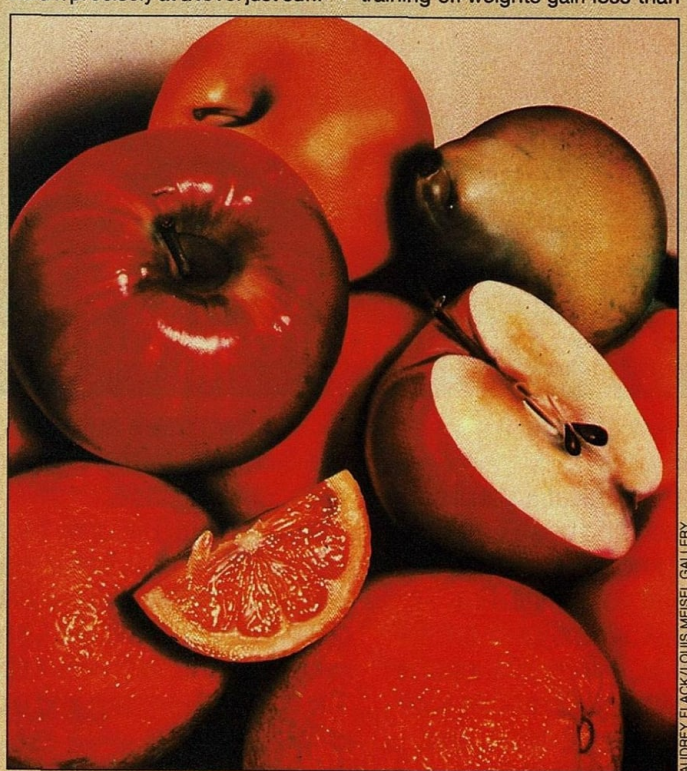
Laboratory studies show that daily protein needs range from 30 grams for a 90-pound person to 110 grams for a 220-pounder. Four ounces of Cheddar cheese yields 30 grams of protein; eight ounces of lean steak, 60 grams. So, filling your protein need is all too easy.

If you want to build muscle, you need only a smidgen more. Some gyms *claim* huge gains in muscle buildup, but the most we have been able to *measure* is a gain of 18¼ pounds of true muscle in a year. Most athletes who work hard training on weights gain less than half that amount. Eighteen pounds of muscle a year works out to five and a half ounces a week, say one ounce a day, *maximum*. Muscle is only 22 percent protein and the body metabolizes protein very efficiently. So the extra protein required for the fastest muscle growth is less than a quarter ounce a day (seven grams)—Tarzan from a teaspoonful.

Consuming excessive amounts of protein is worse than a waste of money. The body turns it *all* into carbohydrates and urea, a poison that the body gets rid of in urine as quickly as possible. In doing so it often causes inflamed kidneys. What the body can't eliminate quickly enough will also induce inflammation in the joints.

In metabolizing excess protein, the body also uses six times the water needed to metabolize other foods. That's why high-protein diets work. They are water-loss diets. Dehydration is a common root of illness for those on fad protein diets. In fact, they are excellent routes to early kidney disease, arthritis, and the inevitable weight gain from water retention once the diet is discontinued. If you value health and performance, hold down the protein.

The best sources of protein for optimum health and performance are legumes (peas and beans) combined with whole grains (such as barley soup, buckwheat pancakes, millet, 100 percent whole-grain wheat or rye bread). For the less adventurous, fish is next best, with traditional meat and cheese sources a sorry last.—*Michael Colgan, Ph.D.*



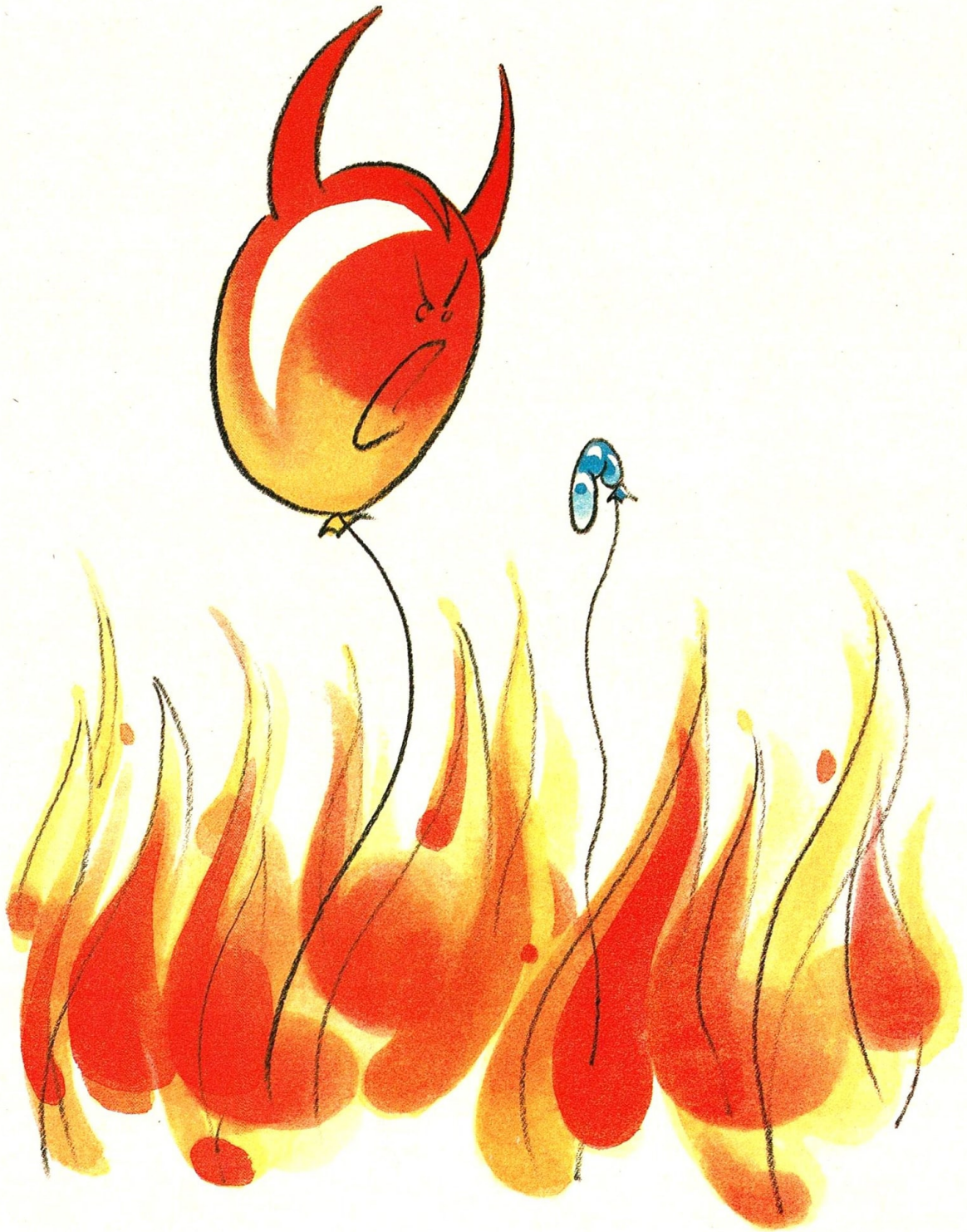
AUDREY FLACK/LOUIS MEISEL GALLERY

Good health and strong muscles: It's easier than you think.

Editors' note: Readers with questions about nutrition and fitness are invited to submit them to Dr. Colgan. Some of these will be answered in upcoming issues. Please send questions to Dr. Colgan, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Idiot! Of course, you can't get it up. . . . If you could, you'd be in heaven."

Massive Soviet eavesdropping
on U.S. telephones gives the Russians
vital—and potentially damaging—
military, diplomatic, and business secrets.

THE BUGGING OF AMERICA

BY DAVID KAHN

At 12:30 A.M. Sunday morning, April 15, four teenagers on their way home from a party stopped their van at some woods on quiet Dosoris Lane in Glen Cove, Long Island. The girl waited in the van while the three boys went into the bushes to pee. When they got back in, the driver suddenly noticed a man in army fatigues, approaching the van with a pistol in his hand. Someone outside fired a shot through the rear window.

The driver, John Sperrazza, 17, stepped on the gas. Three dark cars started after him. More shots were fired, shattering the rear window and holing the windshield.

The four cars raced past the firehouse and onto Glen Cove Avenue. Sounding his horn, Sperrazza ran red lights and stop signs. But gradually, during the five-mile chase, the mysterious dark cars gained. Near the Greenvale railroad station, Sperrazza saw three men in one of the cars pointing guns at him. He pulled over.

The mysterious gun-toting men were not crazies, as the teenagers had thought, but FBI agents. They were on a stakeout to block an expected attack on Killenworth, an estate hidden behind the bushes where the teenagers had stopped. Killenworth, a Soviet weekend retreat for UN personnel, is one of Russia's major intelligence-gathering posts in the West. In the attic of the mansion, which sits in the midst of 36 wooded acres, some 15 English-speaking Russians operate sophisticated electronic equipment that intercepts and records U.S. telephone calls.

The expected attack, by a Jewish protest group, never came off, and had nothing to do with the estate's intelligence operations. But many other Americans are growing increasingly alarmed at the extent of Russian eavesdropping on the United States. The details that the Soviets glean from this talk assist them in their Cold War with the West in a variety of ways.

Take, for example, the instructions that the State Department was giving to the U.S. mission to the United Nations, which revealed the American position on disarmament and official reactions to Soviet proposals. This information was passed to the Soviet delegates. "They could have time to work with another delegation to put America in a very embarrassing situation," said a Russian defector who saw this intelligence.

Much of the intelligence gathered from the intercepts helps the Soviet Union close the technological gap between our two countries. As former Central Intelligence Agency Direc-

PAINTING BY BARCLAY SHAW

> In the attic of Killenworth mansion, Russians intercept and record U.S. telephone calls.

tor William Colby said: "That's the danger: that they will build up coverage of specific economic events." An officer of a computer firm may report a new breakthrough in, say, computer memories to an analyst in a stock-brokerage firm to raise the price for the firm's shares. A mathematician at M.I.T. may pick up the phone to ask a colleague in Albuquerque for help with a new algorithm. A defense contractor may hold a teleconference to discuss engineering difficulties in a new product. Intercepting such calls will not give the Soviet Union complete information about these subjects, but they will certainly save time and effort by revealing successful lines of research. And technological information is one of the main emphases of Soviet intelligence today. A CIA report says that the effort "is massive, well planned, and well managed—a national-level program approved at the highest party and governmental levels."

The Soviets also emphasize information about economics, vital in a world where a small war in a desert can cause a gasoline crisis in America. "Increasingly, this is where the intelligence game is being played," one U.S. official said. Another, a former code expert and deputy secretary of the navy, explained that the Soviet Union has "a significant cash-flow problem. How do you make money in a cash-flow problem? You can turn your intelligence system around and use it to get all sorts of data you can actually use in commercial ventures . . . . I firmly believe the Soviet Union has for years manipulated a lot of international commercial markets."

Eavesdropping on American telephones is only part of the massive Soviet COMINT, or communications intelligence, effort. Most of it is directed at military and diplomatic traffic and is conducted from ground posts, satellites, and spy trawlers, which sail up and down America's coastlines, getting their best catch from the airwaves. And it is "likely," said Lieutenant General Lincoln Faurer, director of the code-making and code-breaking National Security Agency, that the U.S.S.R. is trying to gain access to Defense Department computers. "I would not . . . tell you that the DOD computers are impenetrable," he conceded, but he also declared that contrary to the plot line of the movie *War Games*, "it is not possible for unauthorized persons to 'dial in' to a classified computer from a home system due to the mandatory use of cryptographic line protection."

The Soviet Union extended its COMINT effort to American public telephones in the mid-1950s when the Bell System began transmitting most telephone calls by radio—over microwave beams. Before 1948, nearly all domestic telephone calls went by wire. But in that year Bell began sending some by microwave. Microwaves are radio waves that got their name because they are smaller—one tenth of an inch to one foot—than so-called shortwaves, used in long-distance radio. They cook food—and they carry long-distance telephone conversations. Such a conversation moves from a phone over a wire to a central office, which sends it by wire to a tall, spindly tower. At the top an antenna beams a bundle of microwaves carrying that conversation and many others toward another tower. This receives the beam, "cleans" and amplifies it, and retransmits it to another tower. The process is repeated until the final tower is reached. Here wire takes over and electronic switchboards direct the call to the destination telephone.

Because it is cheaper to build and maintain microwave towers than to dig trenches and lay cable, Bell's TD-2, a microwave system for long-haul traffic, rapidly spread over the entire country. At first the repeater towers stood some 30 miles apart. But as the better sites—on hills, or near water, which is a good conductor—became harder to get and heavy traffic demanded more routes, towers had to be built about 25 miles apart.

By 1958, the Soviet Union had begun to exploit the opportunity this presented. The work began at Killenworth, a 49-room house that was built in 1912 by George Dupont Pratt, son of the founder of Pratt Institute, and bought in 1948 by the Soviet Union as the official residence for its ambassador to the United Nations in New York, some 25 miles away. The Soviet Union chose Killenworth as an intercept post for several reasons. It was secure. It was near water—Long Island Sound could be called "microwave alley." It was near the commercial and financial headquarters of New York and the advanced electronic and aerospace defense industries of Long Island. Two long-distance microwave towers stand within intercepting range: the Roslyn Harbor tower, five miles south, and the Stamford, Connecticut, tower, 12 miles northeast, across the Sound.

At first only two or three technicians worked in Killenworth's 724-square-foot attic under a slanting slate roof; gradually the number increased to about 15. At the same time, the Soviets added other intercept posts. The embassy in Washington stands on 18th Street only a few blocks north of the White House. This choice location afforded excellent interception opportunities even in the noisy electronic environment of downtown. Many passers-by think that the large, flat, V-shaped array of rod antennae easily visible on the roof of the structure are those used for the microwave monitoring. In fact, they are standard high-frequency (or shortwave) radio antennae, and there is no reason to doubt the embassy's assertion that they serve, under bilateral agreements, for communication with the Soviet Union. Some monitoring antennae are probably hidden under the ugly gray hut that stands incongruously on the roof. But contrary to many reports, the new Soviet housing complex at 2601 Tunlaw Road, in northwest Washington, contains no intercept installation behind its white brick wall, according to an FBI official with knowledge of the Soviet operation.

Another intercept post is even more isolated than Killenworth. A red-and-black sign warning PRIVATE PROPERTY—NO TRESPASSING and broad, fenced fields bar access to an innocent-looking group of houses on the eastern shore of Chesa-

peake Bay, not far from Washington. Most are small; several are large white wooden ones; one in particular, a two-story wooden house, has three dormer windows in its attic. These buildings, together with a gazebo and a dock, cluster on a neck of land that juts into the Corsica River. The land is often called Point Pleasant or Pioneer Point, but charts and maps uniformly show it as Town Point. It is five miles northwest of Centreville, Maryland. Its isolated setting makes it a lovely retreat for Soviet diplomats in Washington—and an ideal location for the Soviet eavesdroppers who work there. The area is electronically quiet, and Chesapeake Bay, like Long Island Sound, serves as a microwave alley that enables telephone conversations between Washington and New York to maintain a strong, clear signal as they shoot from one repeater tower to another.

The intercept post in San Francisco is as conspicuous as Town Point is secluded. It is in the seven-story Soviet consulate at 2790 Green Street, which rises from one of the famous steep hills to overlook the city and the bay. On Christmas Day 1982, the Soviets erected a ten-foot-square gray plywood shack on the roof. Such structures often conceal dishlike microwave antennae, which in San Francisco presumably picked up the conversations of the computer firms in Silicon Valley, an hour's drive to the south, and of the navy installations in San Francisco Bay, to the north and east. But some of the consulate's wealthy neighbors protested that the shack blocked their view of the Golden Gate Bridge. The Soviet consul general said the structure was built as a cover for workmen repairing a leaky roof, but when the mayor wrote him that it violated zoning and planning laws, it was taken down on January 8, 1983, in what the city attorney called "a goodwill gesture." But we can presume that the eavesdropping continues in other ways.

A fifth monitoring installation hides in the high-rise Soviet apartment tower in Riverdale, the expensive residential section of the Bronx, just north of Manhattan. This apparently supplements Killenworth in picking up conversations with the financial centers of Wall Street.

The expansion of the interception was fueled in part, no doubt, by the valuable data gained, and in part by growing opportunity. Microwave links now constitute 70 percent of the long-distance telephone mileage within the United States, with nearly all the rest wire. (Hardly any domestic telephone calls go by satellite.)

But interception requires more than merely buying a radio and tuning it to microwave frequencies. In the first place, the microwaves are aimed directly at the next tower. How, then, can an interceptor pick

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

"KICK THE SPIES OUT!"

BY VIKTOR SUVOROV

The author of the following article is a former Red Army officer who uses the pseudonym "Victor Suvorov." Before his defection to the West he was a top officer in the GRU, Russia's top-secret spy organization, whose mission is to assess the military capabilities of other nations. This article is an excerpt from his forthcoming book *Inside Soviet Military Intelligence,* which will be published by Macmillan.

I'd like to beg all who are responsible for the security of the West: Be human. Expel Soviet spies occasionally. By expelling one you enable others to reduce their frantic activity. A spy is a human being. He bears on his shoulders the immense pressure of the gigantic GRU establishment, and he has no excuse for any lapses. He needs an excuse to make mistakes, so be human and give him one.

Who should be expelled first? The answer is obvious: the chief resident spy in each embassy. The expulsion of the resident is equivalent to clearing the king off the chessboard: It spells checkmate to the "residentura" (the spy network) no matter how aggressive and successful it is. Usually the local police know who he is. He is easy to identify. He has already served abroad for 12 to 15 years, has been very active, and, judging by the signs, has been successful. Now here he is serving abroad again, in a senior diplomatic post, and hardly ever leaving the embassy, but sitting there motionless, like a spider. Clearly it is against him that all forces must be mobilized. This is not easy. He breaks no laws, does not speed up and down the highways day and night, carries no stolen secrets in his car. But he is more dangerous than all his officers put together.

There is a deep-seated and erroneous belief that known residents should not be allowed into the country. Sometimes they aren't, sometimes they are simply not granted entry visas. This is a mistake. I will try to explain, using one special resident as an example. He was a man of unflinching will and powerful intellect, a true ace of spies: careful, perfidious, calculating, and fearless. He was promoted to major general at the age of 36, and he had a brilliant career in front of him in the upper echelons of the GRU. But all he wanted was to be a resident, and as a result he remained a major general. Without doubt, the security services in the West knew him well. Prior to one of his postings abroad, the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs asked for a Belgian visa for him. It was refused. They requested a French one, which was also refused. Then a West German one—refused again. Finally a small country with a soft, friendly government agreed to grant him entry. The GRU gave the resident his final briefing, which of course included the names and addresses of the members of the network run by the residentura. As soon as he arrived in the country he started extending the network speedily and vigorously, until it was working successfully against the United States, Belgium, France—against all the countries that had refused him entry. In other words, barring a resident from a country does not mean rendering his network ineffective.

Now imagine another set of circumstances. Supposing the country that was first approached, in this case Belgium, had issued the visa. The resident would be briefed, let into all the residentura secrets, and would arrive in the country. However, if three to four months later Belgium found some reason or other to expel him, the results of this would be threefold:

1. The resident will have had time to disrupt the existing system of work in the residency but not to build up a new system.

2. Having to leave the country suddenly, the resident will leave his army without a commanding officer. Time will be needed for the successor's visa application and more time to brief the new resident. In the interim the residency will remain inactive.

3. On returning to Moscow, the experienced resident will be completely neutralized. For the following three to four years, visa applications cannot be sent for him either to France or West Germany or any other allied country that Belgium will have notified.

One experienced, authoritative, demanding, and merciless resident serving in a neutral country with ten officers under his command can sometimes harm the West more than 200

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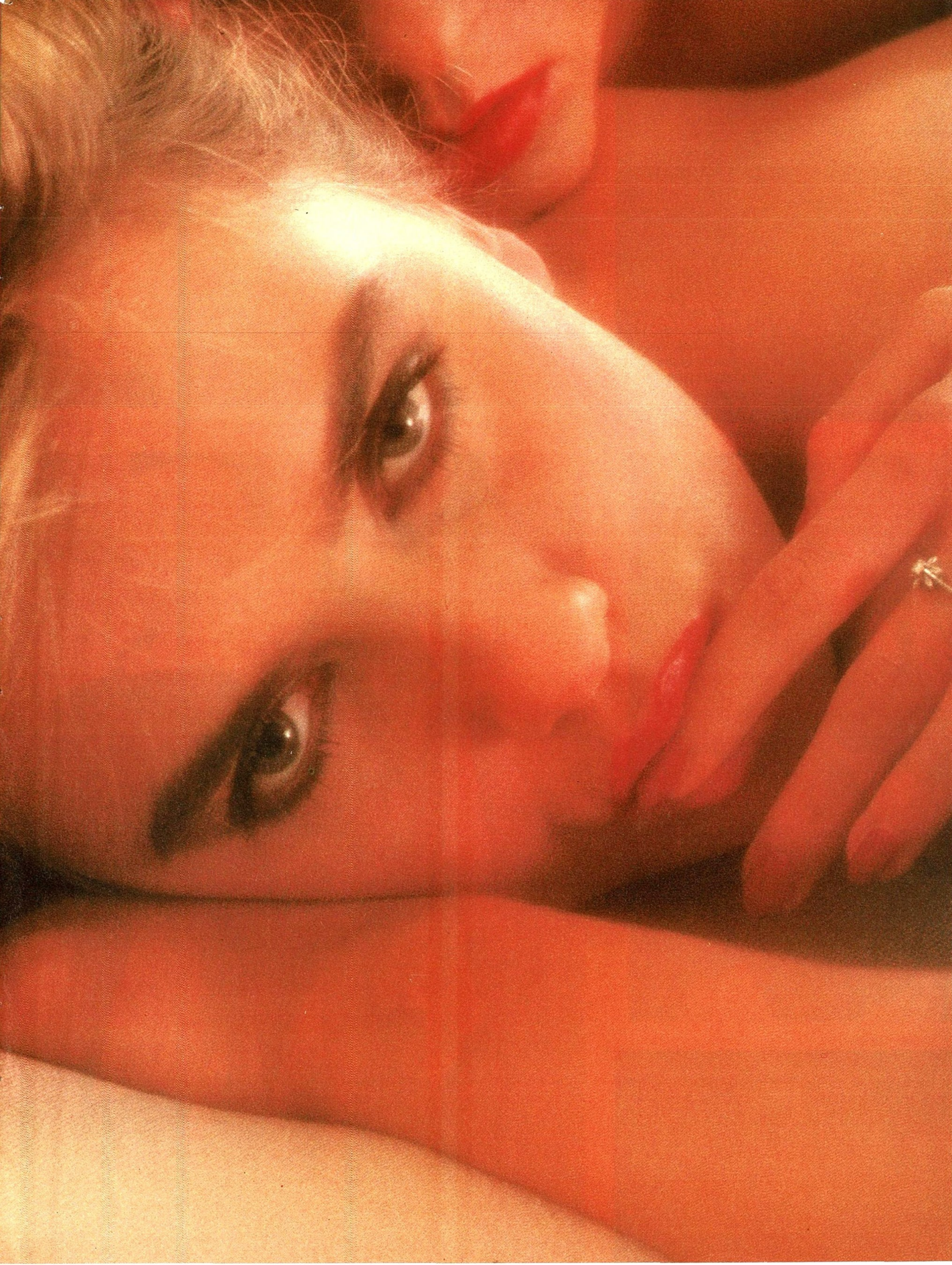
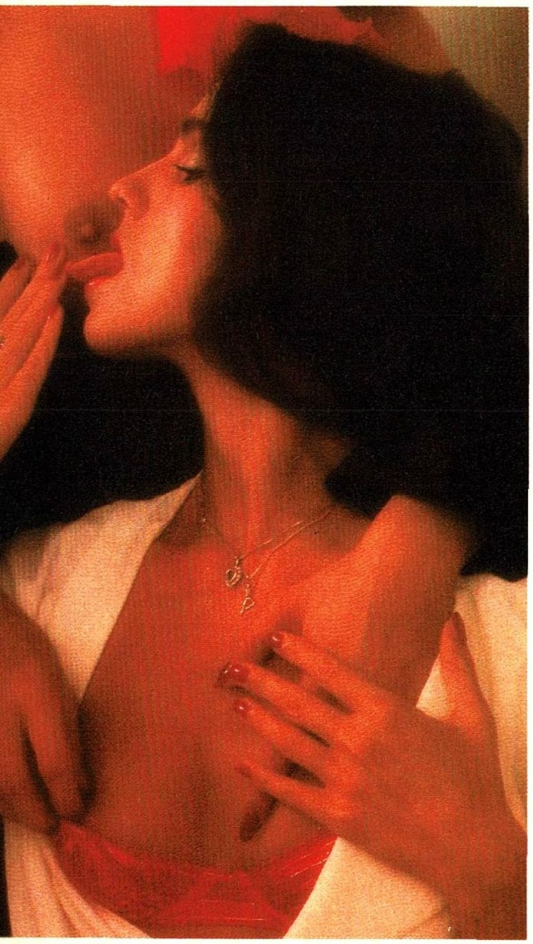
Smiles Of a Summer's Eve

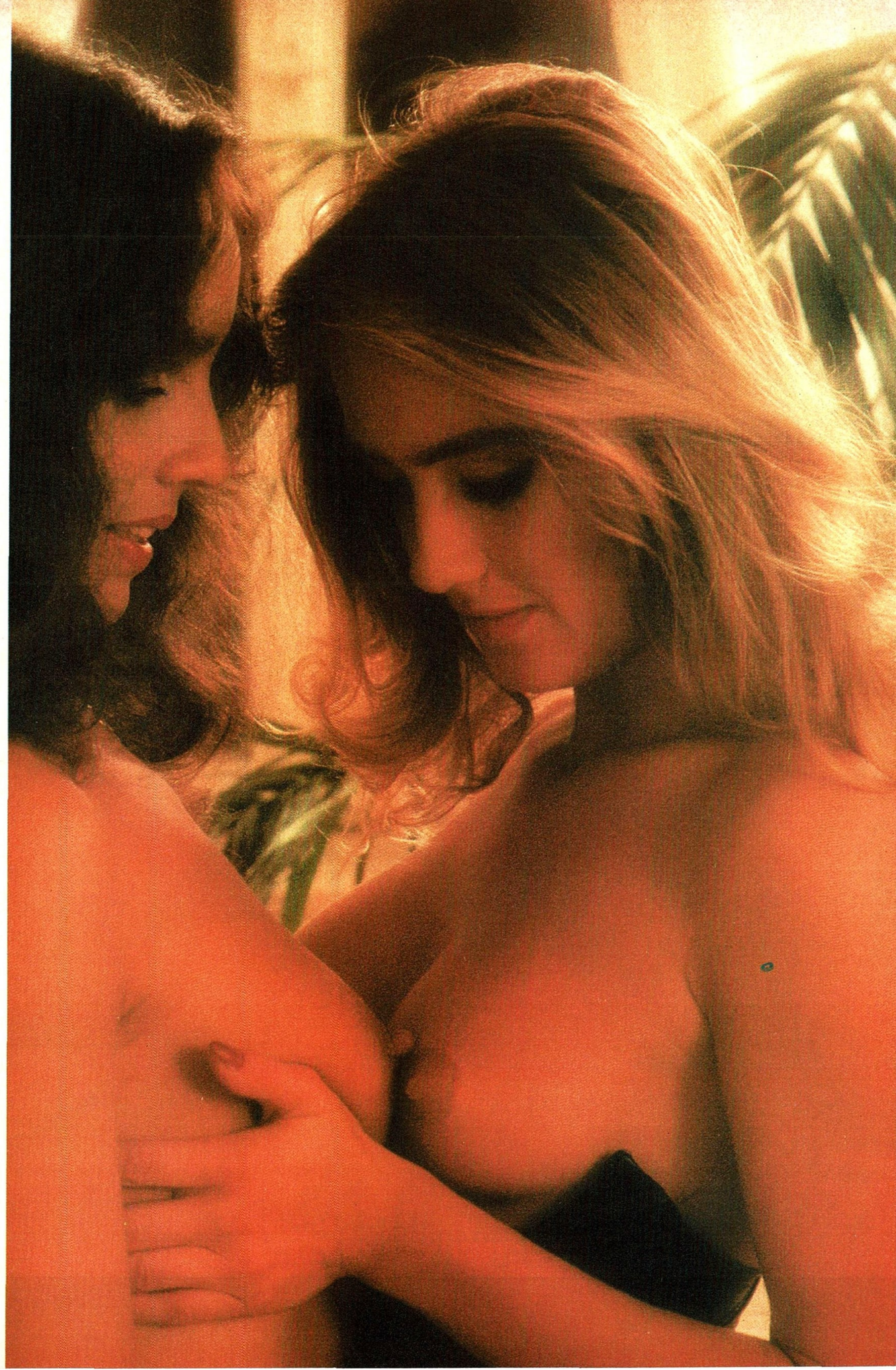
Her summer understudy: Eve—that's how it all began. A pretty, blond lady-in-waiting, taking a backstage stance behind the glamorous starlet. But passions flare and flicker like stage lights summoning an audience, bringing to life dramatic emotions.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND



Donning the actress's costume, young Eve was at the mirror when her mistress suddenly surprised her. She stammered an apology, but none was needed....

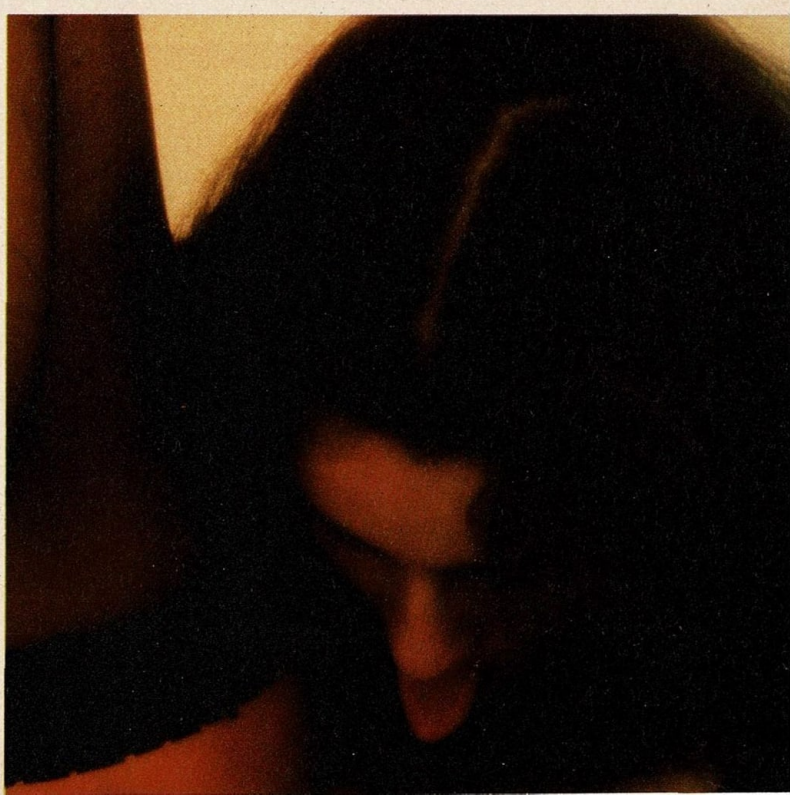




Quickly, she stripped off the costume, but the starlet's smile bore no reproach. Gently, she caressed her young charge's body, finding her form as artful as any part she'd ever played. She explored with trembling fingers the softness she'd found within herself....

Then, letting Eve take the lead, the actress reclined with a sigh, basking in the kind of adulation even standing ovations can't provide, and answering each probing inquiry with a breathless "yes."

Finally, their mouths sought warmth, enveloping each other in the sweet, musky dampness of desire, reveling in the quiet limelight of their mutual admiration.



Limbs entwined,
their loveplay's dramatic
ardor reached
the kind of stunning
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dreams of—though it
only plays
well to an audience
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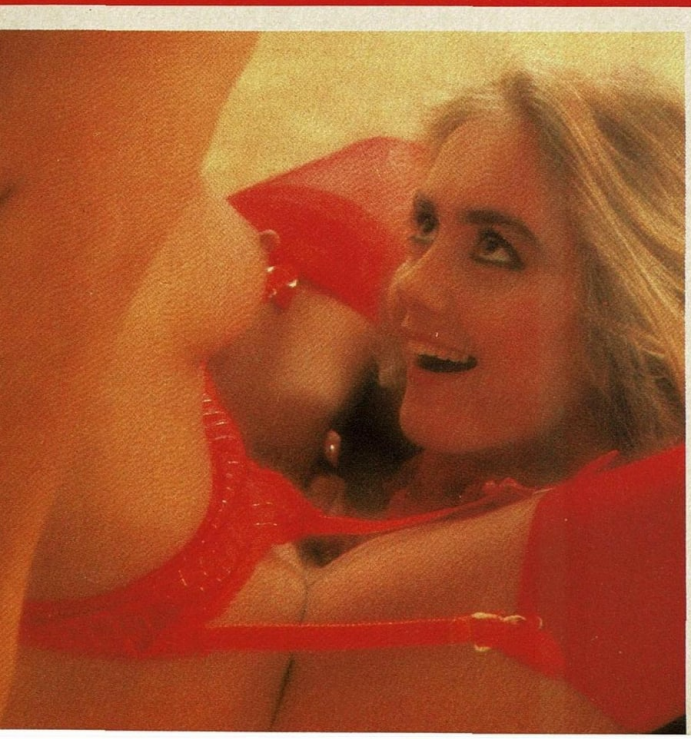
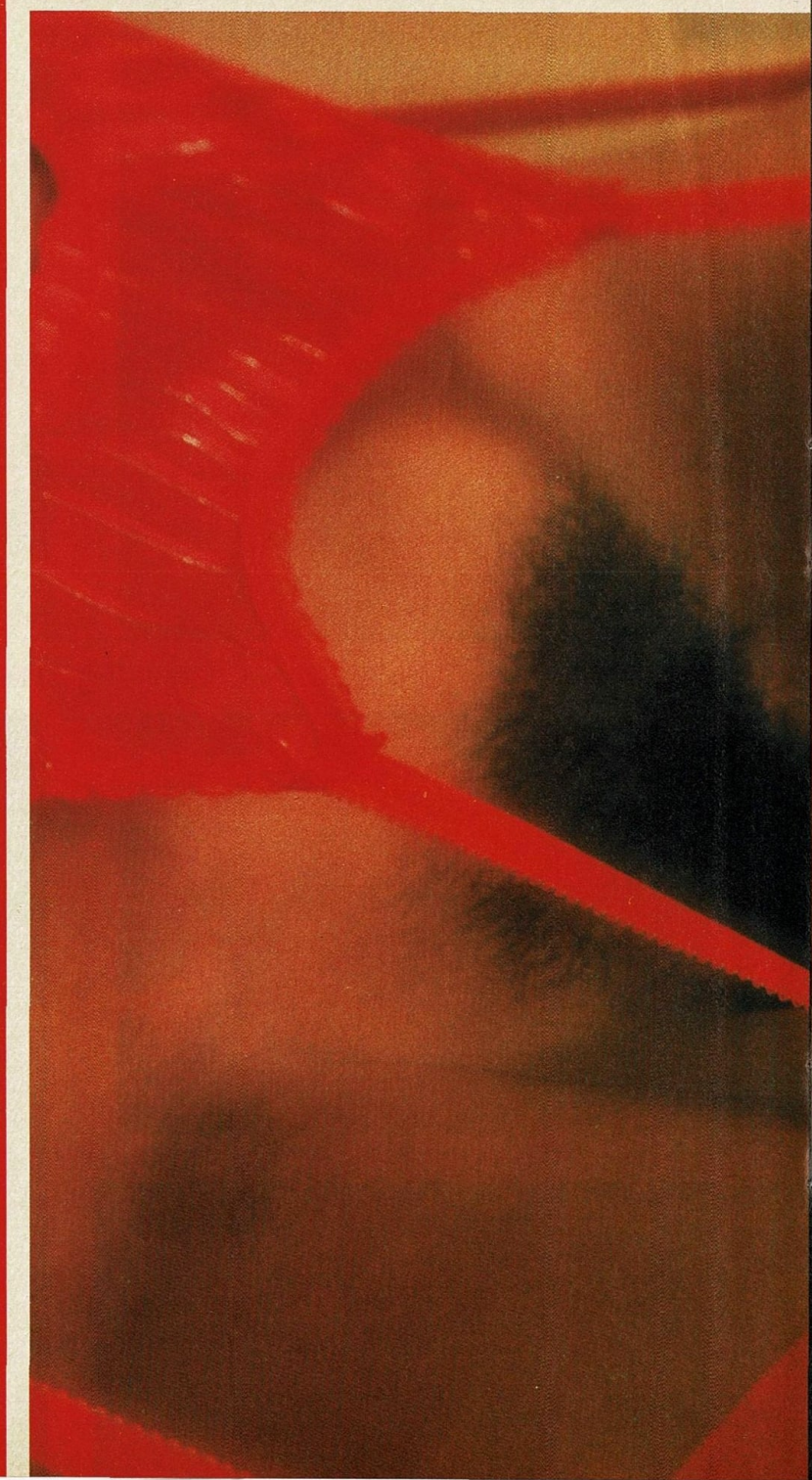
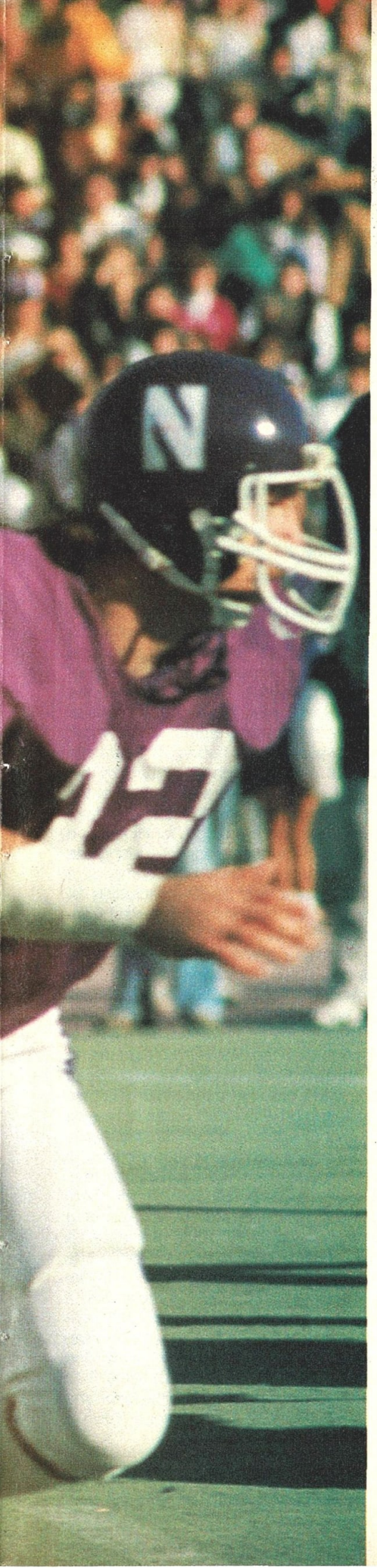
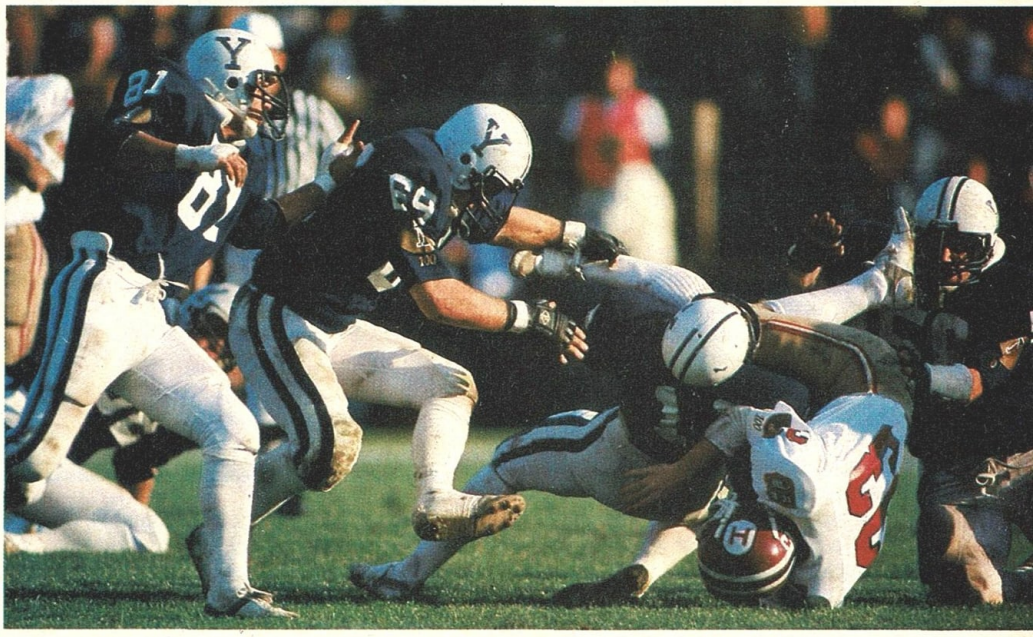




THE PENTHOUSE 20 WORST

COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS OF 1984-85.





Another autumn has arrived, and once again it's time to ferret out the identities of college football's most lamentable losers. Before we get to that, however, I'd like to thank those of you who sent me clever letters. Judging by the mail, I'd say that my loyal readership seems to be made up mostly of closet schizoids who can't decide whether it's better to die for their school or kill for it. You know how weird it feels to get threatening letters from *Stanford*? You think this job is easy? Last year I watched Oregon State play two games. The first one was incredibly dull; the second was so wretched it left me depressed for an entire week. Hey, I'm paying some dues here. I don't need any of *your* aggravation.

BY LARRY LINDERMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FOCUS ON SPORTS

Speaking of aggravation (I learned that transition from David Brenner), I see that college administrators are quietly fuming about an idea that's sparked a lot of debate this year. Various and sundry people, for various and sundry reasons, believe that college football players should be paid for their services. And they're not talking scholarships; they're talking salaries. This does not go over well with football coaches, athletic directors, and school presidents. At many schools, football pays the tab for all varsity sports, and school presidents aren't interested, thank you, in sharing the profits with the players. The issue has become hot enough to rate an hour of its own on *Donahue,* and if Phil Donahue's on the scene, can *People* magazine be far behind?

Before the controversy becomes hopelessly muddled, it might be wise to remember that in football, as in life, you get what you pay for. (Contrary to what you may have heard, Oklahoma's Barry Switzer never said that.) I like to think that none of the 20 Worst schools ever offers players illegal inducements (as defined by the National Collegiate Athletic Association) to attend their institutions. I *do* like to think that, but I know it's not true. Still, the 20 Worst schools obviously don't bend NCAA rules and regulations as well or as often as those in the Top 20. If they did, they wouldn't be in the 20 Worst.

The real problem is that college football is becoming a big money-maker. Do the players deserve a piece of the action? "Philosophically, no, but realistically they're already getting paid," says Danny Sheridan, odds-maker and sports analyst for *USA Today.* "Many of today's college athletes receive a whole range of perks, such as free laundry service, discounts at alumni-owned businesses, and first crack at high-paying campus and summer jobs. And it's no secret that some athletes receive a lot more than the things I just mentioned. It seems to me that since schools do it one way or another, the NCAA might as well legalize it and just pay players outright."

Joseph Del Popolo, editor-publisher of *GamePlan,* which issues annually both a college and a pro preview magazine, doesn't disagree in principle, but feels that paying players would be a mistake. "One reason college football is popular is because it's still seen as an amateur sport," Del Popolo says. "If you come right out and pay the kids, you're going to run the risk of having the public look at them the same way the public perceives pro-football players—as greedy, non-caring mercenaries. I just don't think that's good for the sport."

It's difficult to disagree with either man, which is why college football is in a bit of a pickle right now. But enough of all that. On to this year's roster of the rotten:

1. NORTHWESTERN

Rebuilding a respectable football program often takes time. At Northwestern, if the process continues at its current rate, the Wildcats could be contending for the Big-Ten title as early as 2001. This year, however, Northwestern will be the lowest of the low. En route to a 2-9 mark last season, the Wildcats were shut out four times and wound up scoring a puny 101 points. Even awful statistics can be misleading: In the only games Northwestern scored more than 20 points, they were beaten by Illinois, 56–24, and by Iowa, 61–21. Said Iowa coach Hayden Fry, "I hate to see a team lose that badly, but I'm not about to tell my walk-ons and reserves to let up." The Wildcats will be even more pitiful this fall. Sandy Schwab is an above-average quarterback, but his graduated leading receivers—halfback Ricky Edwards (who was also the team's leading runner), flanker Todd Jenkins, and tight end Jan Harvey—were among the best in the Big Ten. All-conference punter John Kidd has taken his diploma and kicking tees to the NFL, which means that Wildcat adversaries won't have to mount sustained drives to score their usual five touchdowns a game. With the possible exception of Minnesota, Northwestern's opponents are going to pound the Wildcats down until they resemble sailcats. Let's hope all this adversity doesn't drive head coach Dennis Green slightly bananas. Last year, after his boys were wiped out by Michigan 35–0, Green told them, "You have to understand what the hell's going on out there." They do, Dennis, they do. What's going on out there is that they're getting whipped. Creamed. Pureed. They're the Wildcats, and they're the worst.

> My loyal readership seems to be made up of closet schizoids who can't decide whether it's better to die for their school or kill for it.

2. OREGON STATE

I'll fess up: I made an egregious error last time around. I predicted that '83 might be the year that Oregon finally edged out Oregon State as the worst football team in that state, and I was way off base. Oregon finished 4-6-1, and Oregon State wound up 2-8-1, the Beavers' best record in five years. In their climactic, season-ending clash, the two rivals played to a scoreless tie that was so boring even the hot-dog vendors left after the third quarter. At any rate, no more Mr. Nice Guy. The blunt truth is that Oregon State has no business playing PAC 10 football. During Head Coach Joe Avezzano's four years at Corvallis, the Beavers have won four games, lost 38, and tied two. This season O.S.U. graduated just two starters on offense (one was all-PAC 10 running back Bryce Oglesby) and three on defense, but don't look for the Beavers to be any better than they were last fall. For one thing, O.S.U. again will feature a below 40 percent passing attack; for another, the Beavers will continue to employ their Equal Opportunity Defense, in which the adversary holding the football (regardless of race, religion, or talent) is encouraged to run with it. In '83, Oregon State gave up more than four touchdowns a game, and this year's stats probably will be worse, since O.S.U. will open its season in Columbus against Ohio State. A good payday, to be sure, but also a great way to thoroughly demoralize a lousy team. Avezzano seems like a bright, likable man, but if he doesn't produce a few wins this year, he'll be gone by '85. He *will* be gone by '85.

3. RICE

Danny Sheridan the peerless pigskin prognosticator from Mobile, Alabama, this year picked Rice to repeat as the worst team in the southern half of the nation. Sheridan's report: "For a change, the Owls have a new head coach. Watson Brown, offensive coordinator at Vanderbilt and then Cincinnati, is only 34 years old but he's already been described by the Dallas Cowboys' Gil Brandt as 'one of the truly brilliant minds in the game today.' Brains may not be enough, for Rice has a truly feeble football program. During the last ten years, the Owls have compiled a miserable record of 20-89-1, including 14 wins and 64 losses in the Southwest Conference play. Last year Rice managed to win only one game, a 22–21 squeaker over cream puff Southwest Louisiana. The current *Rice Football Outlook* announces that the Owls 'will be throwing 40–50 passes a game and will own the most exciting attack in the SWC.' Who's gonna do the throwing? If Jaycee transfer Sean Serle can't cut it at quarterback, Brown will have to go with either Eddie Burgoyne or Kerry Overton—and in '83, those two combined for only seven completions in 29 attempts. The Owls scored less than ten points a game last season and were beaten by an average of 21 points a game. This year's schedule guarantees a similar series of slaughters. Brown's biggest job may be to convince the Owls that it's possible for Rice to win more than a game or two each year. If his players suspect Brown of putting them on, it's only because few of them were alive—and none was out of his diapers—the last time Rice had a winning season. For those of you into Trivial Pursuit: The answer is 1963."

4. ARMY

Would you believe that last year Army lost to Harvard and Lehigh? What's the U.S.

"It won't kill him, but it will take his mind off fuckin' around."

Military Academy coming to, anyway? That's hard to say, but in any case, the Black Knights seem determined to return to big-time competition. Not a bright move, especially when coming off a 2-9 record. Army's opponents this fall include Boston College, Tennessee, Duke, and Syracuse, all of which should have no trouble demolishing the punchless Cadets. Army scored only 15 touchdowns last season and won't be any more explosive this time around. Quarterback Bill Turner and tailback Elton Atkins, college football's third-leading all-purpose ground gainer in '83, have both chosen to sit out their senior seasons. Without a top-flight running game, and with no passing attack to speak of, the Black Knights figure to be big losers again. Still, the Cadets' season always boils down to their games against the other service academies, and last year West Point did pretty well against Annapolis. "We had a good pregame period," Head Coach Jim Young reports. "Everything up until the kickoff I wouldn't change." Unfortunately, there *was* a kickoff, after which Navy went out and kicked shavetail, 42–13. Army brass tends to get real bitchy after being blasted by the Air Force and Navy every year, which is why Coach Young is in for another four-star headache.

5. U.T.E.P.

This fall, the University of Texas at El Paso will field college football's biggest mystery team. The mystery, of course, is why U.T.E.P. still bothers to field a team. The Miners are about to suffer their fourteenth consecutive losing season, and by now have dug themselves so far into the ground that one of these days U.T.E.P. will find itself playing the University of Beijing. The Miners finished 2-10 in '83 and will do as well this season only if the team gets lucky. But U.T.E.P., the Western Athletic Conference's eternal doormat, *never* gets lucky. Somehow, the Miners always manage to strike lead. For example, before going up against beatable Hawaii last season, Head Coach Bill Yung reported: "Our strong safety hurt his shoulder in the locker room raising his arm to say 'Charge!' " Final score: Hawaii 25, U.T.E.P. 24. The rest of the time the Miners acted as if they were victims of a cave-in. U.T.E.P. gave up 30 points a game, and since then graduation has claimed, among others, linebacker Raymond Morris, the WAC's defensive player of the year. Why U.T.E.P. keeps stepping up in class—this fall the Miners take on Texas A&M—is something only the school's athletic department understands.

6. MINNESOTA

Lou Holtz is one of the nation's finest and funniest college-football coaches. Having recently left the University of Arkansas to take over at Minnesota, Holtz will be hard-pressed to retain his sense of humor, for last year's 1-10 Golden Gophers—as predicted here—were the nation's worst major college football team. In '83, Minnesota gave up an astronomical 518 points, and most of the school's defeats were classic routs. Minnesota lost to Illinois, 50–23; to Wisconsin, 56–17; to Michigan, 58–10; to Iowa, 61–10; to Ohio State, 69–18; and to Nebraska, 84–14, thereby setting a record for most points ever allowed by a Division I football team. On offense, Minnesota set several school records, all of them embarrassing: most yards lost, most passes intercepted, most punts, and most penalties. Aside from senior tailback Tony Hunter, Holtz starts out with an impotent offense to match his inept defense. When Holtz was coaching at Arkansas, a perennial winner, I once accompanied him on a recruiting expedition in Dallas, and I wound up admiring his style, wit, and commitment to victory. He'll turn Minnesota around soon enough, but meanwhile does he think the Golden Gophers can win a few games this season? "We have a chance," Holtz said. "We have a better chance than Richard Nixon has of becoming president again, but probably not as good a chance as Jesse Jackson." Hang in there, Gopher fans, help is on the way.

This fall, the University of Texas at El Paso will field college football's biggest mystery team. The mystery, of course, is why U.T.E.P. still bothers to field a team.

7. LOUISVILLE

Louisville is the Boy George of college football. This fall the Cardinals figure on getting a lot of mileage out of makeup. To avoid another 3-8 disaster, Louisville has lined up dates with NCAA powder puffs like Murray State, Indiana State, Tennessee State, and Western Kentucky. Once you get past the cosmetic triumphs, however, Louisville is something else again—and in the Cardinals' case, we're talking about a loser. If you doubt it, check out how the Cards do when they meet up with the likes of Miami, S.M.U., West Virginia, and Southern Mississippi, none of which they have the slightest chance of beating. The graduation of dexterous Dean May, who completed 52 percent of his passes last season, leaves Head Coach Bob Weber without any semblance of a first-rate offense. Even with May, the Cards rarely scored, mostly because they couldn't run. (Louisville averaged under three yards per rushing play.) The Cardinals' defense, meanwhile, is strictly for the birds: Louisville lost its final seven games of '83 by an average score of 39–7. Because of its prettied-up schedule, the team won't seem quite so atrocious, but if Louisville actually wins a few against its more formidable foes—well, as old B.G. himself would tell you, it's a miracle.

8. KANSAS

After a so-so 4-6-1 debut as the Jayhawks' head coach, Mike Gottfried is about to experience unbridled disaster. In '83, Gottfried inherited a volatile offense headed up by the school's all-time leading passer, Frank Seurer; its all-time leading receiver, Bob Johnson; its all-time leading placekicker, Bruce Kallmeyer; and some of the best offensive linemen in recent Kansas history. All those performers have since been graduated, so the Jayhawks' defense will be called upon to play a much stronger role this year. Necessity may be the mother of invention, but unless Gottfried turns out to be a sporting Da Vinci, Kansas will be a pushover. In '83, the Jayhawks gave up better than four touchdowns a game. On the ground, expect Kansas to again allow opposing teams more than 250 yards per game, which is the good news. The bad news is that Gottfried's secondary will feature two sophomores and a pair of newly arrived junior-college transfers. Now that Big Eight teams have discovered the forward pass, expect them to go on a season-long fling at the Jayhawks' expense.

9. TULANE

It's been a while since Tulane fans had anything to shout about, which is why they won't be surprised to learn that their boys are about to take it on the chin again. In his debut as the Green Wave's head coach last year, Wally English suffered through a 4-7 record; if he does as well this time around, he deserves not a penny less than the $240,000 a year Texas A&M is paying Coach Jackie Sherrill. You think *you* have problems? Except for tight end Larry Route (38 receptions in '83) and halfback Mike Jones (360 yards rushing), English has to build an offense from scratch. In an effort to get competitive quickly, English has imported carloads of junior-college transfers. Perhaps the best of the lot is quarterback Ken Karcher, a former high-school all-American who spent two years riding the bench at Notre Dame before searching out another place to play. Karcher can zing the football with authority, but that hardly adds up to instant offense.

10. IOWA STATE

After arriving at Iowa State from Boise State last year, new Head Coach Jim Criner surveyed all the talent at his disposal and announced, "Our No. 1 goal will be to win the conference championship and go to a bowl game every year." Tell us another one, Jim. Big Eight oligarchs—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

MARIE

"Because of my endless enthusiasm and positive outlook, people always seem to like me—including other women!"

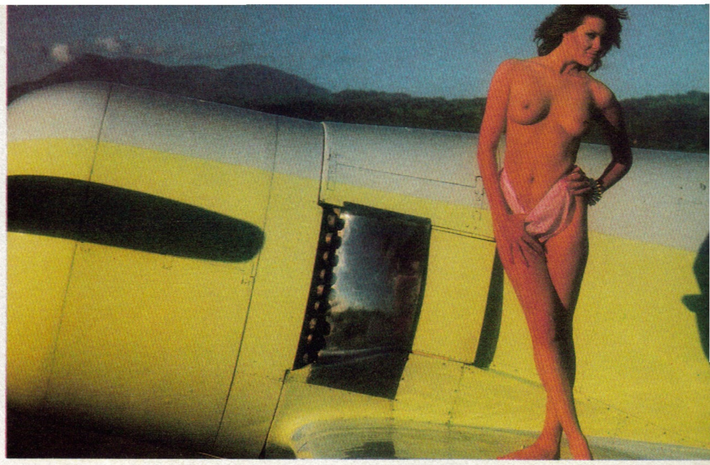
"If a lover is concerned with his own pleasure, he'll only get it one time from me!"

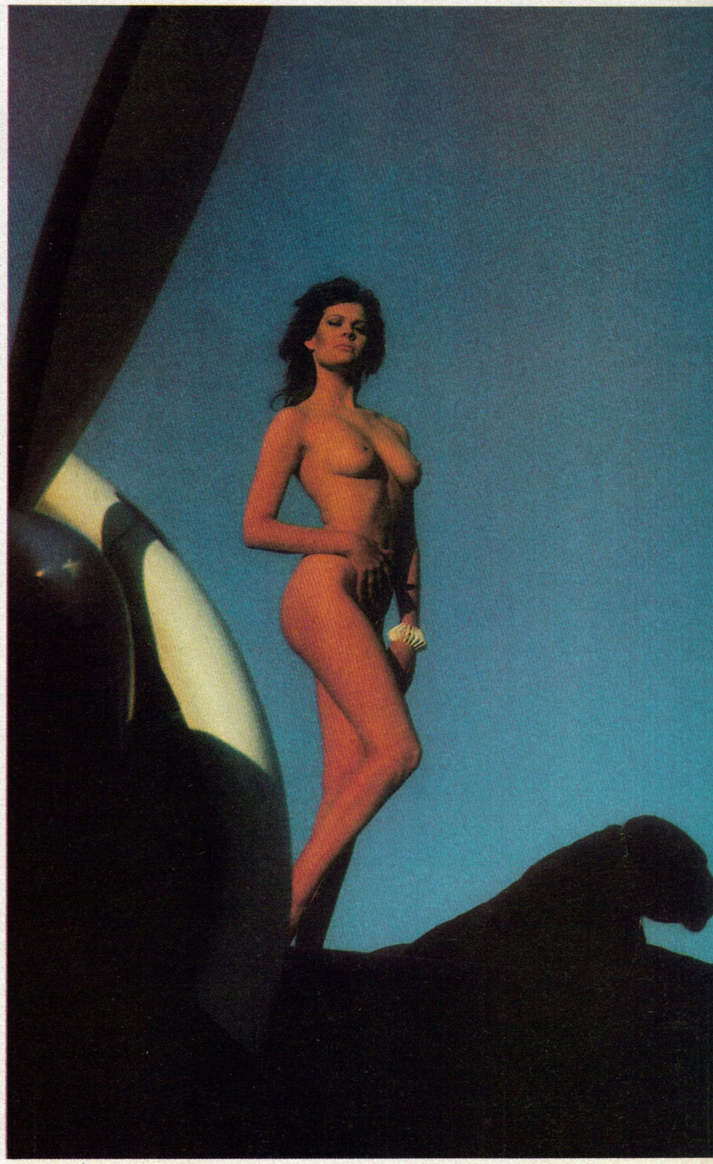
THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY

There's a certain risk factor present when modeling with jaguars, snakes, and other wild creatures, but October Pet of the Month Marie Ehlman has always been a risk-taker. This hazel-eyed equestrienne exhibits such perfect form she's won trophies at the Carmel and Santa Barbara nationals, and she learned long ago that the thrill of clearing a hurdle outweighs the pain of an occasional fall. Wearing braces on her teeth hurt too, but it helped her reach her childhood dream of becoming a centerfold someday. It doesn't take an aviator's license to see that she does wonders for any cockpit. At 36-23-35 inches, willowy Marie clearly has the right stuff for stardom. Though she did pay one more price—bidding a fond farewell to her "very nice, very sexy boyfriend," who didn't want to share this bounty with *Penthouse*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"I told myself, 'Well, I've lost one man but gained a few million others.'" She also caused a minor sensation in her Thousand Oaks community.





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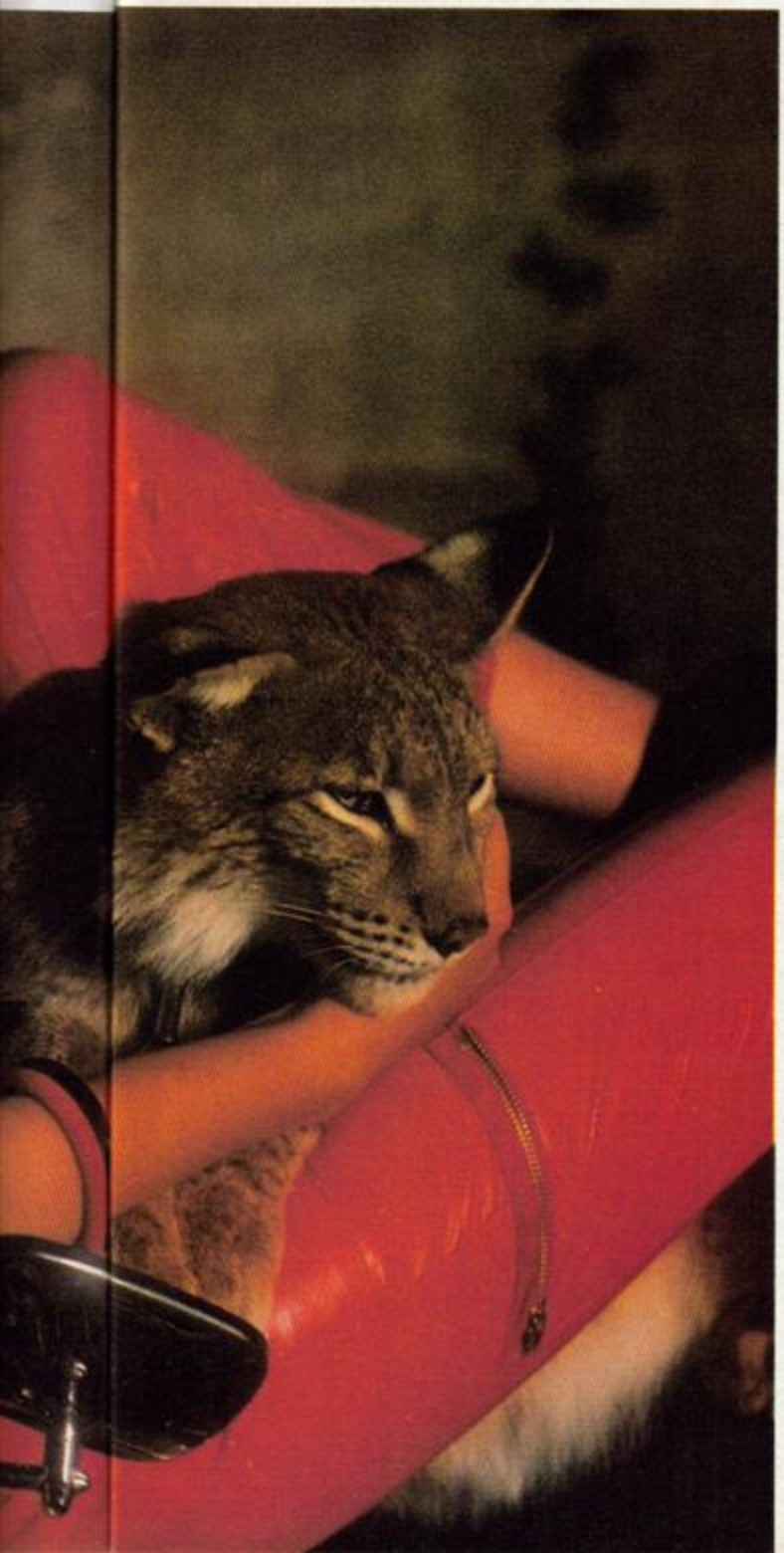
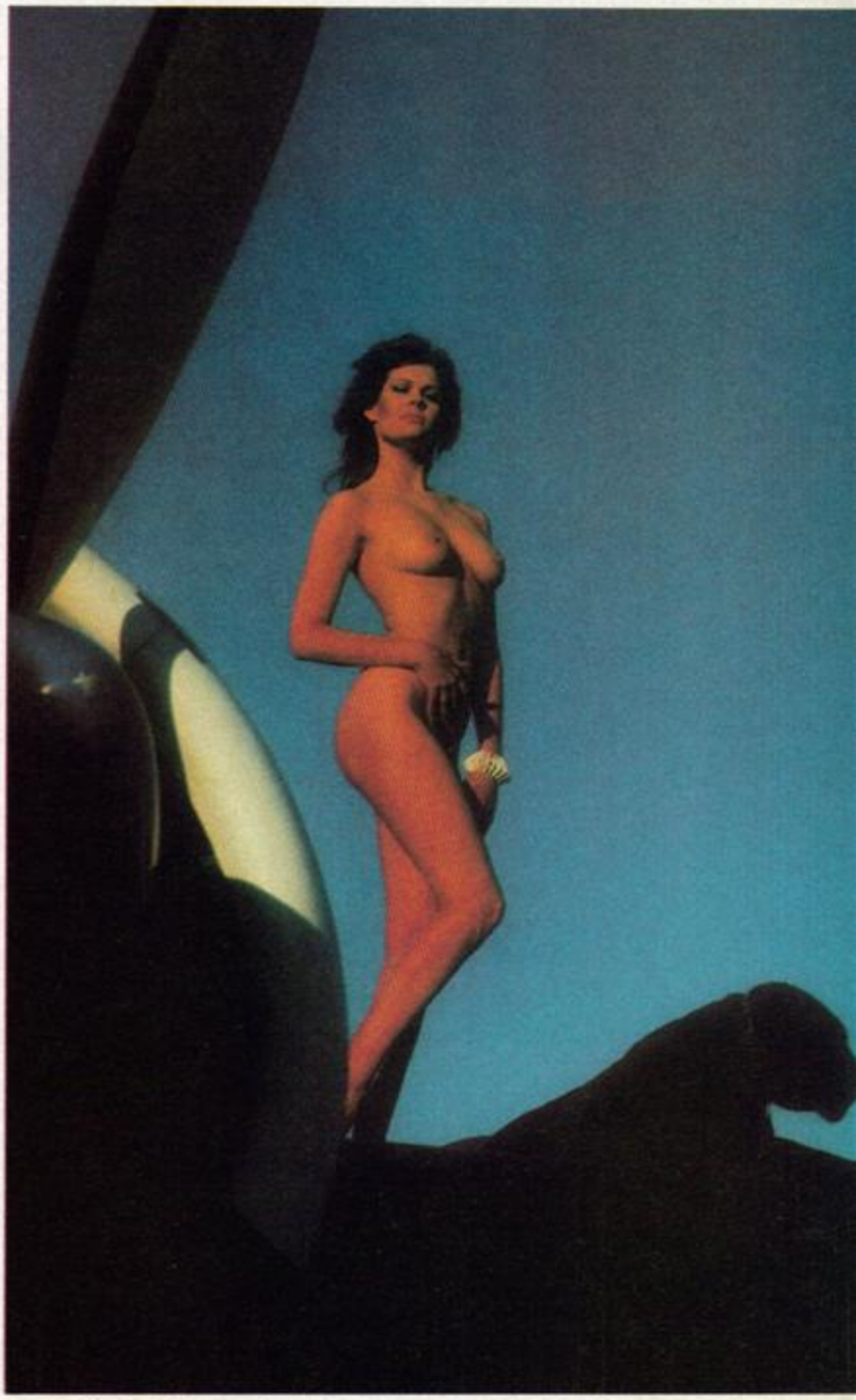
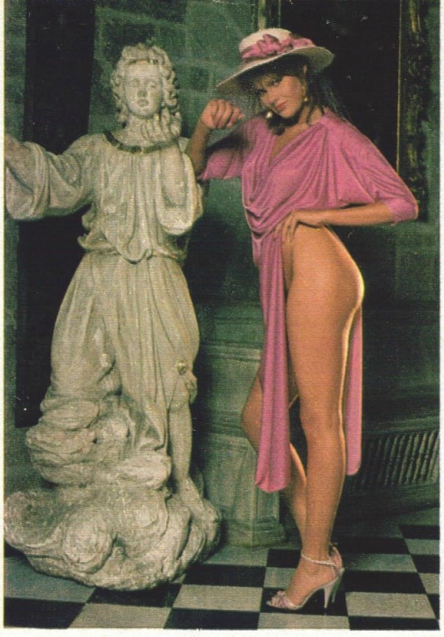




"A radio and a TV station are interviewing me, and I'm going to be profiled and be the cover girl for our *Ventura County* magazine!" Marie hopes this flurry of publicity will help her land some modeling work on TV commercials and music videos.

"You'd think all this attention would give me a swelled head, but I'm basically very down-to-earth and really shy. I still blush at almost every compliment."



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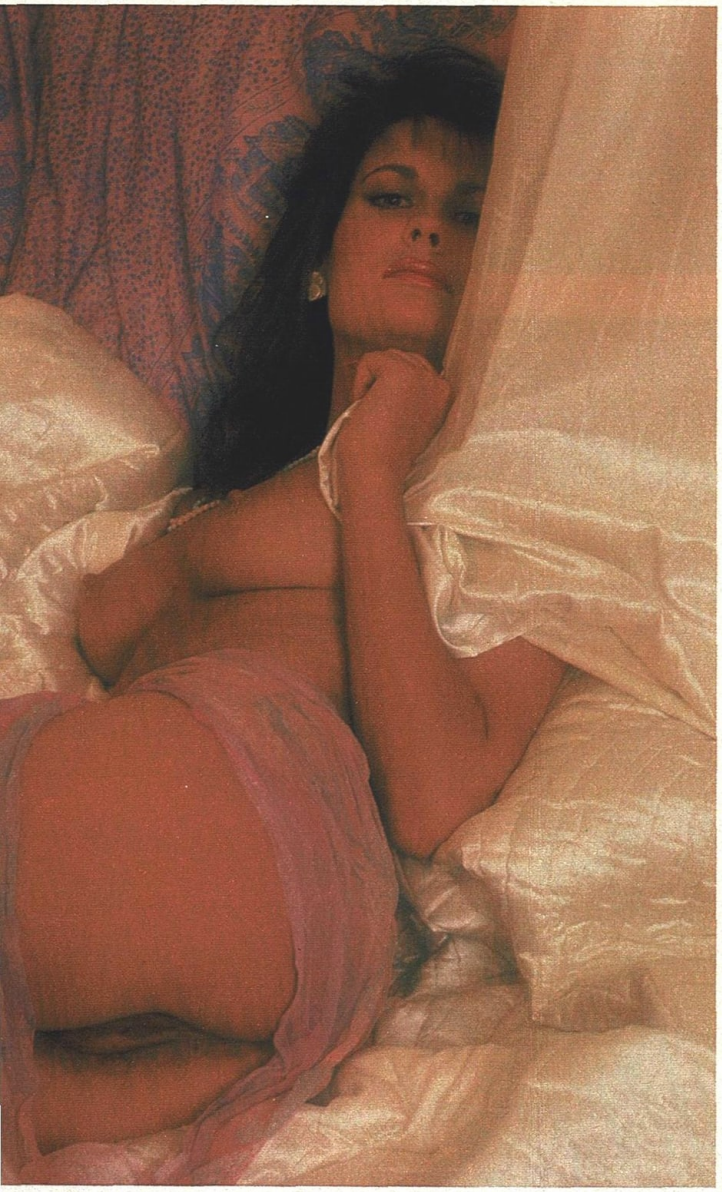
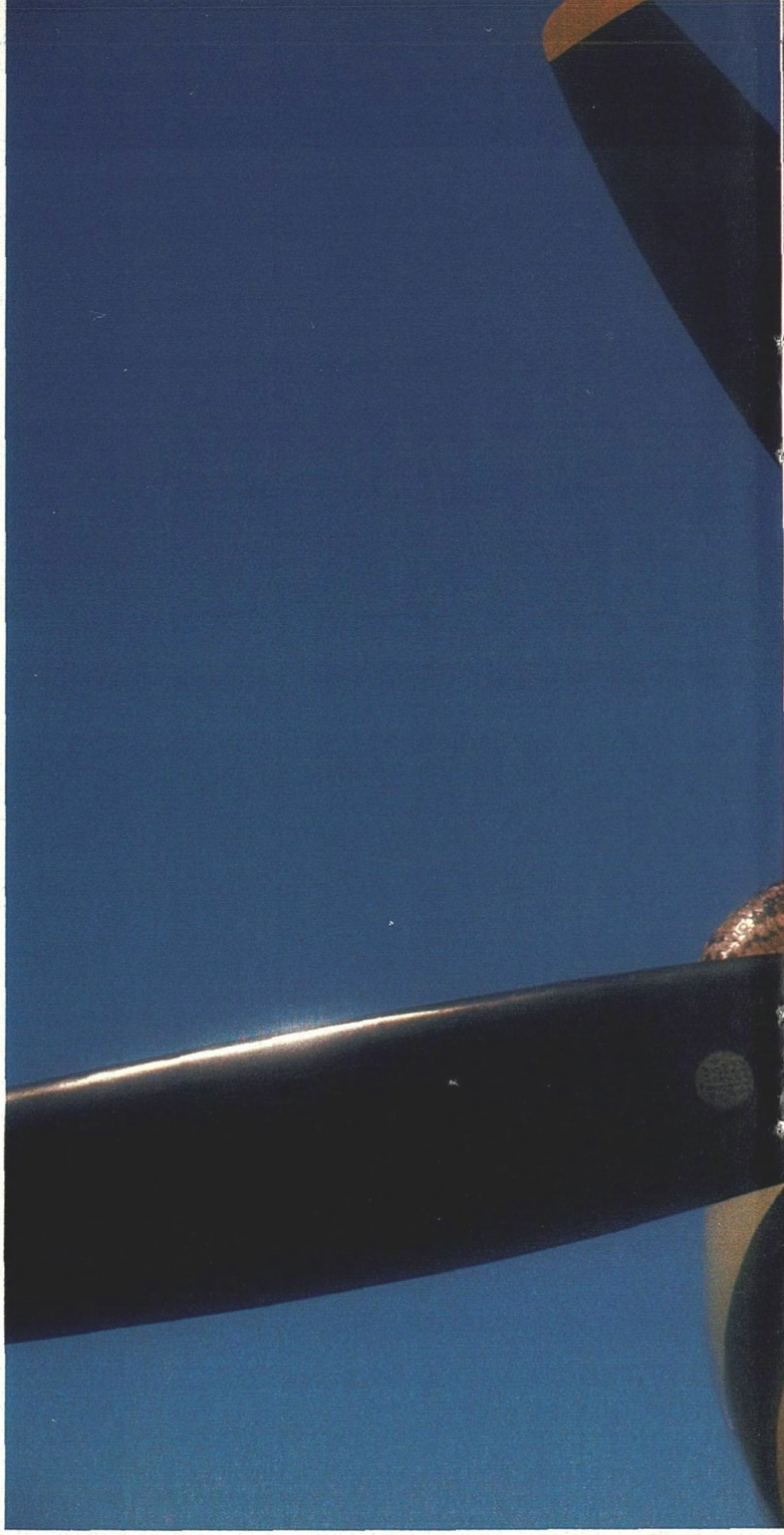
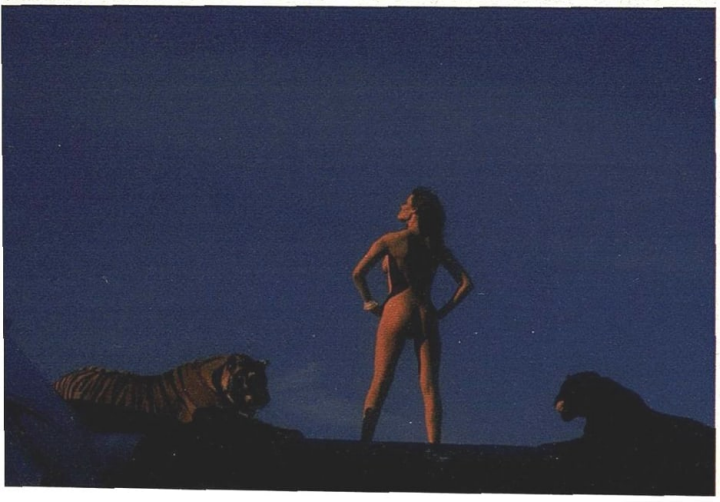
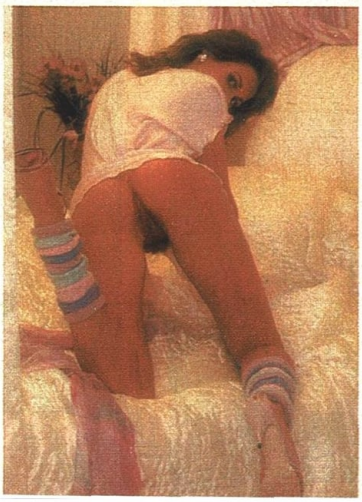


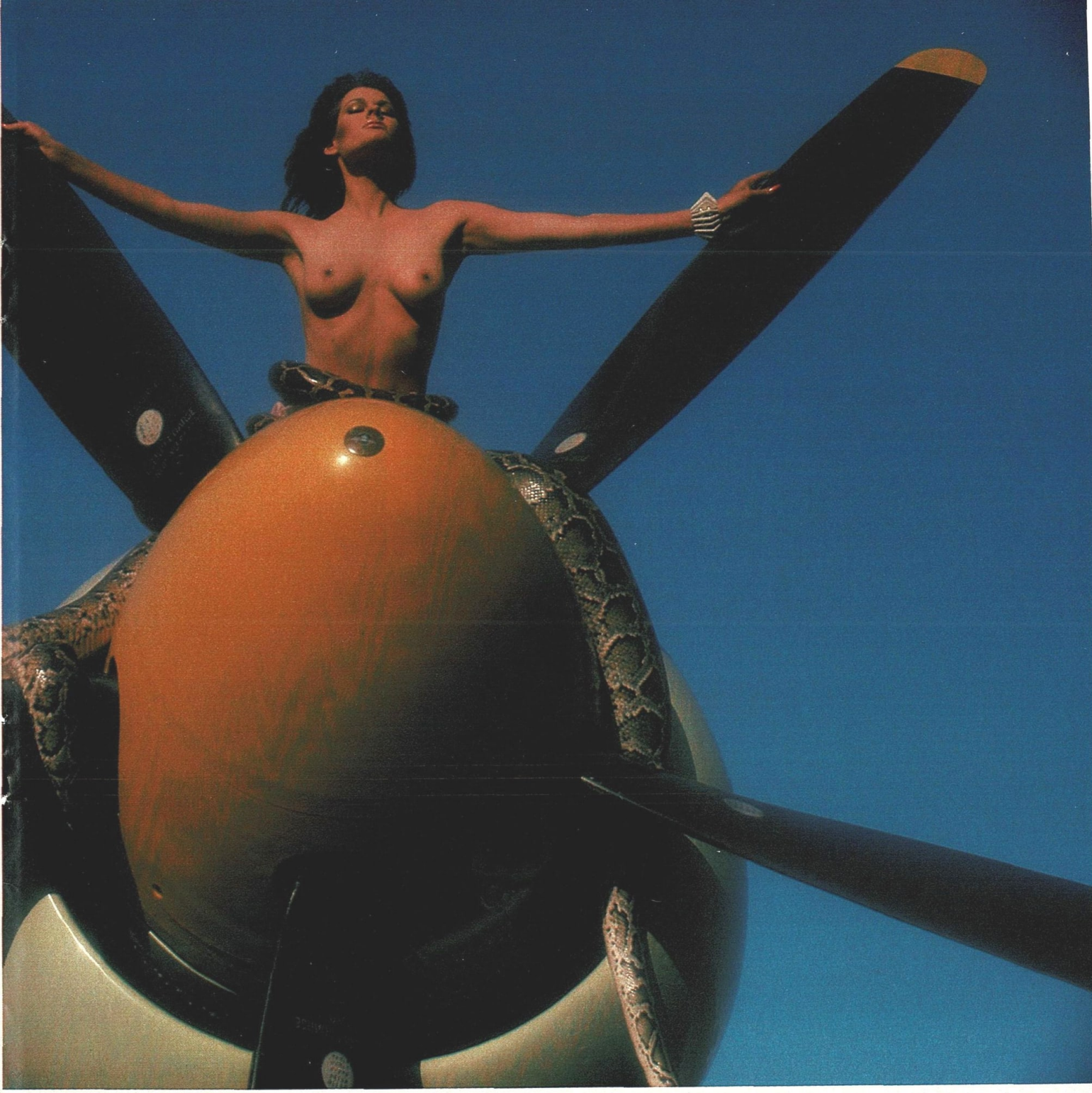


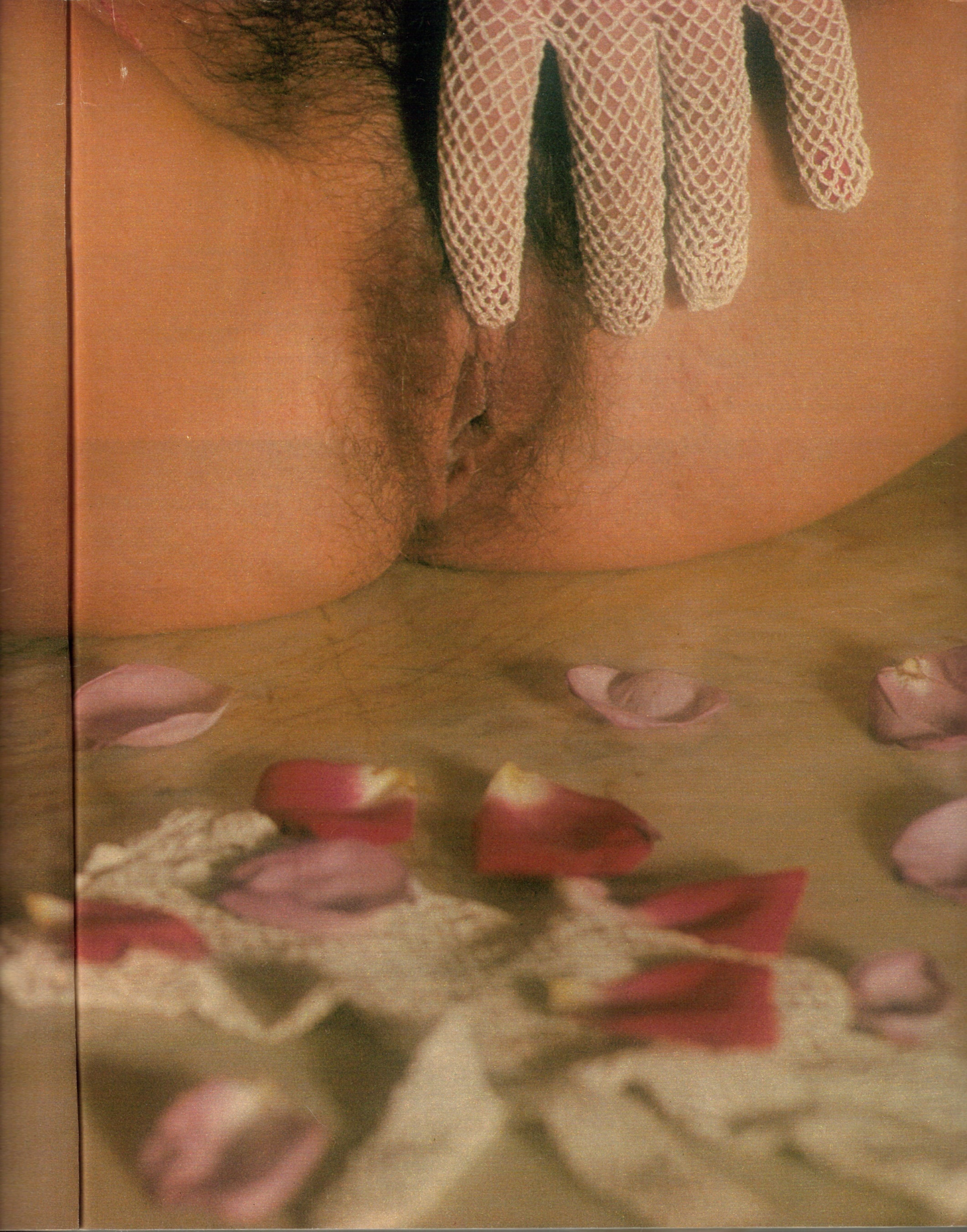




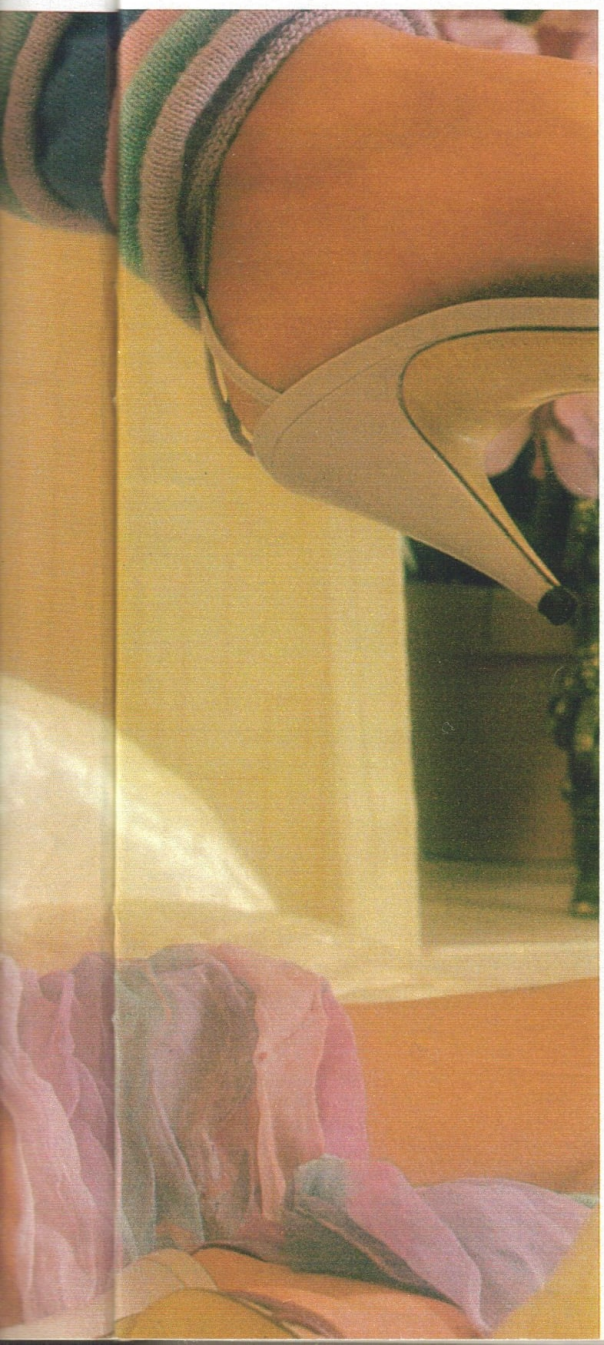
She gets plenty of them at her waitressing job. "It's a friendly neighborhood deli, kind of like Mel's Diner. But I hate it when I have to turn down some guy who pesters me for dates, because I don't like to hurt people's feelings."

She gets plenty of them at her waitressing job. "It's a friendly neighborhood deli, kind of like Mel's Diner. But I hate it when I have to turn down some guy who pesters me for dates, because I don't like to hurt people's feelings."



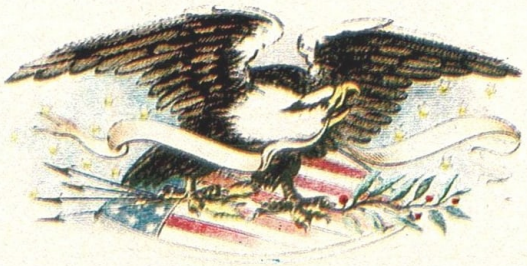


She does like to get her body into action: biking, sailing, river-rafting down rapids. Or making love, of course. "In bed, I'm totally uninhibited and let myself go completely, but only if the guy is caressing me from head to toe and not just concerned with his own pleasure. If he is, he'll only get it one time!"



Marie's only serious fear is not attaining the success she's striving for. "But I think I'll make it, because I've got so much going for me—not only my deep faith in God and Jesus, but also my incredible family. My mom's a nurse, my dad's a lab technician, and my two older sisters are the greatest. Once I find the perfect man, I think I'll be invincible." Irresistible, anyway.

MISS MARIE EHLMAN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

One sad legacy of the Vietnam War is its physically disabled veterans: Those men who fell victim to blindness, deafness, paralysis, double and triple amputations; who have had to adjust to wheely boards, crutches, and wheelchairs.

Rehabilitation medicine plays a big role in the lives of handicapped veterans. It focuses on the restoration of health or useful and constructive activity, and treatment is often astonishingly successful. Nevertheless, various sorts of conditions have not responded well to medical care. In particular, one disability has repeatedly fallen through the cracks of conventional medical diagnostic systems—that is, chronic pain.

Marked by its long duration or frequent recurrence, pain in its chronic pathological form often imposes harsh economical, physical, and emotional strains not only on the patient, but also on his family and society. The typical chronic-pain sufferer is unemployed, inactive, depressed, angry, anxious, isolated from family and friends, and preoccupied with his painful situation.

"At age 40 it's hard to accept my condition," says Joseph S., a chronic-pain victim, who while serving in Vietnam in 1967 injured his back when he fell from a truck. "Now I should be enjoying myself, but I'm merely existing." Joseph's condition interferes with his whole life. He says he is often jumpy and short-tempered, leading to his separation from his wife and two sons. He is unemployed and receives Social Security disability benefits.

> An innovative and experimental program now offers disabled veterans more hope for recovery from chronic pain.

For veterans such as Joseph, being in constant pain is most likely the result of trauma or injury to the back or neck. And while seeking relief, these people often repeatedly encounter complications, including narcotic addiction, from the wrong medical treatment or are put through multiple, frequently useless, and sometimes mutilating surgical procedures.

Drugs have been used most often to relieve pain, probably because they are easy to administer, relatively cheap, and their effects are usually predictable. But while analgesics can produce good results for people with acute pain—which is temporary and hence so is treatment—there are major drawbacks when strong, narcotic painkillers are used indefinitely.

There is now, however, an innovative and experimental approach to pain management that offers the disabled veteran more hope for recovery. It is the interdisciplinary chronic-pain-rehabilitation program, which administers to those veterans who have suffered pain for at least six months without having responded adequately to traditional medical care.

This method of dealing with pain takes into consideration both its physical and psychological components. The underlying thinking is axiomatic: Living with pain isn't easy, and most people don't know how. Since some patients are going to be in pain for the rest of their lives, the most effective therapy may be to teach them how to live with their pain and how to lead productive lives in spite of it.

Pain-management treatment centers have been set up in major hospitals throughout the country. One successful program, coordinated by Drs. David Rhuland and Dennis Chu, has existed for the past two years at the Veteran's Administration Medical Center in Manhattan. Pain-management training usually requires a five- or six-week hospital stay. During that time the patients and staff work to accomplish several goals:

- To cut down (or eliminate) the use of medication. This is done slowly, thus decreasing dependency.
- To reduce pain. In group-therapy sessions the patients learn relaxation and distraction techniques that focus attention away from the pain (complaints are ignored). The patients also plan for the future, discussing, for example, what type of work they *can* do. An occupational-therapy program teaches them how to make better use of their leisure time, through arts and crafts workshops.
- To increase activity. The patients follow an exercise regimen tailor-made to each individual. In time, the handicapped veteran should become stronger and more limber. A physical therapist shows them how best to sit, stand, lift, bend, and lie down to avoid further injury.
- To decrease the use of health-care facilities.
- If possible, to get the patient working again.

Many practitioners of rehabilitation medicine consider pain clinics "state of the art" for treating chronic pain. But the success or failure of such programs depends largely on how hard the patient is willing to work to gain control of and manage his own pain situation. In these cases, it seems, getting well is very much an active process.

For information on a reputable pain-treatment center, a spokesperson for the International Association for the Study of Pain, based in Seattle, Washington, suggests calling a medical university in your area for a referral.—*Evelyn Norman*

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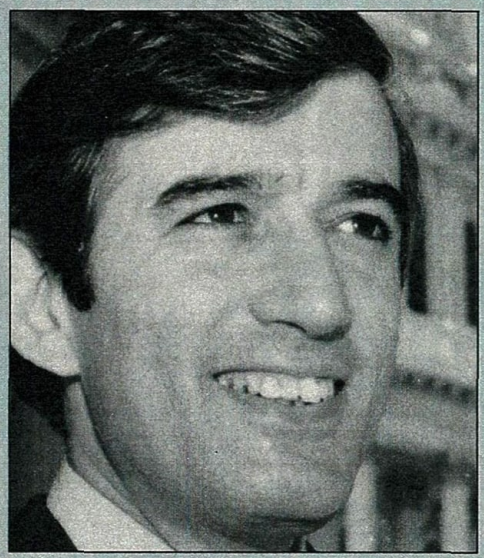
ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY DONALD LAMBRO

The author is a nationally syndicated reporter whose twice-weekly column from Washington, D.C., appears in over 100 daily newspapers. His reports and political commentaries are also heard each week over National Public Radio. This essay was excerpted from his forthcoming book, *Washington: City of Scandals* (Little, Brown).

REAGAN'S REPORT CARD

We were saying our good-byes after a rather wide-ranging discussion about his administration when Ronald Reagan asked me, "You haven't any suggestions, have you, of more places that we can find to cut the budget?"

The president had read a book I had written in 1980 that investigated federal-spending practices and specifically detailed where 100 nonessential federal agencies, programs, and expenditures, totaling over $25 billion, could be cut from the budget. He referred to the book, *Fat City*, in speeches and in interviews during his 1980 presidential campaign as proof of his contention that government spending was loaded with waste, fraud, and abuse. After his inauguration, he passed out copies of *Fat City* to department heads and top White House aides at one of his first Cabinet meetings, urging the new managers of his administration to read it. "If Lambro can find this much waste in the federal government, why can't we?" he told his Cabinet secretaries, according to an aide who was present at the meeting.

On this particular day back in 1981, I had walked into the Oval Office prepared to ask Reagan a number of questions. I was not, however, expecting any questions in return, particularly one so difficult to answer in so short a time. "Well," I replied a little sheepishly, "those 100 programs and agencies I discussed in my book are still there. That's a good place to start. You've gotten rid of one or two of them, but the rest are still there."

"Yes," Reagan responded, rather noncommittally, pausing to think a bit. "You know, just between us, one of the hardest things in a government this size—no matter what our people way on top are trying to do—is to know that down there, underneath, is that permanent structure that is resisting everything you're doing." He spoke of the bureaucracy as if most of it was several stories beneath the surface of the earth, and he had only broken through to the first strata. Shaking his head, he remarked at how difficult it was to "get the management going and how long it takes to get clear down there."

Reagan, of course, was not voicing an unusual presidential complaint. John F. Kennedy once confessed that it was easier talking about what he wanted the government to do than to get the government to do it. There were, Kennedy learned, two governments: One that is temporary and elected, and one that is permanent and implacable—i.e., the bureaucracy, which receives its life-giving sustenance from Congress and its public support from the special interests it serves. It's an iron triangle that has never been broken. Like his predecessors, Reagan has learned this too, much to his frustration.

Yet to hear the screams of the bureaucrats, the news media, and the special interests, one would think that Ronald Reagan had killed Big Government. In truth (even though he has cut back in some areas), under Ronald Reagan government has been growing by every measurable criteria—in terms of dollar expenditures and in terms of its percentage of the Gross National Product. The fiscal 1981 budget in Jimmy Carter's last year in office accounted for a little over 24 percent of the GNP. The fiscal 1982 budget Reagan inherited from Carter, even

> "Contrary to the public perception that the president has slashed the budgets of federal departments, nothing could be further from the truth."

with the $11 billion in reductions he achieved (which accounted for only 1.5 percent of the budget), still ended up representing 24 percent of GNP. However, Reagan's first full budget for fiscal 1983 lifted federal spending to 25.2 percent of GNP, and while his fiscal 1984 budget was expected to decline slightly as a percentage of GNP, it was still falling within the previous 24 percent range. The same was expected for his fiscal 1985 budget presented in February 1984. This is hardly the "revolution" we have heard about.

Contrary to the public perception that Reagan and his brilliant budgeteer David Stockman had slashed the budgets of federal departments and agencies from one end of Washington to the other, nothing could be further from the truth.

In truth, while his proposed increases in defense outlays and some modest curbs in social programs were grabbing all the headlines, Reagan was seeking spending increases left and right. His fiscal 1984 budget requests, for example, sought to increase the Justice Department's $2.9 billion annual budget by $400 million, citing a renewed emphasis on fighting organized crime. He requested a similar $400 million rise in the State Department's $2.2 billion budget, even though many of its embassies are notoriously staff heavy and little has changed in the world's problems to merit so huge an increase. He also asked for a $200 million increase in the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's $6.7 billion yearly allowance and a $1.3 billion hike in the Veteran's Administration's $24.3 billion budget.

Additional Reagan requests for fatter budgets included the Agency for International Development, a core agency in our foreign-aid program that sought a $100 million raise in its $1.1 billion annual budget; the scandal-ridden Farmers Home Administration, whose budget Reagan wanted increased from $3.5 billion to a hefty $4.5 billion; Reagan's Transportation Department—whose coffers were swollen by the extra five-cent-per-gallon gasoline tax hike the president sought and got from Congress—proposed that its budget be boosted by a whopping $3.2 billion from its spending level of $21.2 billion; and even the darling of the multinational corporate subsidies, the Export-Import Bank, backed by Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige and U.S. Trade Ambassador William Brock, wanted its lending authority punched up by an additional $1.4 billion.

Reagan went along with all of this and much, much more in his fiscal 1984 money requests to Congress, including a panoply of budget increases for smaller agencies such as $128 million more for the $581 million a year U.S. Information Agency, headed by his friend, Charles Zwick; a nearly $200 million increase for the National Science Foundation's $1 billion yearly checking account, despite substantial evidence that its funds nebulous or very low-priority studies; the National Endowment for the Arts put in for a $10 million raise for its waste-ridden $140 million budget; the Federal Emergency Management Administration requested over $100 million more for its $444 million budget, saying it needed to beef up civil-defense programs; and HUD's Urban Development Action Grants, used to help finance big commercial real-estate developments, sought to increase last year's $488 million in outlays by $24 million.

Even the Department of Energy, that caliginous collection of dubious energy-industry subsidies and payoffs, which Reagan vowed to dismantle in 1980, was in February 1983 still in full throttle, and in fact was asking, over the president's signature, for an additional $100 million above its bloated $8.7 billion budget.

Reagan's fiscal 1984 spending recommendations also sought to keep many agencies and programs exactly where they were spendingwise. The Department of Education, which he promised to turn into a sub-Cabinet agency, saw no real reduction in its budget. It was a little over $14 billion in fiscal 1981 when Jimmy Carter left office, and three years into the Reagan administration its budget had actually been increased by about $300 million more per year. True, in 1983 Reagan sought to cut DOE's budget, but it was a relatively undramatic $900 million reduction that the administration did not fight to obtain. Meanwhile, the White House had all but abandoned any pretense of seeking to dismantle the department that Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale had given the National Education Association, the huge teachers' lobby, in payment for NEA's political endorsement in behalf of their reelection.

In expenditures, both large and small, the administration's requests for budget increases speckled the Reagan budget. It seemed the president was oblivious to the mounting $100 billion deficit that was shedding its gloom over the fiscal 1983 horizon, and threatening to double in size in fiscal 1984. But a strange psychology appears to have taken place in which it is argued that the deficit is so huge anyway, what's a few million dollars more? Thus, as the budget's debt climbed higher, exceeding 6 percent of GNP in 1983, Reagan's fiscal 1984 budget had the temerity to ask for a $6 million increase in the budget for the executive office of the president. Even David Stockman, that arch budget cutter himself, was asking Congress to increase his office's $38 million budget by another $2.2 million, while the Reagans wanted their executive-residence budget upped from $3.8 million to $4.5 million.

A Reagan revolution? In some spending areas, yes, but in many other expenditures, both large and small, far from it.

Significantly, the thick budget documents Ronald Reagan sent to Capitol Hill in February 1983 and again in 1984 did not propose the true elimination of any major government department or agency, and in fact not one has occurred as a result of his administration.

There were numerous news stories late in 1981 about the shuting down of the Community Services Administration, the core agency of the antipoverty program begun under President Lyndon Johnson's Great Society. Stories appeared in *The Washington Post* about how the agency was "closing its doors." But if, two years later, you were to visit the building in downtown Washington where CSA had its offices and would find that they are still there, their bureaucracy pruned back, of course, but still in business. The agency has not been abolished, as you and I would define that term. It was merged into

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

THE $1,000,000 PET OF THE YEAR PAGEANT

"Not just another beauty pageant, but rather a contemporary, forward-thinking precedent for what beauty pageants will inevitably become."

Undoubtedly the most innovative and exciting beauty pageant that has ever graced these shores was the $1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant, aired this past spring. Exquisite women from 28 countries forthrightly competed for a title that represents the woman of the eighties; a woman who can have both power and perfume, a woman who is sexy and savvy, and most of all, a woman who is not cloned from the proverbial gene-pool pageant of Mom, "apple pie," and the girl next door.

Breaking all barriers, this unprecedented event had practically no restrictions and an unusual array of talent categories. Any woman 18 years of age or older, whether married, single, or divorced, with or without children, was eligible to enter. To tap the diverse talents of the contestants *Penthouse* devised a category of fantasy costumes that called forth the creative ingenuity of each entrant, asking her to design a costume that illustrated her own fantasy and then to describe its meaning to the judges and the audience alike. Unabashed and uncensored, the costumes were fascinating and unique to each personality. The Forum session candidly asked each finalist to discuss the priorities in her life: career, marriage, family, money, and love. Unanimously, our contestants chose career as the first priority, a refreshing sign that clearly indicates the direction of contemporary women.

The pageant, held in the elegant Sands Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City, was hosted by singer Andy Gibb and former Miss World Marjorie Wallace. Dance numbers were choreographed by Emmy Award–winning choreographer, director, and dancer Peter Gennaro, whose list of distinguished Broadway credits—to name only a few— include *Annie, West Side Story,* and *The Unsinkable Molly Brown.*

The $1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant was not just another beauty contest, but rather a contemporary, forward-thinking precedent for what beauty pageants will inevitably become. Although the competition was stiff, the stakes were high; Jeanette Starion, the $1,000,000 winner, received a reward equal to approximately ten times that of Miss America. Our hats are off to Jeanette, and to cite an appropriate cliché, "You've come a long way, baby...."

(Opposite page, top, left to right) Andy Gibb, Jeanette Starion, and Bob Guccione. Jeanette Starion, Denmark's Pet of the Year, won the title and grand prize totaling $1,000,000. She holds a very rosy future. (Bottom) The opening number of the pageant featured the contestants wearing Oleg Cassini swimsuits and singing "I Am What I Am" for which they received a shower of applause.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDDIE ADAMS

PET OF THE YE

THAILAND
SWITZERLAND
MEXICO
COLOMBIA

After winning the first annual $1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant, Jeanette Starion said, "Nothing compares to the thrill of receiving the *Penthouse* title." Prior to winning the contest, Jeanette was a highly successful advertising sales executive for a large publishing house in Denmark, in addition to becoming one of the most photographed women in Europe. Her interests are diverse and fascinating, ranging from gymnastics to parapsychology to the occult. She is a woman of action, preferring adventure films like the James Bond series. A dream to live in America has come to fruition for her, and lucky for us, America the beautiful has become that little bit more so.

(Opposite page, clockwise from left) Jeanette in the bathing-suit competition; Italy's Pet of the Year; Canada's contribution taking a surefire stance. (Clockwise, from top) Sheila Kennedy, U.S. Pet of the Year, in evening attire; Italy's Pet of the Year in her fantasy costume; and Andy Gibb singing "Shadow Dancing."

CAREER
MONEY
LOVE
FAMILY

COLOMBIA

CAREER
LOVE
FAMILY
MONEY
MARRIAGE

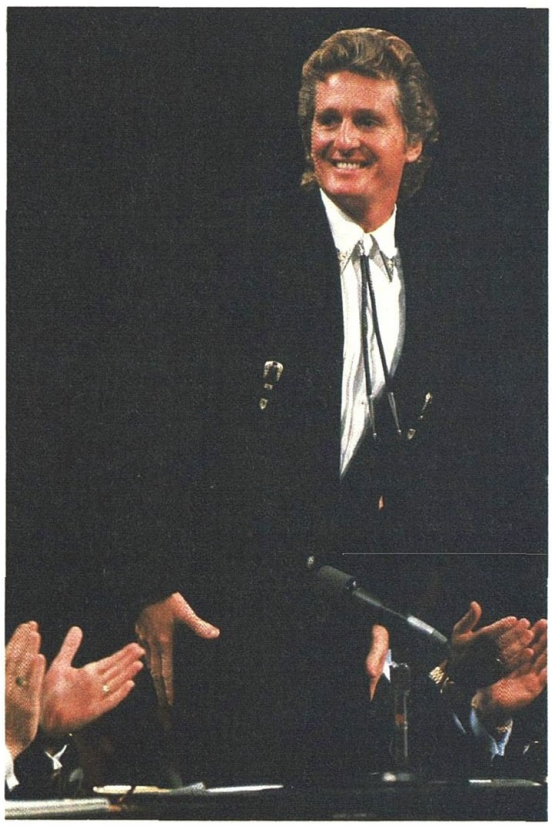
AUSTRALIA

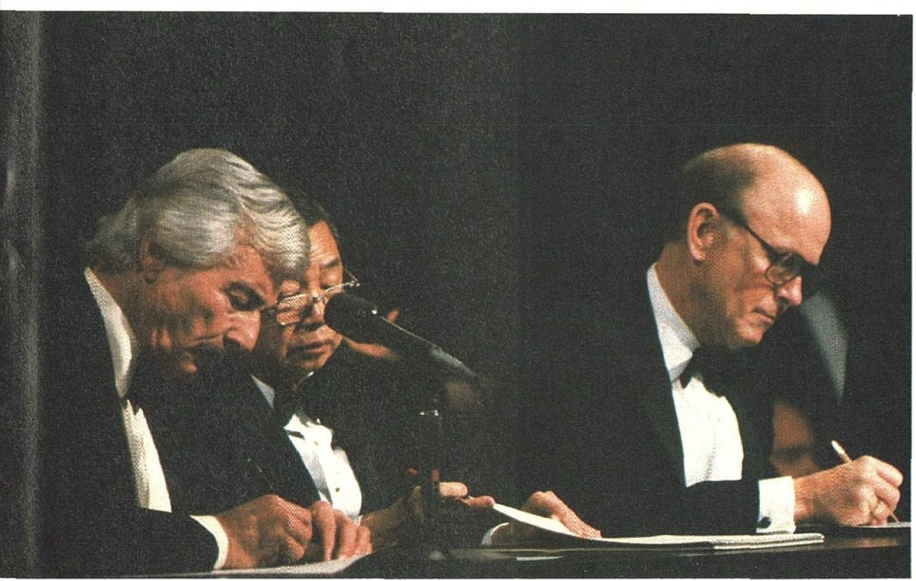
An extravaganza of this sort demands a round of applause for the producers of the show. Executive producers are Bob Guccione, chairman of the board of Penthouse International, and Kathy Keeton, vice-chairman of Penthouse International and president of sister publication, *Omni*. Producer Bob Parkinson brought his 25 years of beauty-pageant experience to the $1,000,000 extravaganza, in addition to partner Andy Friendly of Parkinson-Friendly Productions.

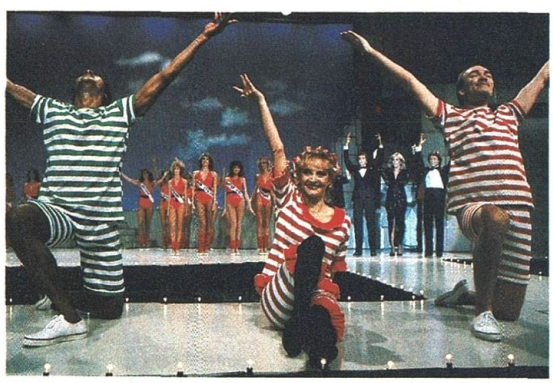
(Opposite page, top right) First runner-up from Colombia; judging South Africa's beauty; Australia's Pet; Canada's Pet feels career and love go hand in hand; Jeanette opts for career. (This page, top left) Obviously no ugly duckling is Colombia's Pet; (above) Bob Guccione holding the winner's sash; Sheila Kennedy, U.S. Pet of the Year, keeping time with Peter Gennaro.

These are the women of the eighties. Their contemporary life-styles are dictated by their own individual philosophies, not the imitative and conformist life-styles of others. And as these pages show, these women are certainly individuals...their beauty is more than skin deep. They were strictly judged in five categories: swimsuits, designed and provided by Oleg Cassini, counted for 20 percent; fantasy costume, 20 percent; photo session, 20 percent; evening gown, 20 percent; personality, 20 percent. All of the contestants are proud of their sex appeal and intellect and have a refreshing vitality that bespeaks their individuality. It is this refreshing attitude of the eighties that will hopefully influence and change the beauty pageants of the future.

(Opposite page) Peter Gennaro and Australia's Pet of the Year stepping out. (This page, left) Bob Guccione tintyping with contestants; (below) Oscar-winning actor-producer Marjoe Gortner as a judge; (bottom) a dance number from Atlantic City's seashore past; (bottom, left) more noteworthy judges—Oleg Cassini (left), artist Dong Kingman, and Jack Pratt, chairman of the board of the Sands Hotel.







RICH GOSSAGE

"You're always under the gun. You're always under fire. Baseball brings out the nastiness in me. I take it personally."

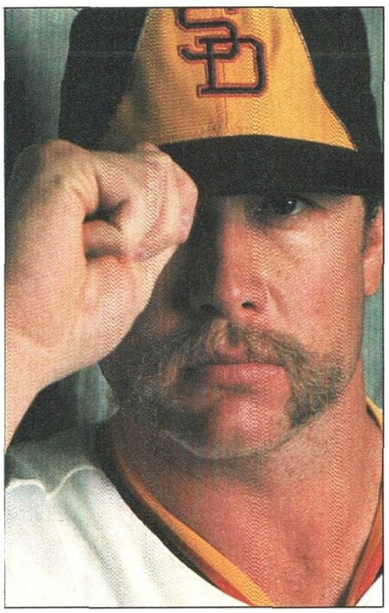
For most of the last ten years, flame-throwing relief pitcher Rich ("Goose") Gossage has been the single most dominant figure in major-league baseball. Not to take anything away from players like Reggie Jackson, Al Oliver, Robin Yount, Steve Garvey, or any other superstars you care to name, but once Gossage enters a game and begins firing fastballs at 100 miles per hour, hitters usually lose their composure, after which their teams usually lose, period. Baseball's heaviest hitters are unreserved in their praise of Gossage. Reggie Jackson calls him "the best I've ever seen," and Al Oliver says that "Gossage scares the devil out of you." To which veteran Cincinnati Reds' slugger Tony Perez adds, "When he makes good pitches, you're dead."

The 33-year-old object of all this praise has been even more in the spotlight this current baseball season, for in January Gossage left the employ of the New York Yankees and became a member of the once-lowly San Diego Padres. In his six-year stint with the Yankees, Gossage recorded 150 saves and 506 strikeouts in 518 innings pitched. In the process, Gossage changed the strategic nature of the sport itself. Knowing that Gossage was virtually unhittable when summoned to protect a lead late in the game, the Yanks' game plan was to win the first seven innings and bank on their ace reliever to shut out opponents the rest of the way.

Gossage rarely came up short. "In my opinion, you don't have anything going for you after the seventh inning against the Yankees," Detroit Tigers'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES BUSH

"Goddamn it, if you can't have any fun in a World Series, you can't have fun anywhere!"



manager Sparky Anderson once observed. "It doesn't matter if I try to find lefties on the bench, because lefties or righties, he strikes them out."

Not only does he strike them out, Gossage also terrifies the hell out of batters. Tom Paciorek of the Chicago White Sox says, "When he comes out of the bull pen that's just what he looks like—a bull. There's smoke coming out of his nose and his cap is down over his eyes and he's so big and hulking. You need a cape to face Gossage, not a baseball bat."

When the Philadelphia Phillies' John Wockenfuss was with the Tigers, he remembers being in the on-deck circle when a teammate was hit by a Gossage fastball. "I just threw away my helmet, put my bat down, and walked away," he says. "It scares you that he throws that fast and doesn't have total control."

Born in Colorado Springs on July 5, 1951, the six-foot-two, 220-pound pitcher broke into the major leagues with the White Sox in 1972. Gossage spent five inconsistent seasons with the Sox, mostly the result of management's insistence that he develop a major-league slider to go along with his all-world fastball. In 1977, Gossage signed with the Pittsburgh Pirates and proceeded to record 26 saves and 151 strikeouts, while allowing just 78 hits in 133 innings.

When Gossage became a free agent the following season, Yankees' owner George Steinbrenner lured him to New York with a six-year contract worth $2,748,000. From 1978 through 1983, Gossage was the Yankees' most lethal weapon. But last year he grew disenchanted with Steinbrenner's meddlesome ways and vowed not to remain with the team no matter how much money he was offered. Instead, in January Gossage signed a five-year contract with the Padres for $6.25 million. Third baseman Graig Nettles, another turned-off Yankee veteran, followed his buddy Gossage to San Diego a couple of months later. Almost overnight, the Padres—a much improved team even before the arrival of Gossage and Nettles—suddenly were being picked to win the National League's Western Division Championship, something they've never done in the team's 15-year existence.

To interview baseball's most intimidating performer, *Penthouse* sent Allan Sonnenschein and Lawrence Linderman to meet with Gossage just as the current season got under way. Gossage's move to San Diego was very much in the news, and the "Goose" was rearing back and throwing hard for the Padres. As this issue goes to press, Gossage has chalked up 11 saves as the Padres boast the best record in the National League.

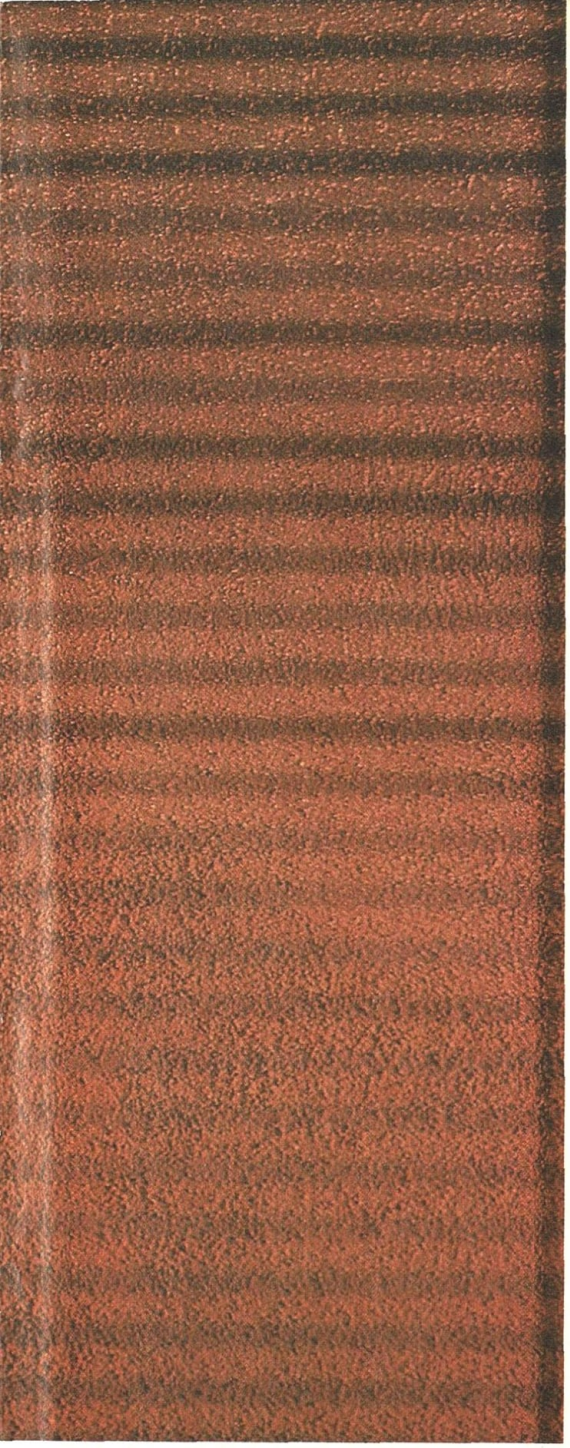
Penthouse: How fast is your fastball these days?
Gossage: When I'm throwing good, I would say in the mid-nineties.
Penthouse: Is there any difference you're aware of between the way a hitter sees a 95 mph fastball and, say, a mere 90?
Gossage: That's hard for me to answer. I can't tell from a hitter's standpoint, but I can tell you from my standpoint. I've thrown balls that I've had a hard time following to the plate. It's in my hand and then, all of a sudden, it's in the catcher's glove. Then there are times I follow the ball and I say, "Holy shit, I'm in trouble."
Penthouse: How often don't you have a good fastball?
Gossage: I'm on and off early in the season. Like any power pitcher, my arm really doesn't start to come around until June.
Penthouse: When you don't have that hummer, how do you attack a hitter?
Gossage: Well, I'll use more breaking balls, but I'll still use my fastball a lot, even though I don't have it. When I don't have my *best* fastball, it's still pretty good, if you're comparing it with other pitchers'.
Penthouse: Let's say we're in July and your arm is in shape. Will there still be nights when that good fastball just doesn't happen?
Gossage: Oh, sure. And sometimes you can go out there with your best stuff, and they're gonna knock you all over. This is a funny game, you know . . . it's a crazy game. Some nights you think, "Man, there's no way they're gonna touch me tonight," and you go out there and get your ass kicked. I never try to figure this game out. Once you start trying to figure this game out, man, you'll end up in a padded cell somewhere. You've got to go out there and have fun, enjoy it, whatever happens.
Penthouse: If the fastball were to stop being so extraordinary, how do you think you would adjust to it? Do you think you could still be an effective relief pitcher?
Gossage: Oh, yeah. I've got a good slider. I've got a good, straight change-up that I never use. Hell, with the situations I come into now, I can't. If the bases are loaded, with two outs, and we've got a one-run lead, and I hang a change-up, shit, I'll go out and commit suicide. But I can still sleep at night if they take my fastball deep.
Penthouse: Because you were challenging them with your best pitch?
Gossage: Right. If you're gonna get beat, get beat with your best pitch.
Penthouse: Tom Paciorek said he needed a cape, not a bat, to go out and challenge you. Is there a lot of intimidation between you and the hitters?
Gossage: Oh, yeah, I think so. Intimidation is a big part of the game. I believe you've got to be intimidating out there. If a hitter comes up dragging a bat between his legs, he might as well go back and sit down.
Penthouse: How much of a contest is there between you and the hitters about who owns the inside of the plate? Do you brush back players?
Gossage: Well, a lot of times I don't know where the ball's going. I don't have any idea where it's going. It's just one of those things—the velocity of the ball, my windup—all those things pretty much keep the hitters loose. I don't try to throw the ball. When I'm really in my groove, I can throw to spots inside, outside, up, down. But I don't throw for corners, I throw for locations. I'm not pinpoint,

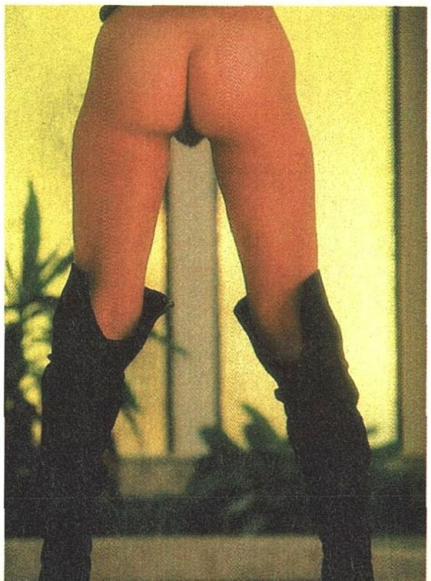
CONTINUED ON PAGE 191

THE KNACK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

After seeing *Deep Throat* with a boyfriend at the age of 17, Jody Swafford realized she had the knack—not to mention the stunning 38-23-36-inch qualifications—to succeed in X-rated films. And not unlike a certain female vice-presidential candidate, this equally feisty young native of Queens, New York, is vigorously pursuing her own road to fame and fortune.

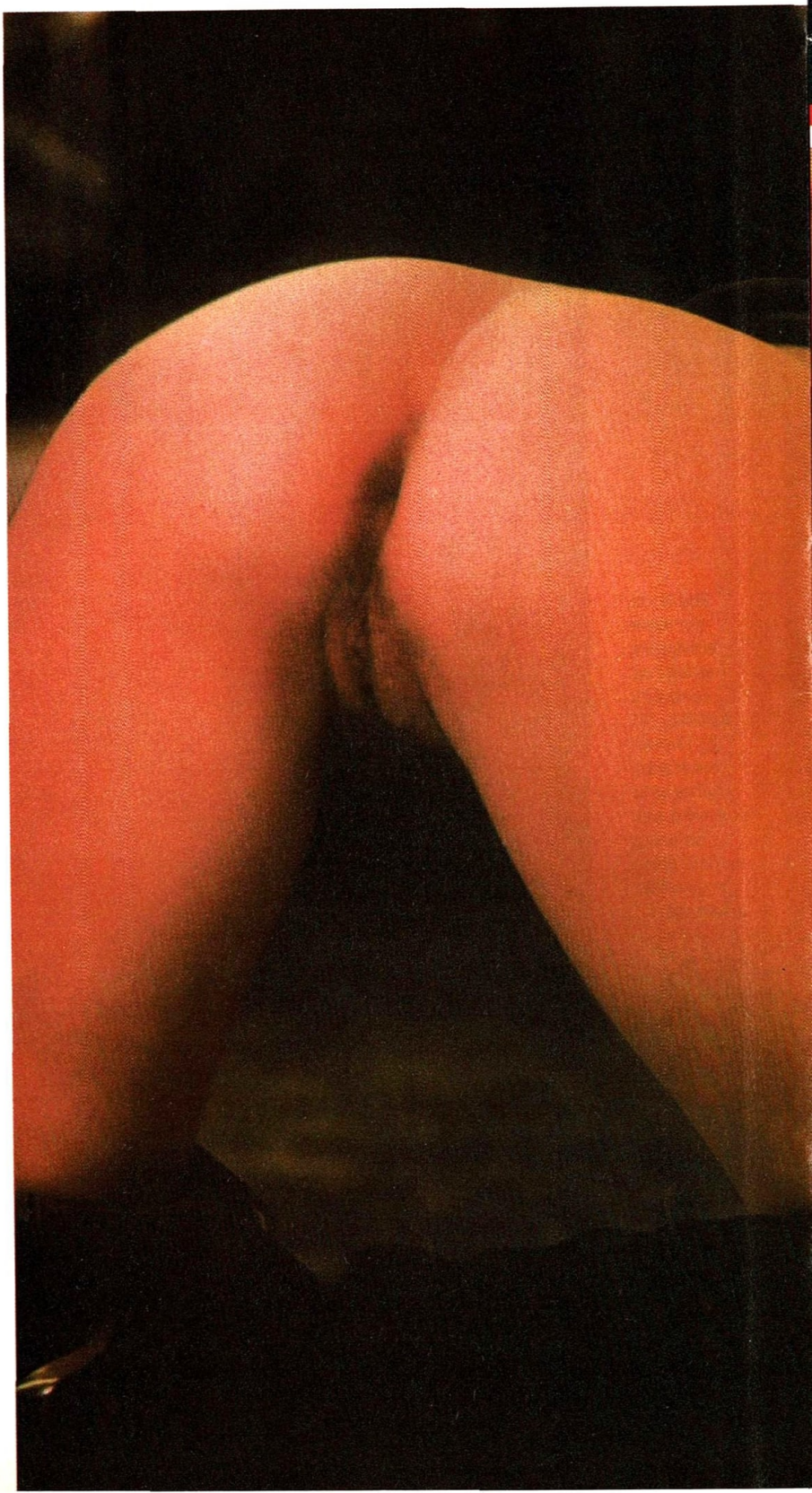




"My mother suggested secretarial school, but I'm afraid my dad knew a sexpot when he saw one. But now that I have appeared in several successful films, all of my family is glad for me. . .maybe not for the work I do but for the fact that I am happy and able to take care of myself."

She finds her work artistically as well as sensually fulfilling. "At 22, I'm still constantly horny, and having sex before a camera turns me on that much more."

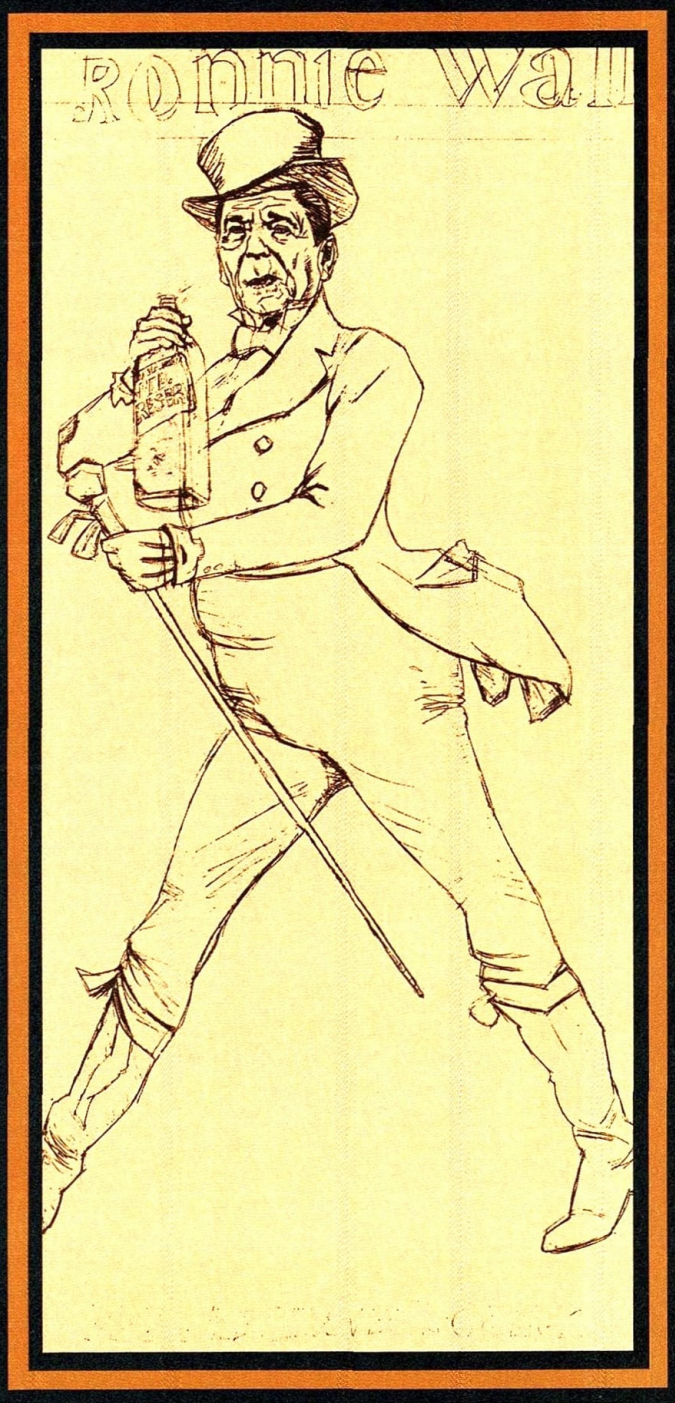
After five or six takes, she has to fake it, but by then her partners have had more than their share of ego boosting. "And my current offscreen boyfriend loves to hear me talk shop."

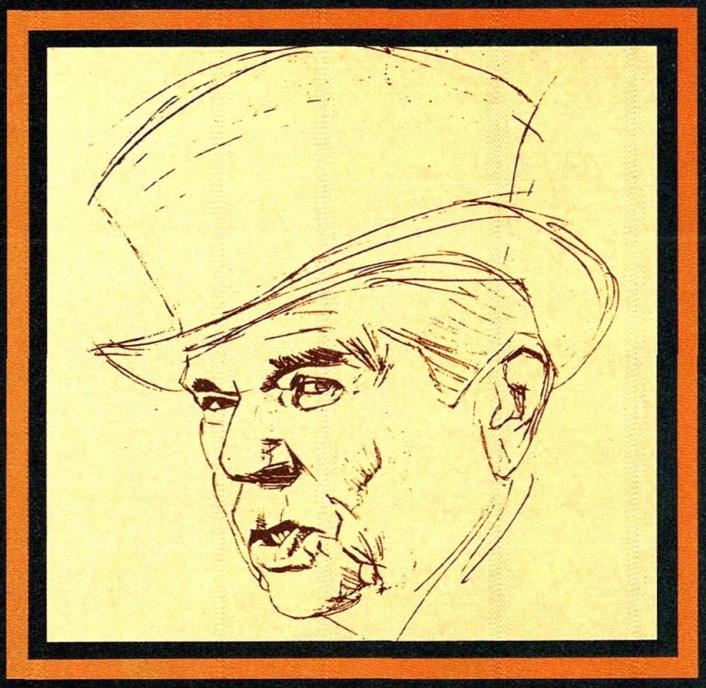


"While I fondle myself, I tell him all the details until we're both about to explode with excitement. As he watches me make myself come, he gets his own private screening."

Onscreen or off, the sixty-nine position is probably her favorite. "*You feel so* intimate and equal, giving exactly what you're getting. . . ."

Her wildest unfulfilled fantasy? Having sex with every member of the audience on the opening night of her movie. "That way I know they'd all leave satisfied."





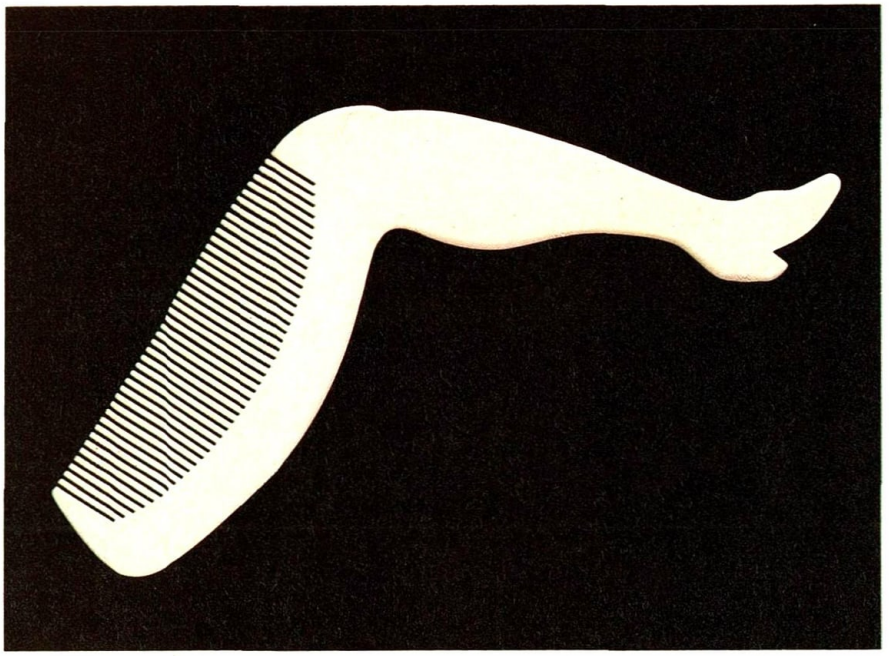
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:

FOLK HEROES, PART 18

The Gipper's a class act, it's true,
But he loves economic voodoo,
So we're all in the pits
With huge deficits
Thanks to Ronnie's supply-siding crew.

RONNIE WALKER
DAVE HOFMEKLER

EROTIC NOTIONS

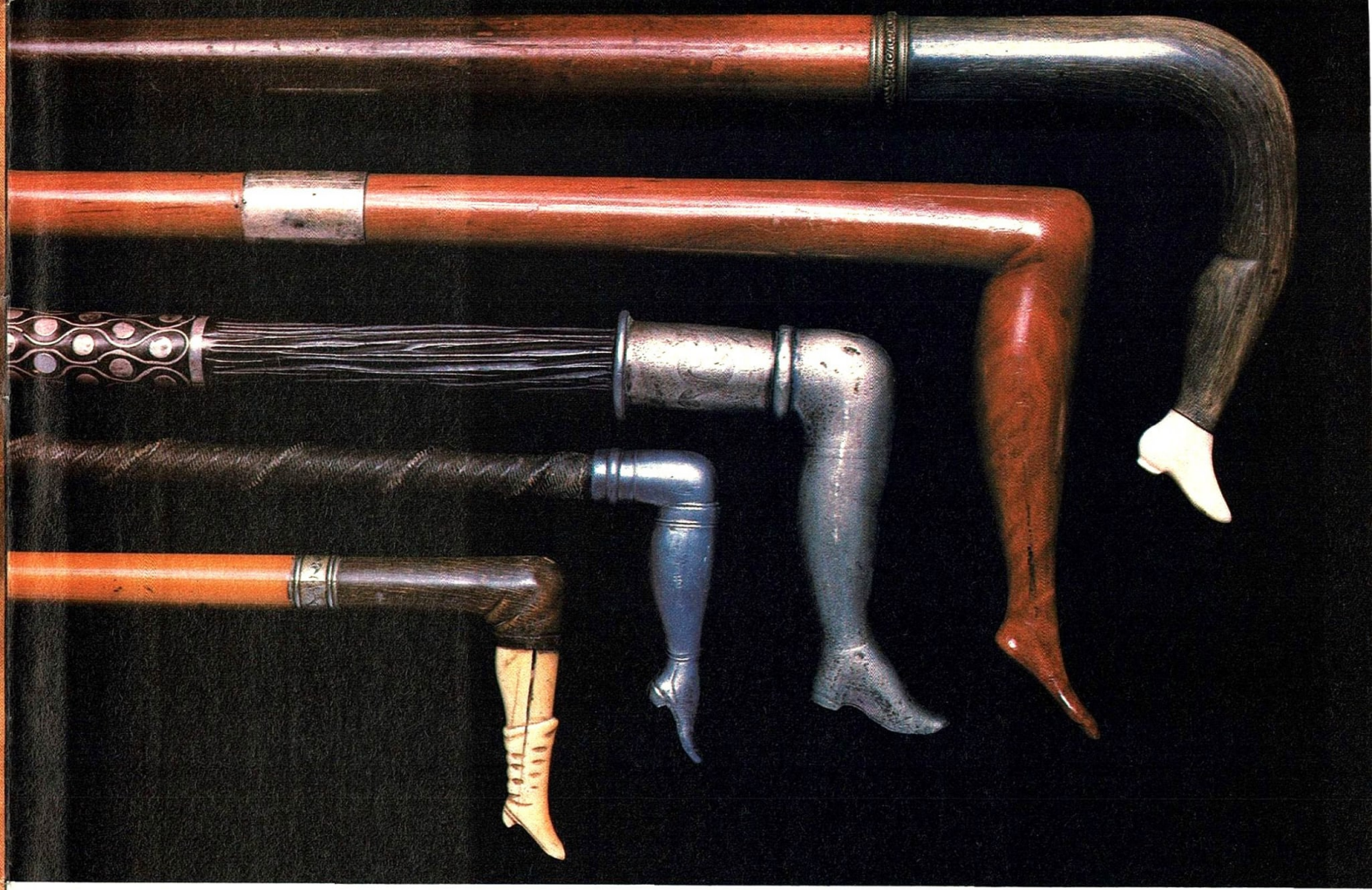


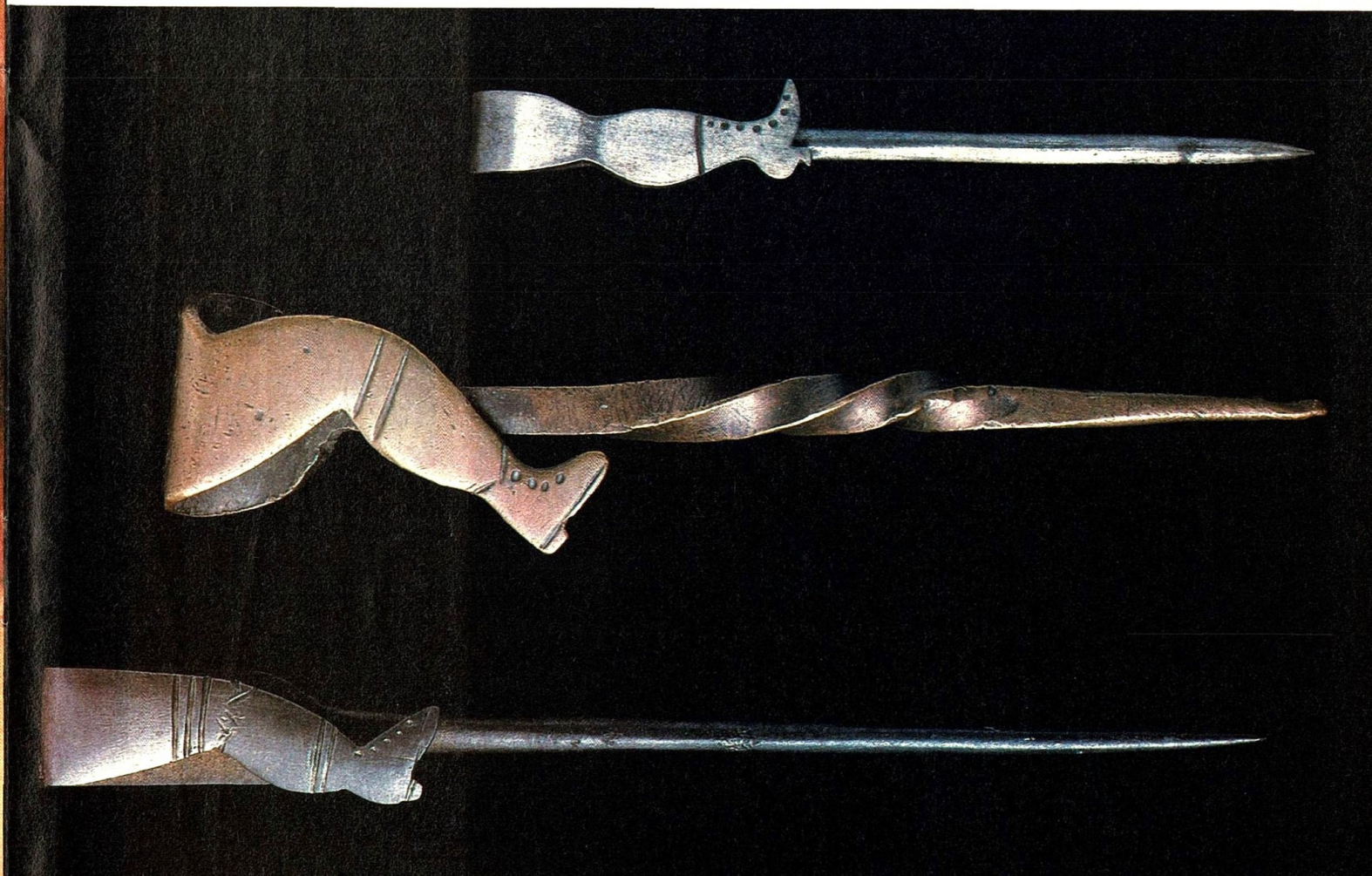
There seems to have been no object that the imaginations of our Victorian and Edwardian forefathers could not transform into an image of the female form. The magical, unseen limbs and secret, perfumed parts of the fair sex, which were concealed for so long beneath impenetrable floor-length layers of crinoline and muslin, were bared in whimsical effigy wherever the eyes of a worldly gentleman turned. No implement was too mundane, no tool or trinket too trifling to be turned into an erotic talisman, a symbolic evocation of the eternal feminine that, in Goethe's undying phrase, draws us up and on.

These bizarre and enchanting utensils, which allowed men to behold and to handle the adored female form in their everyday pursuits and routine tasks, were for the most part made in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Their intrepid collector, who wishes to remain anonymous, has garnered them over a period of years from various sources in England, the Continent, and the United States.

"I am interested," he says, "in obsessive art, in things that derive from compelling, sometimes subconscious, concerns. These objects are of that type. Their eroticism is secondary to their function, yet it magically invests them with power. An objective description of them could be: utilitarian objects that incorporate female anatomy in their designs."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MALCOLM KIRK





However one defines them, they surely are among the most intriguing artifacts of our erotic heritage. They give us our ancestors' world as it was, a place swarming with tiny angels and demons of lust, where nothing was quite so innocent, or so sinful, as it might at first glance seem to be.

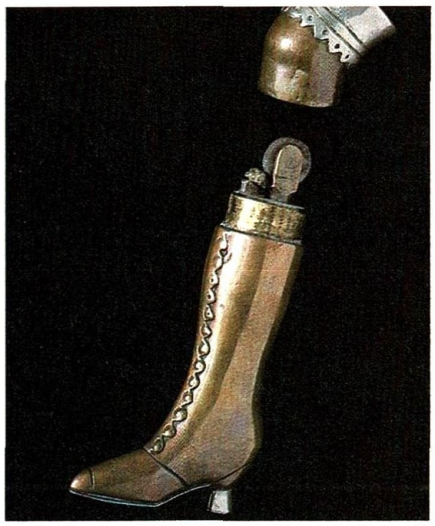
In the 1870s, British farriers and riders extracted stones from horses' hooves with leg-handled hoof-picks like the three seen here. Strapped to American horsemen's boots during the 1890s were spurs with rowels that spun on shapely little feminine legs.

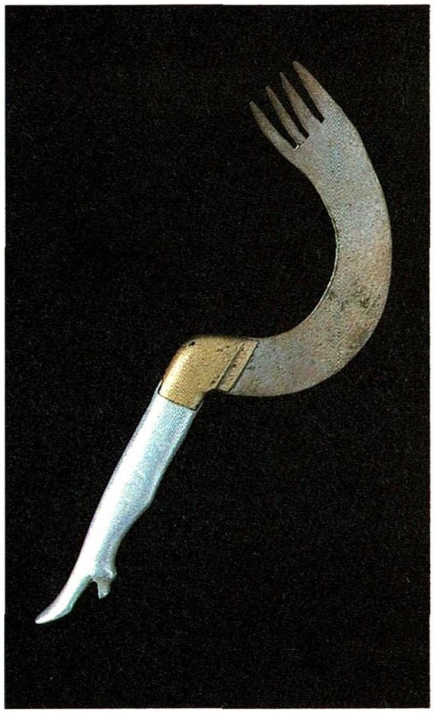
When setting out upon their evening constitutionals, certain men of style sported walking canes and swagger sticks with crooks like ladies' legs bent at the knee. The boots and shoes they wore had perhaps been put on with the assistance of leg-handled buttonhooks.

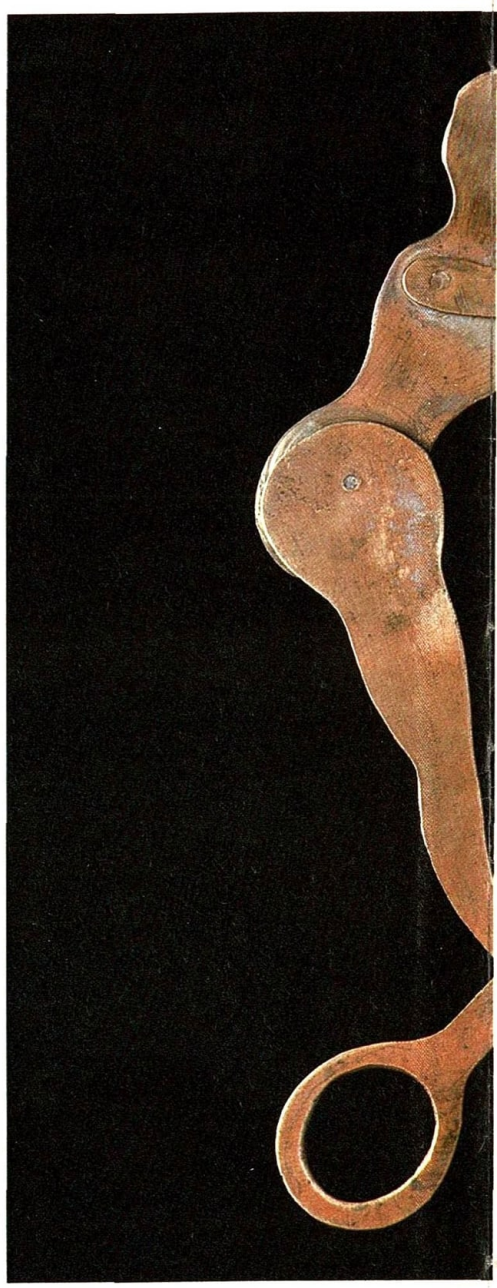
What well-groomed British gentleman of the 1840s would care to step out without his Picket, a combination toothpick and earwax scoop contrived in the likeness of a lady?

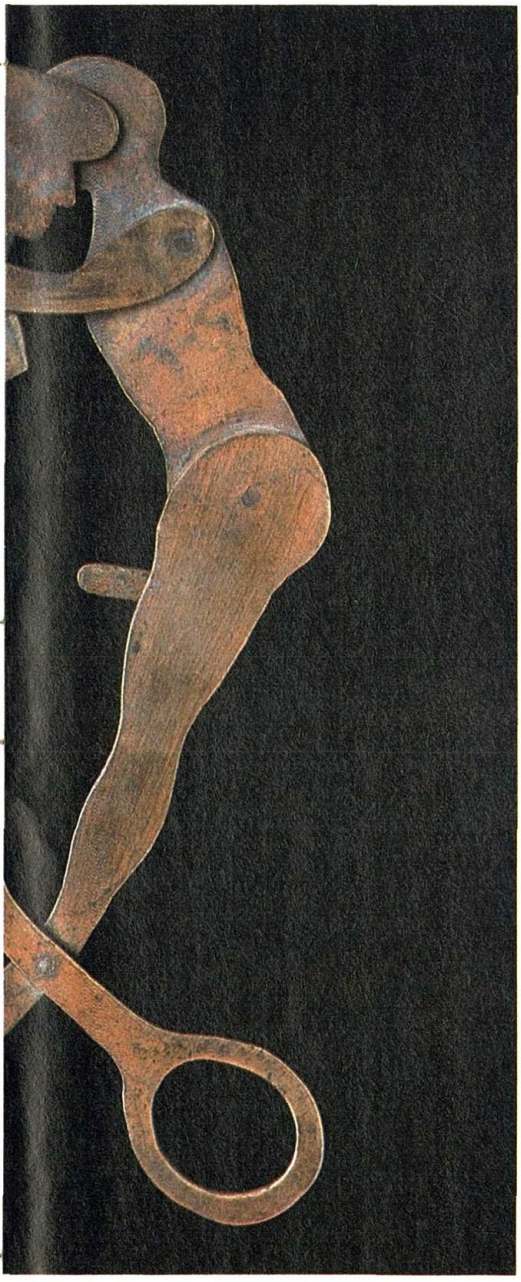
Later, around 1910, American men carried pocketknives constructed like stylish legs, their blades folding smoothly into handles curved like high-heeled, booted shins. Later still, around 1920, some of the young sheikhs this side of paradise might have been found parting their pomaded hair in the middle with celluloid combs molded into the comely shape of a kicking gam.

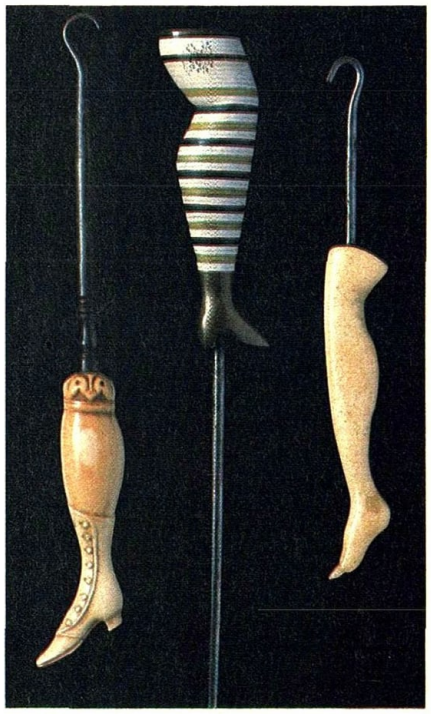
In the 1860s, when Sigmund Freud was still a tot, walnuts and such were busted open between the shapely brass legs of drolly symbolic nutcrackers. During the first decade of this century, billets-doux were slit by letter openers with bronze hafts cast like bound-and-bare-chested maidens. Caps were pried from bottles of sarsaparilla and cola by a variety of high-heeled bottle openers.

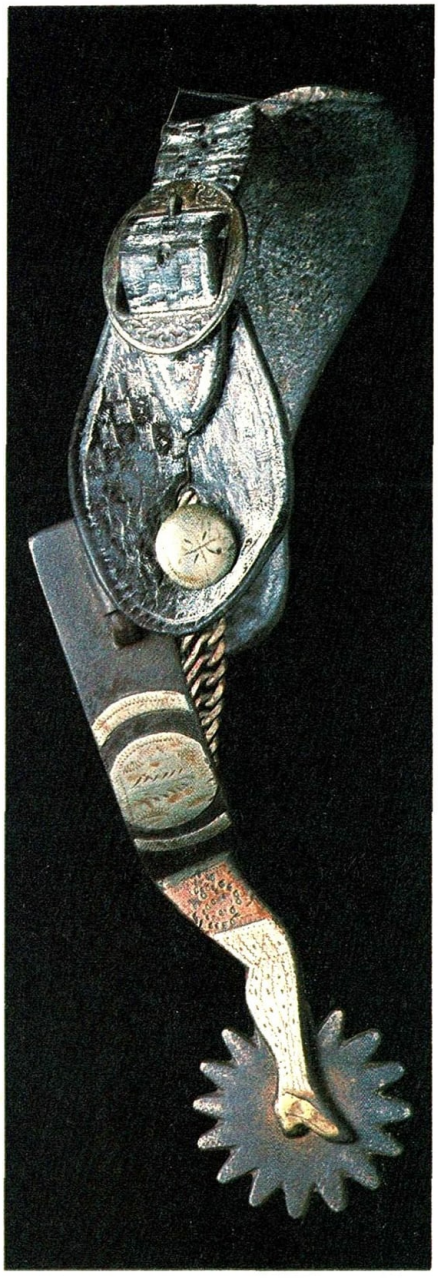


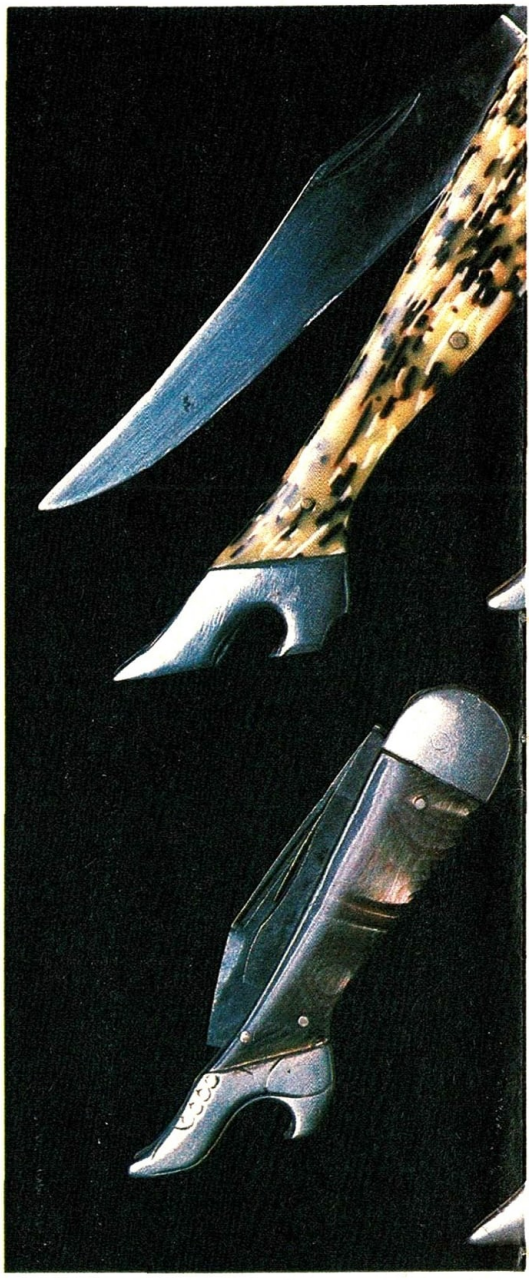


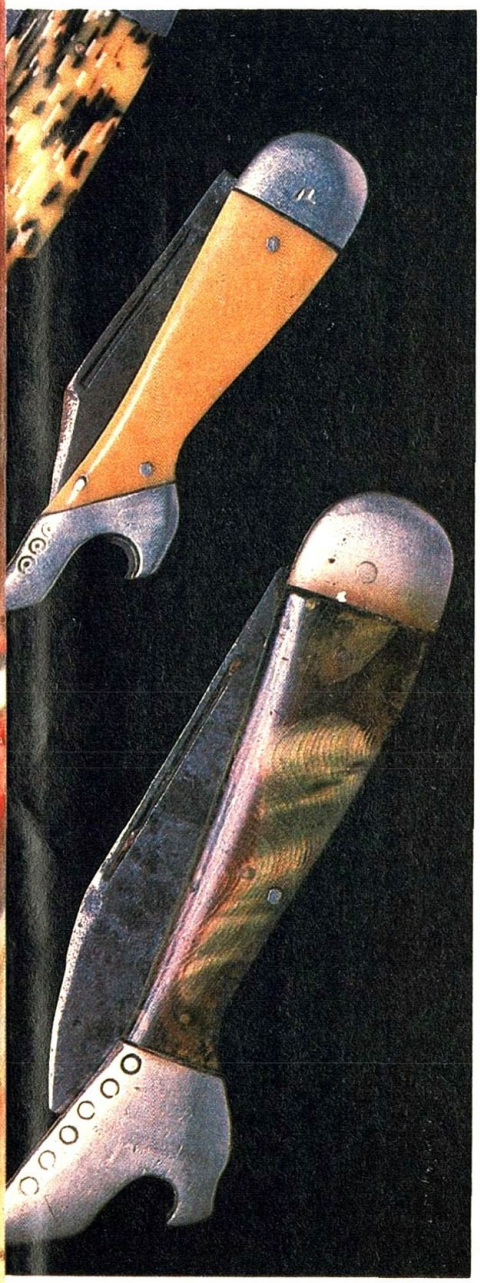


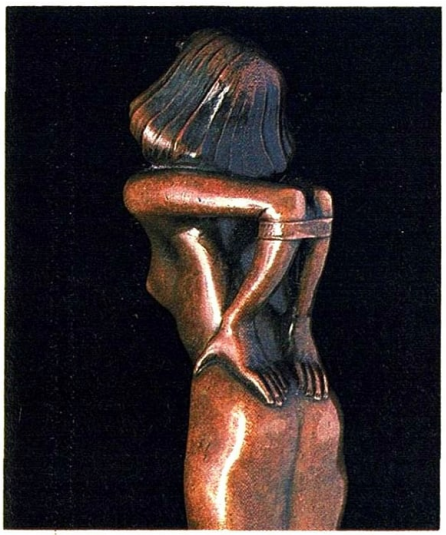


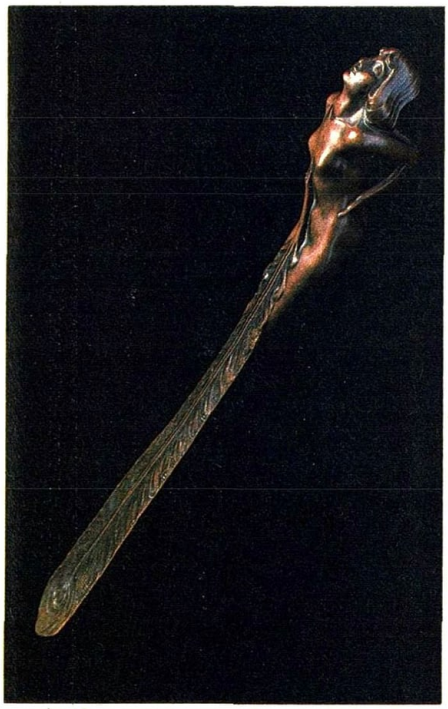












Many of the most striking notions pertained to the genteel pastime of smoking. About 1850, while Herman Melville was at work on *Moby-Dick*, the scrimshaw pipe tamper shown here was wrought from whalebone by an American sailor. A meerschaum pipe set from *fin de siècle* Vienna included a torso-shaped bowl and a pair of leg-shaped pipestems. One can picture its contented owner, sucking sweet smoke through its dainty toes while perusing the latest *Police Gazette*.

Suggestive cigar cutters came into manly vogue in the United States and abroad at the turn of the century. One of the models shown here—the pair of curvy legs joined at the knees—was advertised in 1900 under the name of the Coney Island Cigar Cutter. "The cutest novelty that has been put before the public for years. Youths, men, and boys, smokers and non-smokers, all will want one." It was gold plated and cost a nickel by mail. Of somewhat grander historical meaning is the boot-shaped lighter, a souvenir of the 1901 coronation of Edward VII.

A couple of the items here are beyond the realm of workaday whimsy. The four-tined, high-heeled, question-mark-shaped object is a combination knife and fork for use by a one-armed man—a product of American ingenuity, vintage 1920. As for the copulating scissorslike contraption, if this piece, circa 1890, ever served a purpose other than to amuse, that purpose is now as unknown to us as the name of the tinker who contrived it.

The forbidding trailing skirt that inspired these fantastic sundries has long been raised; women's legs are not the unseen mystery that they once were. Thank God for that. But nothing is won without something being lost; the things that men in these lush-leg days carry in their pockets and pass from hand to hand are, well, just things.—*Nick Tosches*

ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

the Department of Health and Human Services, its name changed to the Office of Community Services, and its work force slashed to about 55 people. But the agency is still spending $31 million in discretionary grants, and $317 million in funding for local community-action programs, which it is simply block-granting the states. Meanwhile, the office itself still has an administrative budget of $4.3 million a year to spend, including millions of dollars more in funds for public-service jobs and a rural-development loan program. And so, two years after it was "abolished," the agency, such as it was, still remained alive, a testament to the miracle of bureaucratic immortality.

Much, too, was written about the "elimination" of CETA, the Comprehensive Employment and Training Administration program within the Department of Labor, which has spent a stunning $58 billion since its inception, $24 billion of which was poured into public-service jobs around the country. A total of 32 million people participated in CETA, six million of whom were provided with temporary public-service employment. But CETA became one of the most scandal-ridden programs in the government, with its funds largely politicized by state-house and city-hall bosses who saw that their political cronies and supporters got a lot of the jobs.

While Reagan has phased out CETA as we knew it, in its place he has substituted another big, new, nearly $4 billion program called the Job Training Partnership Act, which went into existence October 1, 1983, needing, of course, another bureaucracy to run it. Instead of CETA's focus on make-work or dead-end public-service jobs, however, this program's emphasis is on job training, in cooperation with the private sector, through business-led advisory councils, shifting responsibility away from the federal government to state and local officials. In fact, 70 percent of its funds must go directly into employment training.

At its height in fiscal 1978, CETA was a $9.5 billion a year program. Though it was formally "eliminated" in September 1983 in a programmatic sense, it still had $3.6 billion left in its budget at the end of 1983, and most of its huge bureaucracy, both in Washington and out in the field, remained in place to take over running Reagan's equally ambitious substitute program. Yet, Congress rarely gets rid of any program entirely. Vestiges always remain. And in CETA's case, Congress quietly stuck $25 million for public-service jobs in its 1984 "emergency jobs" program for the Office of Community Services.

Early in 1983 David Stockman, director of the Office of Management and Budget, admitted that despite all of the brouhaha in the media over the "Reagan budget cuts," relatively little had actually been cut. He suggested that critics were so busy microscoping the budget that they were missing the larger and more relevant reality of how federal spending, especially social-welfare spending, had risen enormously in the last decade. Totally ignored was the fact that the administration had achieved only very modest reductions in budget growth.

Also overlooked in the midst of legitimate concern for the plight of the needy was the fact that Reagan's fiscal 1984 budget proposals contained one-half trillion dollars in nondefense spending, exclusive of interest. "In constant 1983 dollars that is down 4 percent from 1981, but it is 95 percent higher than in 1970," Stockman told the National Press Club on February 10, 1983. "A budget that spends nearly twice as much as in 1970 after adjusting for inflation can't be neglecting domestic welfare entirely," he said.

Ronald Reagan came charging into Washington with two big campaign promises in his saddlebags: the dismantlement of the Department of Education and the Department of Energy. The promises never went anywhere because of Congress's resistance to eliminating anything it creates. But they also failed because the White House, and the men Reagan chose to head these two nebulous departments, neither aggressively nor imaginatively championed and pursued their dissolution. As noted above, the budgets of these two relatively newer Cabinet departments have suffered no diminution under Reagan and have, if anything, enjoyed slight dollar increases. The administration argues it did not have the votes in Congress to make good on either of these promises. Yet, even if one were to buy that argument, which I do not entirely, Reagan still had the power of the veto, and by using it he could have forced significant reductions in each department's expenditures and thus their activities. Yet, for whatever reason, he chose not to vigorously exercise presidential power and leadership to achieve goals he set forth in his campaign and on which he was, after all, elected.

> A strange psychology appears to have taken place in which it is argued that the deficit is so huge anyway, what's a few million dollars more?

Despite all of my misgivings, however, the Reagan administration has been several notches above any administration in recent memory in many significant respects. Reagan has kept the focus on the need for spending restraint, and thus has changed the entire domestic-policy debate in Washington to one of limiting the growth of government. While only a few years ago lawmakers were coming forward with ambitious plans for new spending, now the only serious discussion in Washington's legislative and executive branch councils is over how much that growth should be limited.

Without question, however, the shining centerpiece of Ronald Reagan's administration has clearly been his three-year reduction of the personal-income-tax rates, which rescued the economy from its precipitous decline to near-depression levels and proved so many of the economic soothsayers, doomsayers, pundits, and big spenders wrong. As the tax-reduction plan moved through Congress, Democratic lawmakers—and the voodoo economists they most listen to—predicted that cuts in the marginal tax rates would spur inflation, sharply aggravate interest rates, and lead to higher unemployment. In each case, they were wrong.

To be sure, inflation, even at its much more modest levels under Reagan, continued to push taxpayers into higher tax brackets, and social-security taxes continued to rise significantly, virtually canceling out the tax cuts for many taxpayers. Nevertheless, it certainly can be argued that the president's unprecedented tax-rate reductions gave America's beleaguered taxpayers, and the economy, significant relief from the much more oppressive levels of taxation that they would have paid had no tax cuts been passed at all.

Nevertheless, Reagan's overall record remains a mixed one on national domestic policies. He has gone further than any president in recent times in seeking to limit the incredible rate of government growth, and for that he is to be applauded and supported. At the same time, he has seen even his relatively modest budget limitations and his attempts to more narrowly focus social-welfare programs on the truly needy, maligned as Draconian and lacking compassion. That such modest reductions can trigger such an outpouring of bitterly exaggerated rhetoric serves to illustrate how severely bloated and excessive federal expenditures have become in a broad range of public programs.

Sadly, Reagan's bold attack on the federal bureaucracy in 1981 has been followed by a long reign of fiscal timidity, one that deeply underestimates the willingness of the American people to cleanse a government that remains over-budgeted, overemployed, overextended, and overinvolved in a range of activities in which it has no business. The federal government remains as obese as ever. The task ahead for Reagan, or whoever comes after him, is not to just limit, but to actually roll back the size of government.

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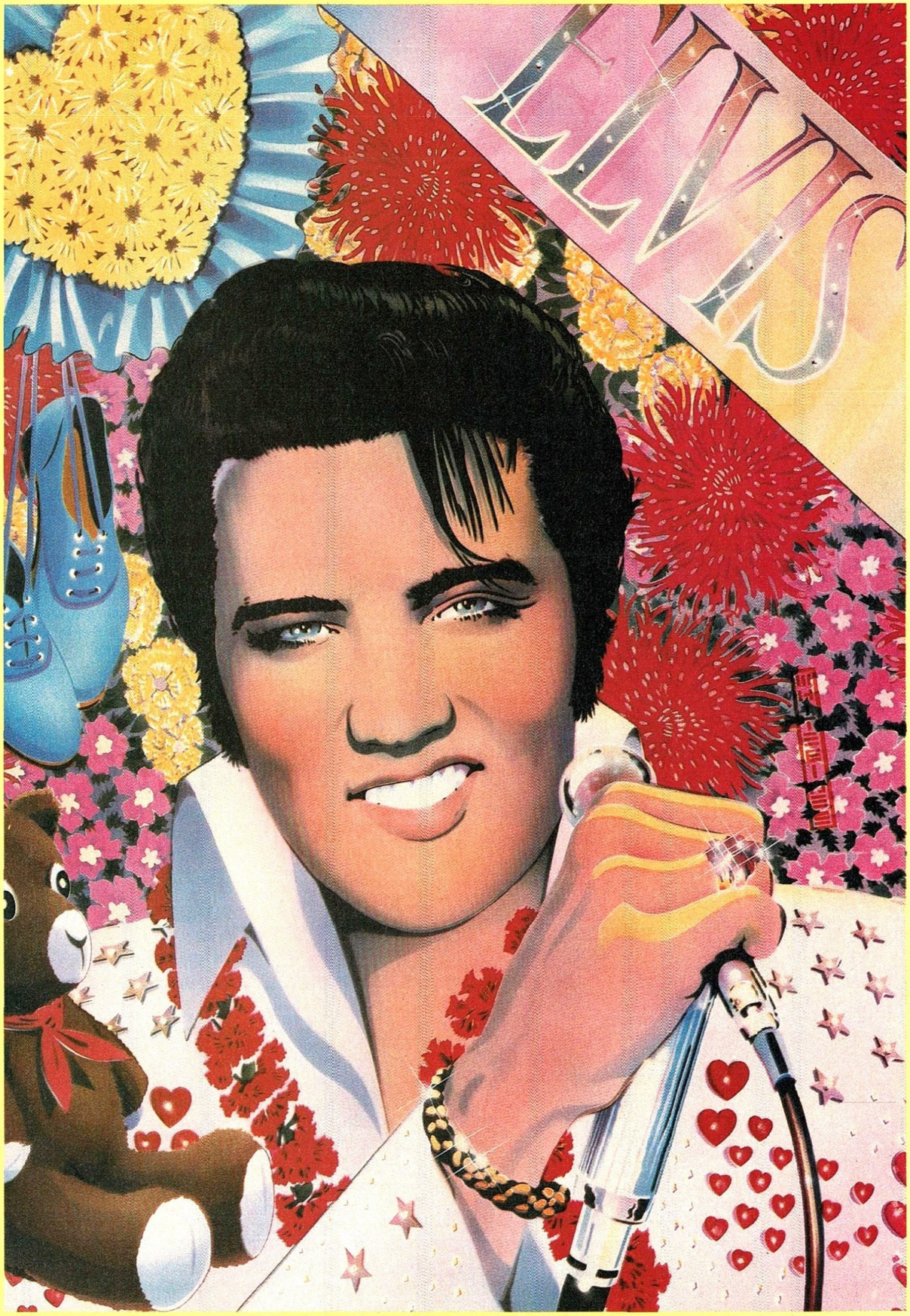

ELVIS

If Byron were only given
a chance, the King of Rock 'n' Roll
would never die.

STARK RAVING ELVIS

FICTION BY WILLIAM MC CRANOR HENDERSON

Byron "Blue Suede" Bluford—soon to be Prince Byron, heir to the throne of rock and roll—was virtually reborn at the Elks Club Talent Assembly, Portland High School, spring 1958.

Byron stepped onstage (with a push from his buddy Fat Larry McCann) and scowled into the darkness. Even with stage fright, something in his face—a manfulness, a dark full-lipped sensuality—hushed the crowd, made them wait for him. In front of the lights, he seemed to loosen up. Almost casually he ambled to the center of the stage and raked a comb through his hair. His muscular coolness drew whistles and catcalls of admiration. Then the music started. He grabbed the mike and belted out "Hound Dog" with all the trademarks—Elvis's withering grin, blistering eyes, rubbery legs, and swiveling, humping pelvis—in a voice that seemed to be stolen right off the record. This was no joke. With a band be-

PAINTING BY KIM WHITESIDES

hind him, Byron was a man dancing on a thousand volts. The crowd stomped and cheered so hard the teachers had to cut the whole thing short and send everyone back to homeroom.

Only much later did Byron realize that if he had just been born in the right place, at exactly the right instant, there was no doubt that *he* would have been Elvis Presley. Long after the talent assembly was nothing but fodder for old yearbook memories; after America had reeled through assassinations and discovered dope, counterculture, and the war in Asia; after Byron had toughened into a thirtyish factory worker with long hair, a softball cap that said BYRON, and a wardrobe of T-shirts with Elvis's face on the front—he still clung to the memory of how the King's power had flowed to him that day in 1958. He couldn't get over it—that one searing instant of glory, because he stood on a stage for three minutes and did what Elvis Presley did.

Yet how the hell could you make a life out of being Elvis? What could you do with it that wasn't just a gag? After high school, as real life crept over him like a mist, each major encounter—with the wife he married young and divorced quick, with the mother he couldn't satisfy, with the future he seemed to drown in—each dim milestone brought it up all over again. As long as he continued to exist without a life that made any sense, the question wouldn't give way, wouldn't crack. Without the answer to it, Byron Bluford was nothing. And because he lived without an answer, he hardly considered it a life. It was something else. Time spent killing time. Watching himself go nowhere.

Eighteen years later, the answer came—from the King himself.

Byron met Elvis Aaron Presley face-to-face in the summer of 1976, at a Boston Garden concert. A distant cousin of Larry McCann's was working for Elvis as one of the black belts on his security crew. He ushered Byron through the cavernous back corridors of the Garden and slipped him into Elvis's dressing room. It was full of pre-show hangers-on. The air was heavy with the smell of sweat. Byron suddenly felt sick—a jangling in his head, a taste of metal in his mouth. The thought of backing out flickered through his mind, but the door had been locked behind him.

The area where Elvis sat glowed as if lit by a spotlight. Elvis looked puffy and tired, in a bulging white jumpsuit with gold-and-blue trim. His face was dripping with sweat, and his eyes had a dull polyurethane glaze. A gun was strapped around his paunch.

"C'mon over here, son," he said.

Byron steered himself into the light and shook hands with the King.

"Y'know. Somebody's been trying to kill me," Elvis said in a soft monotone. "I thought for half a second that person was gonna be you."

Byron laughed uncomfortably and shoved his hands in his pockets. He couldn't look Elvis in the eye.

"Nah, not me, man."

"You carry a gun?"

"Nah."

"Y'ought to. This ain't a world for gentle people. I got a damn Browning automatic rifle."

Then somebody took Byron by the arm and moved him gently toward the door.

"Stop right there," said Elvis suddenly. He stared oddly at Byron from across the room and then removed the .22 Savage revolver from his bulging waist—belt, holster, and all. He folded it and held it out to Byron.

"T.C.B., my friend," he said, with a nod. TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS, read the belt. T.C.B. was tooled all over it, with lightning bolts in ornate clusters.

And then Byron found himself out in the hall, cradling the cold weight of Elvis's own gun in his hands.

T.C.B. There had been something uncanny, a special tone in the way Elvis had said it. A glint of recognition had gone back and forth between them. It struck Byron that this was more than just a casual exchange. Something enormous had happened here. Elvis had given him a secret message and it clearly said: I am surrounded by assholes, but, brother, I know you and you know me. We know each other in a secret way. We are fated.

Elvis had given him a secret message and it clearly said: I am surrounded by assholes but, brother, we know each other in a secret way. We are fated.

It was if he had said: You've got to finish it for me, man. I'm too far gone to be what I was. Go out and do it! Byron had seen it in that look as clearly as if it had been written across Elvis's face in magic marker. In that moment, Byron understood. It was like a picture in his mind: Elvis, weakened; Prince Byron, strong and ready, standing over the suffering King, receiving his potency, the full force of his earthly mission. And then, if there had been any doubts, Elvis had silenced them by passing on his gun, in front of those gobbling turkeys who surrounded him. There was the final answer: Byron would be King; it was only a matter of time. Amen.

Now, one year later, Byron had a plan and a message for Elvis. No more waiting.

T.R.'s was a club in South Portland less than a mile from Byron's assembly-line job—which gave Byron the home-court advantage. The club had been around for years, but recently T.R. "Bob" Hogan, a Buick dealer, had bought the place and tried to elevate the clientele by offering live rock on weekends. Mondays were Hogan's "Hoot Nights," a chance for amateurs to step up and do a number or two with the house band.

Tonight, for the fourth Monday in a row, Byron and Larry pulled into T.R.'s parking lot. Byron stepped gingerly across the parking lot gravel so as not to dirty his blue-suede shoes. He was wearing pink slacks and a shiny purple fifties-style early-Elvis sport jacket. At the door he stopped for a moment and took several deliberate breaths. When he turned around the transformation Larry saw was like a makeup job: The cheekbones were higher, bonier; the smile more crooked and dazzling; the eyes glowing in their sockets. Even though his hair still hung almost to his shoulders, Byron Bluford seemed to be gone. Elvis was there.

Onstage was a nervous-looking girl who couldn't have been more than nineteen. She was picking away at her guitar and trying to cut through the din. Every so often she tossed her head to clear the thick chestnut-brown mop out of her eyes. Byron stopped dead. Something about her froze him in his tracks. He watched her intently until she couldn't avoid his eyes any longer. With a blush she let her gaze lock into his, then she looked straight through him and kept on singing.

"Can't sing, but what a beauty!" Byron said to Larry, throwing some nuts into his mouth.

The girl finished up, to a smattering of applause, and had squeezed in beside a couple of pouty-looking friends at a table near the stage. Her large, dark eyes occasionally glanced back at Byron, coolly, as if she were just scanning the room. She was unusual and she was doing something unusual to him.

He had to tear himself away, just to get up onstage and do his weekly "Hound Dog" routine. The crowd, as usual, came alive for him, howling and sloshing their beer, but tonight Byron had the girl on his mind. By the time he had finished taking his bows and worked his way through the crowd, she had gone.

"This is it, boys! This is what we been waitin' to see, right?"

Byron zigzagged back and forth among the vending machines, gesturing with a ham sandwich as he raved. Larry and Ronnie Spaulding and a scattering of other guys were lounging around on lunch break.

"What? What is it?" demanded Ronnie.

Crumbs sprayed from Larry's mouth. "An exclusive audition, you numskull!"

"Personally offered," Byron puffed. "T.R. Hogan called me up at home!"

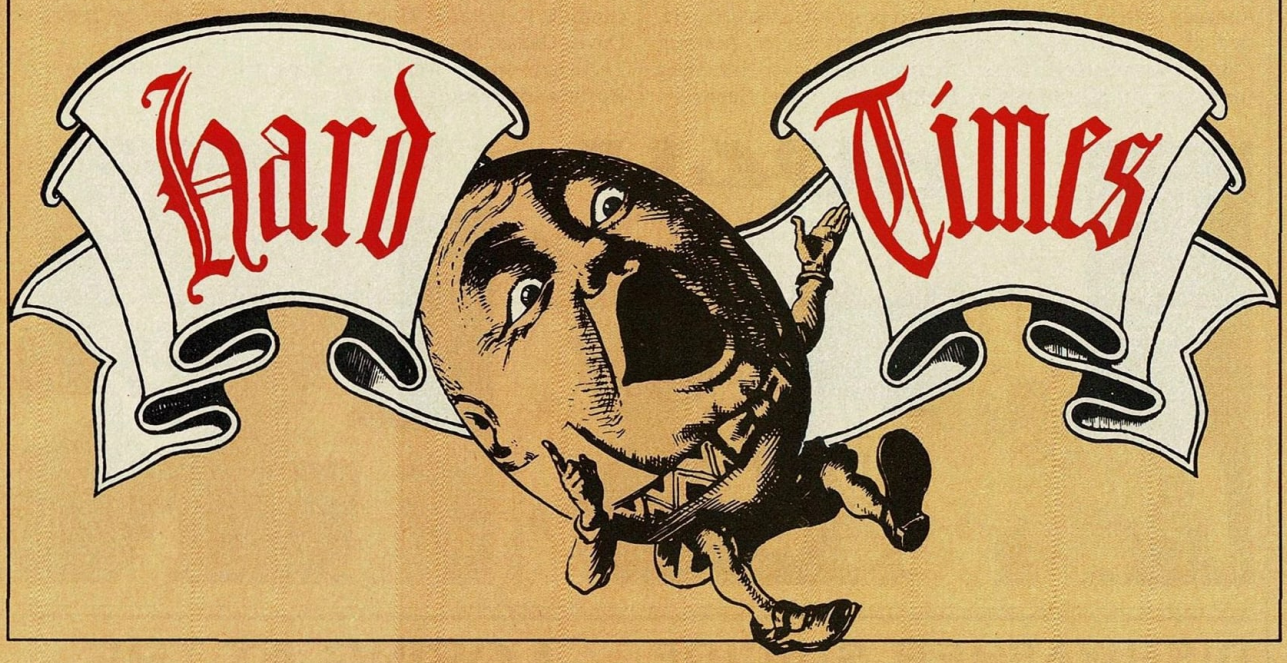
Ronnie's mouth cracked open as he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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REDS TO MICHAEL: BEAT IT!

Moscow (UPI)—The Kremlin has denounced Michael Jackson as a singer who has sold his black soul for white profit and is serving the Reagan administration by keeping the American public's mind off the country's problems.

"The great show-biz swindle known as 'the Thriller' has given rise to a kind of euphoria," the official cultural newspaper, *Sovetskaya Kultura,* said in its weekend issue.

The article said: "The attention of Americans today is riveted to that long-awaited wonder. Millions of teenagers talk only about Jackson—about his songs, his income, his clothes."

Most Russians, however, have no idea who Jackson is, because his music is banned in the Soviet Union.

The article accused Mr. Jackson of mesmerizing Americans and keeping them from thinking about political topics, such as violence in Miami and Lebanon, that would make the White House uncomfortable.

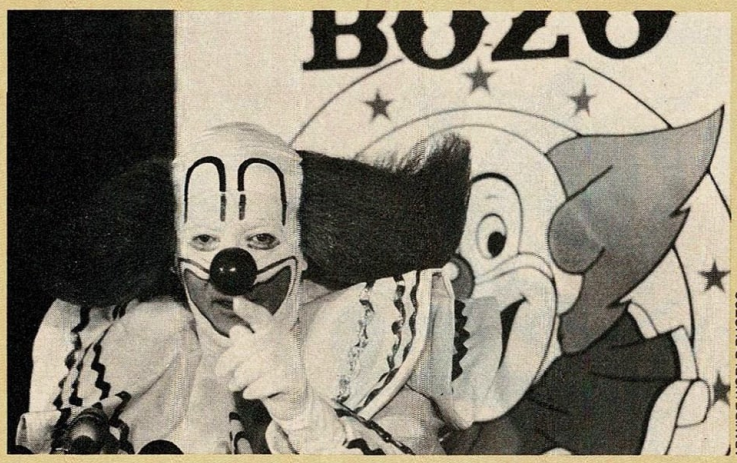
The newspaper said that unlike jazz, blues, punk, or new-wave rock, Mr. Jackson's music was unoriginal and "characteristic of that ill-famed life-style which the U.S.A. is trying to foist on the world." (*New York Times*)

Soviet music criticism is obviously on a par with Soviet political commentary.—Editor

A CLOWNING TOUCH

Larry Harmon, creator of Bozo the Clown, threw his hat [wig?] into the presidential contest. He claims that Bozo is a household name and has experience in politics: He was chosen by John F. Kennedy to help launch the Head Start program in the early sixties. (*Merced Sun-Star*—submitted by Jeff Miller, Atwater, Calif.) And in Garland, Texas, "Squirrely the Klown" is running for mayor. "I plan to win by looking silly," said Squirrely. "Most people who talk to politicians get the feeling that they're just standing there looking for someone more prominent to talk to." Squirrely has already invested $500 of his own money in his candidacy. (*Dallas Times Herald*)—submitted by Howard Davis, Dallas, Tex.

These guys are just what we need after four years with the star of Bedtime for Bonzo.*—Editor*



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

BARRON LUDLUM

DISHWASHER SUICIDE

A young woman was found dead inside her dishwasher, and police officers in Berkeley, California, said they believe she committed suicide. Her body was found by her mother.

Police said the dishwasher's interior trays were neatly stacked, along with her personal effects, next to the machine. The top-loading machine was activated automatically, after the door was closed. (New York *Daily News*)

At least no one had to clean up after her.—Editor

GERM WARFARE WITH BEE SHIT

The discovery that wild honeybees make "massive defecation flights" in Southeast Asia helps prove that "yellow rain" is actually bee droppings, not chemical warfare, according to a Harvard biologist.

The United States has charged that Soviet-made chemical weapons have caused at least 10,000 deaths in Laos, Cambodia, and Afghanistan.

The chemicals are alleged to be fungal toxins called "trichothecenes," and they are known as yellow rain because of their color. Chemical warfare is banned by international treaties, and the Soviets have denied the charges.

Professor Matthew Meselson led a team of scientists to Thailand, where he said they were bombarded with excrement from thousands of bees flying overhead.

"We think it is a mistake to identify yellow rain as an agent of chemical warfare," he said at a news conference. "It is, in fact, the feces of bees."

He first proposed the bee theory last May after discovering that samples of yellow rain contained pollen, which bees collect. However, his assertion has been widely criticized by the State Department and other scientists. (*The Sacramento Bee*)—submitted by Leslie Okumura)

It sounds like a lot of shit to us, also.—Editor

LOSING AT THE DATING GAME

Beth Skinner thought she had a pretty good idea: "The Ugly Duckling Dating Service. For the not-so-beautiful people." Skinner got the idea when she saw a woman from a dating service on TV. "She said they absolutely refused to take applications from overweight people. She said it was impossible to get them dates." Skinner's ad for her dating service brought in 17 calls from men and three from women—an unequivocal flop. "The three women all wanted men that danced but none of the guys could dance." Skinner's hopes of making extra money by charging $5 a match were crushed. Some of the men tried to get her to go out with them. "Obviously, I couldn't go out with them if I was trying to match them up. Besides, I'd be out $5." (*Philadelphia Daily News*—submitted by Ken McNulty, Phoenixville, Pa.)

Beth's next project will be dance lessons for ugly men.—Editor

SAM PSORAS

THANK-YOU NOTES WE HOPE WE NEVER GET

John Gosson admits that it was his own fault $7,500 in cash blew out of his pocket as he was riding his motorcycle in Syracuse, New York. After retrieving only about half of the money, he advertised his loss and pleaded for the finder to return the rest of it. Instead, Gosson received a postcard from San Francisco that read: "John, weather's great. It took me a while to find out who to thank for this great vacation. It was like seventh heaven picking up and gathering money on the highway, which, as I found out, was from you. Anyway, thanks again, having a great time." Gosson's irked: "Who needs the aggravation?" (*Muskegon Chronicle*—submitted by Robert Christiansen, N. Muskegan, Mich.)

At least the postcard didn't come postage due.—Editor

MISS WYOMING MYSTERY

Salt Lake City—A former Miss Wyoming failed to show up for arraignment on charges of harassing a former Mormon missionary whom she was accused of raping seven years ago in England. Her lawyer said Joyce McKinney, 29, was only trying to get information for a book or movie on her unrequited love. The attorney entered a plea of "extremely not guilty." He said he did not know where his client was. (New York *Daily News*)

She's probably in the missionary position.—Editor

WILL THE REAL FATHER PLEASE STAND UP?

Rita Milla is suing the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Los Angeles for $21 million and is asking the court to determine which of two priests is the father of her child. Rita claims that she had sex with seven of the priests, who urged her to have an abortion when she became pregnant. At that point, Rita, who had wanted to become a nun, "lost faith in the church," the suit says. The two priests named as probable fathers of her child both had sex with her in the rectory of the church on the same day. (*San Francisco Chronicle*—submitted by Richard Harlan, Los Altos, Calif.)

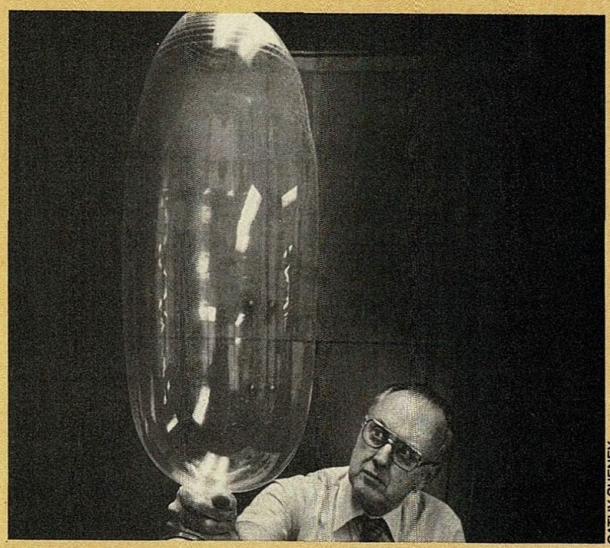
Things just haven't been the same since Vatican II.—Editor

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

CONDOM-CONTROL COMMISSION

Oregon is one state that's not jumping on the deregulation bandwagon. For two months out of every year, the Oregon State Board of Pharmacy tests rubbers. To be approved, a condom must pass both a water test, where it is filled with 600 milliliters of water and rolled back and forth on a blotter to test for leakage, and an air test. Many condoms don't survive the air test: "You can sure hear them when they burst," says one tester. "Look up sometimes, and you'll see little bits of 'em clinging to the ceiling." The director of the state pharmacy board says, "Oregon is kind of the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval for condoms in this country." (*Willamette Weekly*—submitted by J. F. Fisher, Portland, Oreg.)

Why isn't the motto "The Safe Rubber State" on Oregon license plates?—Editor



CATHY CHENEY

HIS MASTER'S THUMB

Dr. Tristan Stonger, a Helena, Montana, surgeon, successfully reconnected a man's severed fingers, even the thumb, which his patient's dog had eaten. The man had cut off all the fingers of his right hand while using a radial saw. "The fingers fell on the floor. The dog, it was a springer spaniel, ate the thumb," said the doctor. "It was probably in the dog's stomach about 20 minutes." The dog was forced to throw up in order to recover the thumb. (*Boseman Daily Chronicle*—submitted by Wendell Morrill, Boseman, Mont.)

That's why they say "It's a dog's life."—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

This survey will give you
a chance to share your feelings and experiences,
or both, about sex in the office.

PENTHOUSE QUESTIONNAIRE

SCREWING AROUND AT WORK

BY BRIGITTE NIOCHE

Does it really happen to any significant degree? How frequent and widespread is it? Who does it and why? What are the pleasures—and the pitfalls?

Since the day women were accepted in the business world, sexual relationships between coworkers have existed. And with more and more women joining the work force, the problem (or delight) of working with the opposite sex will certainly not diminish, it will increase. A rather normal and healthy occurrence, if you think about it. After all, if women and men who spend hours and hours together—which is what work forces us to do—were never tempted by or attracted to anyone, they would not be human.

However, these relationships and adventures are difficult to handle, which is the reason we hear and read so much about them today. Self-help material, with appropriate titles such as "Love in the Office," "Love and Managers," "Sex at Work," abounds. We are told how to handle affairs at work, whether to avoid or enjoy them. But what is said and reported never seems to clarify who starts these relationships and why. And when there is an attempt at clarification, it is often a biased one that points to men as the aggressors.

Well, I have never heard of anyone having an affair by himself. So who are the men having the affairs with? Why do they pick women at work? How willing are these women?

The following survey has been developed to give you a chance to tell us how you feel about this subject and what your personal experiences (if any) have been. And while these questions are obviously directed toward men, I heartily welcome hearing from women readers of *Penthouse* as well.

From the results, to be published in a later issue of *Penthouse,* you will learn how unique, or different, you are. You will find out how others have coped with the problems and joys of an office romance, and how easy or difficult it is to have an affair.

Please send your (anonymous) responses to: Brigitte Nioche, 201 West 70th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Age: 21–30 31–40 41–50 51–60 60 and over

Marital status:

Job description:

City and state:

Number of employees in your company:
- 1–25
- 26–100
- 101–500
- 501–2,000
- Over 2,000

1. Have you ever made love with (circle one):
   - A superior
   - A coworker
   - A subordinate
   - Your secretary
   - Your boss
2. Why did you pick someone at work?
   - Convenience
   - Opportunity
   - Love
   - Sex
   - Ego
   - Other
3. When do you do it?
   - During working hours (e.g., lunch break)
   - Before or after work
   - On weekends
   - During a business trip
   - Other
4. Where do you do it?
   - On the work premises
   - In a hotel or motel
   - Her place
   - Your place
   - Other
5. How frequently do you meet?
   - Once a week
   - More than once a week
   - Once a month
   - More than once a month
   - Other
6. How many affairs have you had so far? _____
7. How many were a one-time occurrence? _____ or became an affair? _____
8. If you did have an affair(s), how long did it last? _____
9. In an affair, do you care if the woman is married? Yes _____ No _____
10. How did you make your first move?
    - Eyeing her up and down
    - Making sexual remarks or jokes
    - Cheek-kissing
    - Touching or patting
    - Asking her out on a date
    - Other
11. How long before she accepted?
    - Right away
    - A week
    - A month
    - Two to three months
    - Longer
    - Other
12. Did you use the clout of your position to influence her?
    Yes _____ No _____
    How? _____
13. Have you ever been refused?
    Yes _____ No _____
    How?
    - Politely
    - Jokingly
    - Rudely
14. Does resistance or rejection make you more determined?
    Yes _____ No _____
15. Why do you think women have affairs at work?
    - Career improvement
    - Fun
    - Sex
    - Love
    - Other
16. Do you think women provoke men by the way they:
    - Dress
    - Talk
    - Behave
    - All of the above
    - Other
17. Do you feel they do it:
    - On purpose
    - Unknowingly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 208

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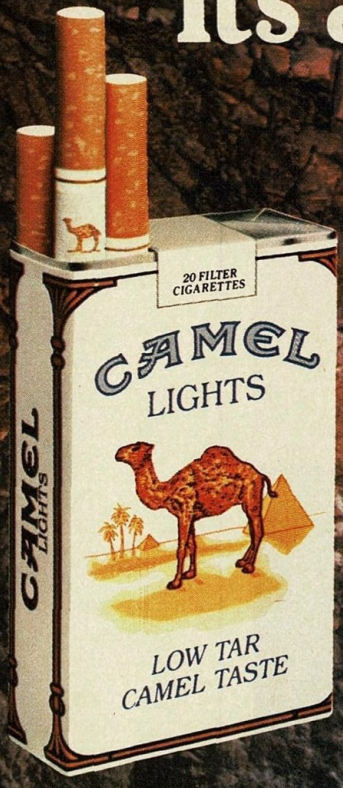
CAMEL LIGHTS

It's a whole new world.



Today's Camel Lights, unexpectedly mild.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

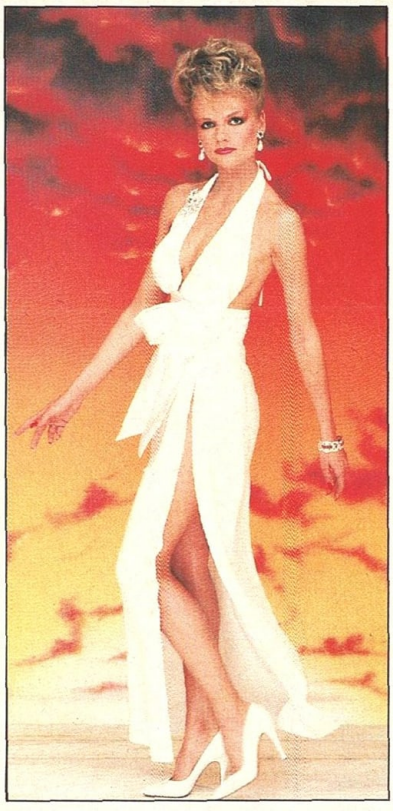
INTERNATIONAL

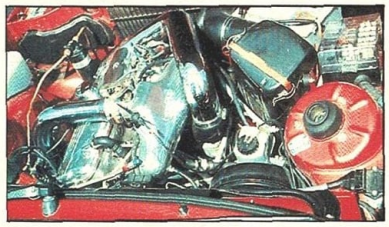
Pet of the Year

What becomes of a Danish beauty who is eloquent and diversely talented? In this unprecedented case she becomes a millionairess overnight. Jeanette Starion, recently crowned the first $1,000,000 International Pet of the Year, dynamically competed against 27 other extraordinary women. Jeanette claims: "Nothing compares with the thrill of winning the *Penthouse* title." After viewing her array of extravagant gifts, we're sure you'll understand what she means!

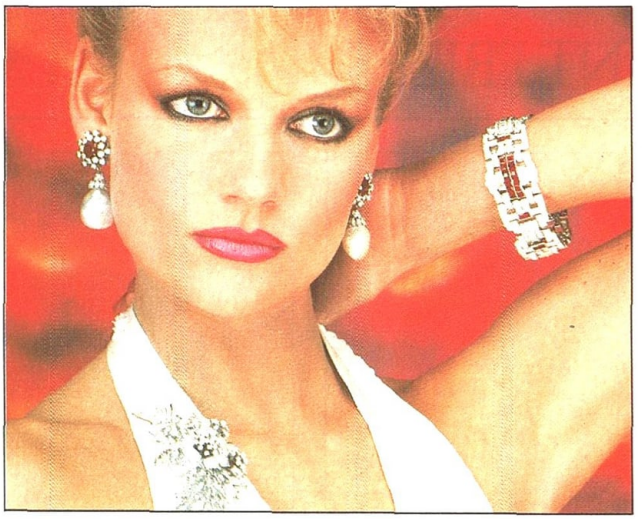
(Above) Tasteful and ready to roll are the BERTONE X1/9 (front) and the PININFARINA Azzurra. (Right) A MITSUBISHI Starion for a STARion, turbo-age technology in a high-performance sports car.

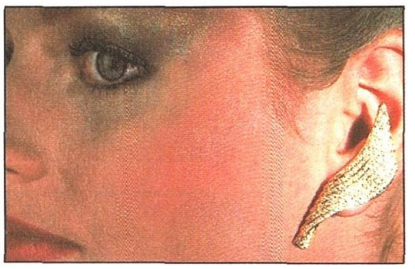
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEE MC ELFRESH

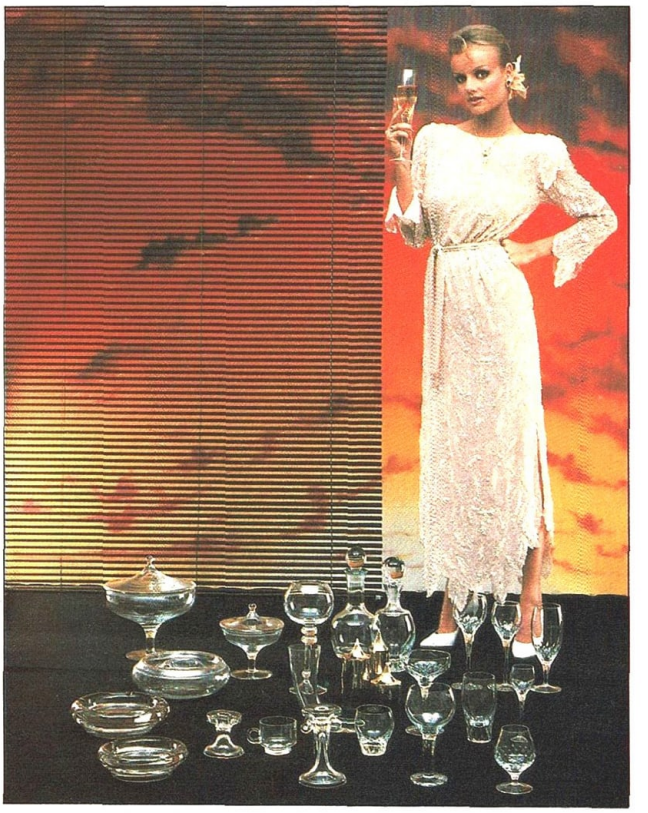


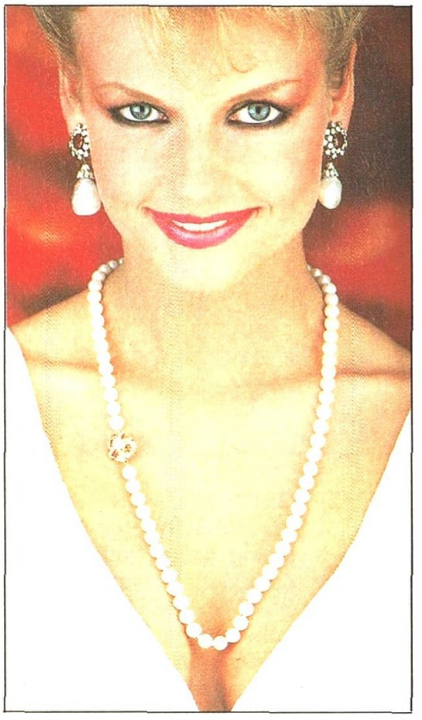


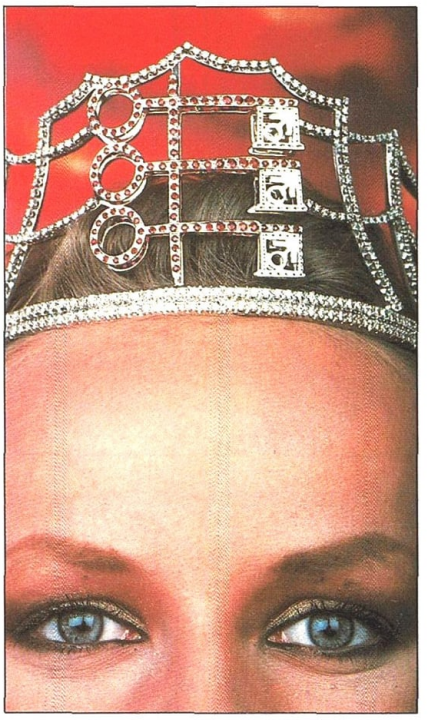
(Top row) This full-length Russian-sable coat is by PIERRE BALMAIN for POLOGEORGIS FURS of New York. It features a roll collar, horizontal sleeves, and padded shoulders. On the move with VENTURA TRAVELWARE and a complete wardrobe from ARTHUR CHAPNICK. It's an easy ride with the Honda Elite scooter from AMERICAN HONDA MOTORCYCLES and an array of sunglasses by PORSCHE CARRERA. Outfits by STYLE AUTO. Dressed to kill in a gown exclusively designed by OLEG CASSINI. (Bottom row) From PANASONIC a video recorder and a luxurious wardrobe from GIL FERRER designed by ROCA. Also, one-year hair and makeup care from GIL FERRER and a Turbo charger from B.A.E. TURBO SYSTEMS, INC., which turns any car into a performance machine. A lifetime of concert-hall-quality sound with this HARMON KARDON stereo system consisting of 24 separate units. In addition to the bounty of gifts above, she wins two weekends for two at GURNEY'S INN, Montauk, New York; dinner for two once a month for a year at LA CAMELIA RESTAURANT; a movie role in *Body Rock,* produced by NEW WORLD PRODUCTIONS; and a generous cash gift from Bob Guccione, publisher of *Penthouse.*

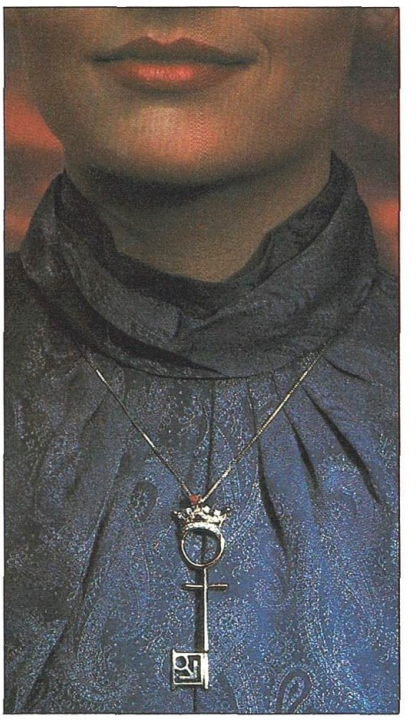






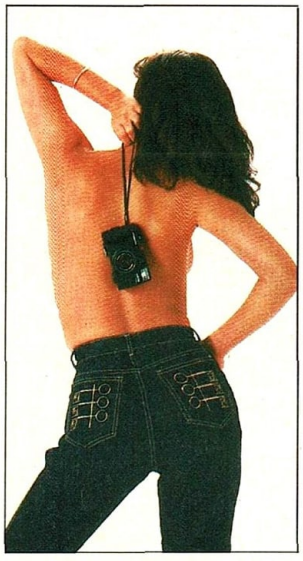




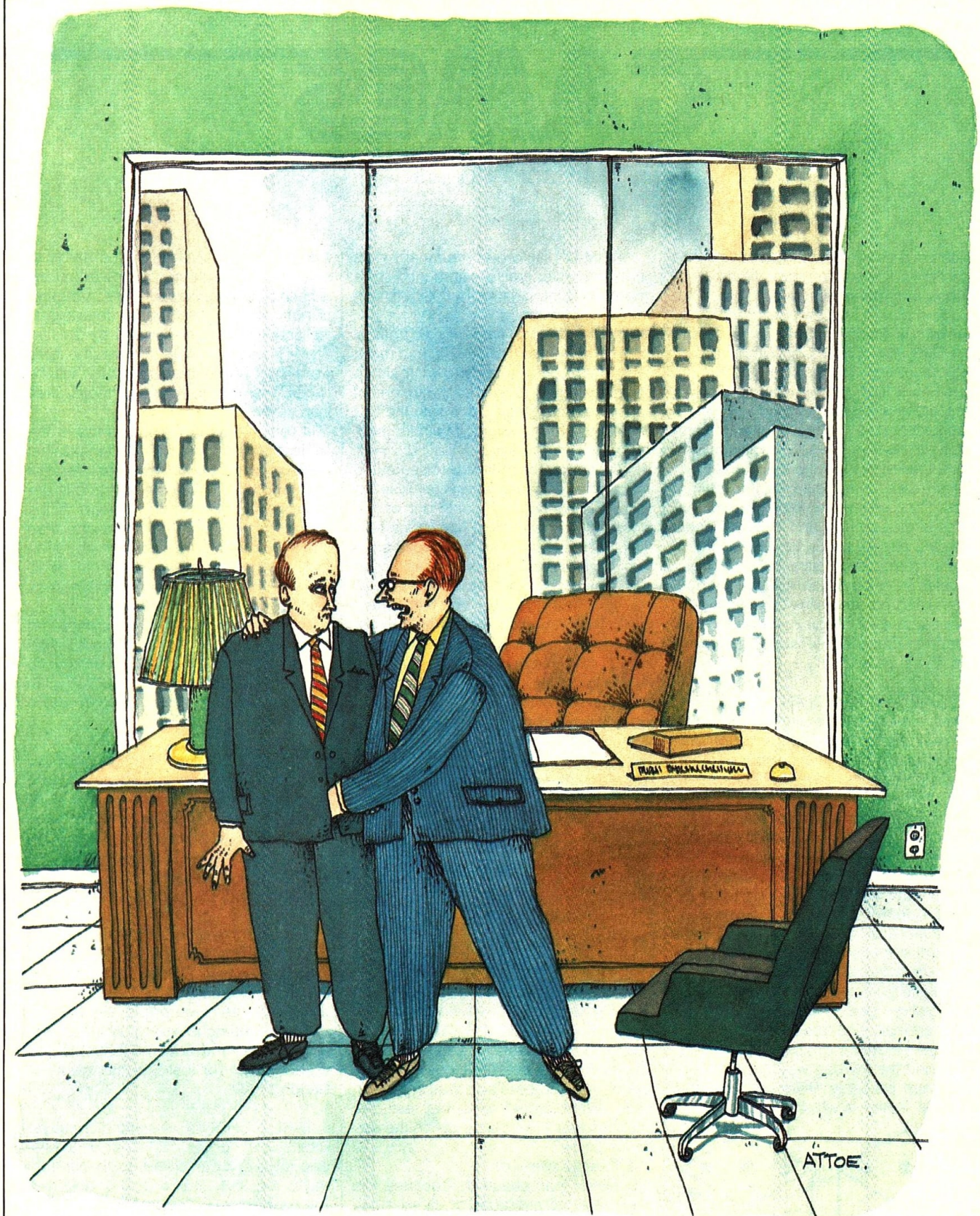


(Top row) Bejeweled and ravishing, our Queen wears a bracelet of Burmese rubies (15 karats) and 303 diamonds set in platinum, from RICHTERS JEWELERS. Also from RICHTERS are her baroque pear-shaped pearl-ruby- and diamond-studded earrings, and a 22-karat diamond brooch. And she calls home from her high-tech telephone from UNIDEN. Exotic and daring, Jeanette wears a single earring of 14-karat gold set with 156 diamonds—designed by ARMAK JEWELRY of New York. More than a touch of glass is the additional gift of hand-cut crystal by SVEND JENSEN of Denmark, which affords complete service for 24. The toast of the town is bedecked in one of several custom-designed evening gowns by MADAME SWEE LO of New York. (Bottom row) From JAPAN EXPORTERS ASSOCIATION, precious jewels from the sea. An elegant necklace of cultured pearls accented by a gold-and-ruby clasp. A tiara made of 14-karat white gold, 480 fine-cut diamonds, and 118 rubies was exclusively designed by GAMBIT DIAMOND CORPORATION. Although it's not the key to her heart, she wears a 14-karat Penthouse Key, set with rubies and diamonds, by FEUER AND WOLF INTERNATIONAL. For more information, see Gift Finder on p. 208.

CONTESTANT PRIZES



Although, alas, there can be only one $1,000,000 Pet of the Year, all of the contestants received a generous selection of gifts. On this page are featured those gifts, and by the looks of it, nobody lost! (Gifts on top row) CHINON 30-35FS camera and HEMBRA RIVERA jeans; a new wardrobe by STYLE AUTO and warm mink earmuffs by LEONARD ALTMAN; leather belt is by CHARLES BELTS, TDK Electronics tapes, and also a SANDS HOTEL T-shirt; MAXEE PRINTS T-shirt. (Middle row) OLEG CASSINI swimsuit and GEMINI OPTICS sunglasses; JAGUAR power-boat racing jacket from England; beautiful crystal from SVEND JENSEN of Denmark; lingerie by BERLIE; OLEG CASSINI perfume and silk dress. (Bottom photo) Cologne by FLOREAT of London, BULOVA two-time-zone LCD alarm clock, GE dual-voltage hair dryer, calculator by PIERRE CARDIN ELECTRONICS, and sterling silver ID bracelet from CARTIER, and finally a $100,000 travel-and-accident insurance policy from KEANE & WEGHORN. As we said, everyone was a winner!



"You wouldn't believe how lonely it is at the top, Corgill."

Not just another crapshoot.

GAMES

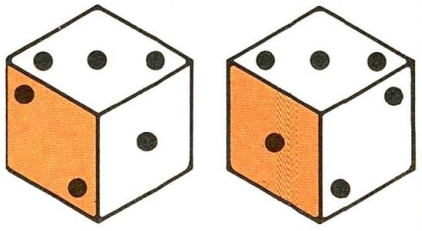
BY SCOT MORRIS

Dice are the oldest form of gambling implements known to man. Numbered cubes with markings almost identical to modern dice have been found in Egyptian tombs dating from earlier than 2000 B.C. Dice also may have been invented independently in Greece and China. In some early incarnations, they were made from the anklebones of sheep and called "knucklebones," or just "bones." People have been using dice for millennia to gamble with or to divine the future.

Here are some questions involving dice. They assume no knowledge of the rules of dice games, and in some cases the dice are just props for diverse diversions: perception tests, stunts, logic problems, or bar bets. Are you ready? Then read on. As Julius Caesar so appropriately said as he commanded his troops to cross the Rubicon, *Lacta alea est* ("The die is cast").

1. REALITY VERSUS FANTASY. Do you know what dice look like? If you have played craps or Monopoly or Parcheesi or backgammon or any number of other board games, you have held and examined the two numbered cubes many times. You have probably noticed, for example, that the dots are always arranged in a conventional way so that numbers on opposite sides always total seven: with 1 opposite 6, 2 opposite 5, and 3 opposite 4.

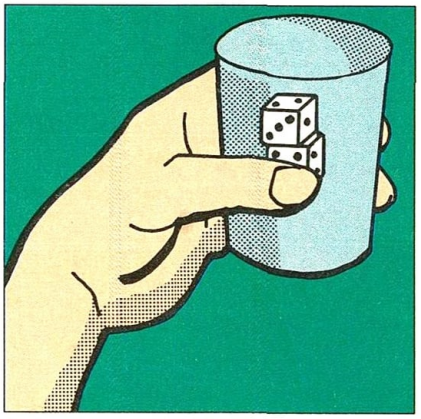
But there are other conventions in the way adjacent faces are arranged. If you have really looked carefully, you should be able to tell the real die from the phony one below. One of the dice shown is quite ordinary and traditional. The other is shown in mirror image, with the dots arranged the "wrong way" in a pattern you have probably never seen on any real die. Which is which?



2. WARM-UP. Before you play any dice game, try this exercise to limber up. It's a good way to intimidate other players with your dicemanship.

With your thumb, hold one die against the side of a glass or dice cup, and rest a second die on top, as shown (below). The challenge is to toss each die, one at a time, into the glass. Try it with the first die—easy. Then attempt it with the second die—not so easy.

Most people find this exercise next to impossible, because when they toss the *second die, the first pops out of the* glass. Try it a few times, just to see how difficult it is. Then try to *think* out a solution. There's a technique to it, and once you know it you can perform this task on the very first try, then bet that others can't. The principle is so subtle that observers may watch you use it and not realize it; then they will try to repeat your moves and fail miserably. Can you guess what the trick is?



3. ARE YOU A GAMBLER? Suppose that you have rolled a die 15 times in a row, and every face but the 1 has come up two or three times. The 1 has yet to appear. What would you bet are the chances that 1 will come up on the sixteenth throw?

a. Exactly one sixth.

b. Better than one sixth, because 1 is overdue if the averages of all six sides are to balance out in the long run.

c. Less than one sixth, because the die may be on a run of high numbers, or have a bias or jinx against the 1.

4. MIND OVER MATTER? The ability to move objects with mental powers alone is called *psychokinesis*, or PK. Whether or not it exists is still being debated. In the first experiments on PK by Dr. Joseph Rhine, at Duke University, dice were used and subjects tried to "will" a chosen number to come up more often than others.

In one remarkable experiment the subject picked 6, and tried to make that number come up on each roll. It took thousands of die rolls for the trend to become apparent, but sure enough, in the long run sixes came up a bit more than one sixth of the time. The size of the effect was small, but statistical tests showed that it couldn't be explained by coincidence or mere chance.

The dice were perfectly ordinary and untampered with. If the subject's feat wasn't due to chance, does that mean he really had psychokinetic powers? Can you think of another explanation and a simple way to test it?

5. A WAGER OF WILL. Taking a cue from the above experiments, I tell you, I have been practicing mind control on dice, specifically in making the numbers 1 and 6 come up. I am getting so good at it that I offer you this wager: I'll roll two dice and if *either* a 1 or 6 shows, I win, but if *neither* comes up, I lose. The bet is for even money.

You might reason that my two "winning" numbers should come up half as often as my four "losing" numbers, so that the odds are two to one in your favor. In that case, you would take the bet.

The reasoning is wrong. What are the actual odds, and how much would you expect to win (or lose) on this wager in the long run?

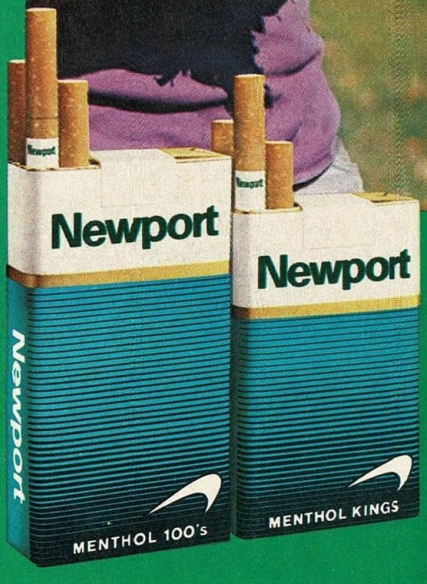
6. TAKE A CHANCE. As any dice player knows, the commonest total of a two-dice roll is 7. It can come up six different ways: 1-6, 6-1, 2-5, 5-2, 3-4, and 4-3. The next most likely numbers are 6 and 8; each can occur in any of five ways.

I'll let you roll and try for 7s while I try for 6s and 8s. You win if you roll two 7s before you roll a 6 *and* an 8. Sound fair?

Alive with pleasure!

Newport

© Lorillard, U.S.A. 1984



After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine ; 100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1984.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

GAMES

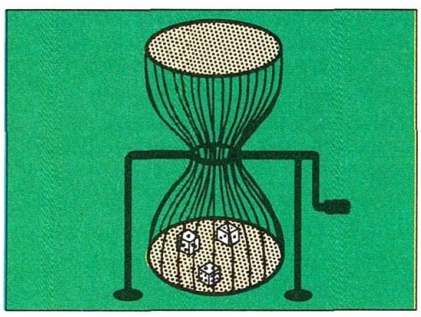
My numbers are less likely than yours to come up, and I am not allowed to repeat: I need a 6 *and* an 8 to win; two 6s or two 8s don't count. Naturally, you'll take this bet in order to recoup losses from earlier bets I have offered.

How do we come out on this one?

7. TOP FACE. Three dice are stacked one on top of the other. The sum of the two faces that are touching between the top and middle dice is 9; the sum of the touching faces between the middle and bottom dice is 6, and the underside of the bottom die is 2. What number is on top of the stack?

If you figure out the simple principle for solving this puzzle, you can reverse it to perform a neat trick. While your back is turned, have someone stack three dice and add up the five hidden faces, as above, and remember the total. You turn around and say that you have a number of matches in your pocket that equals the five-face total. You take them out, toss them on the table, and count them up. The numbers match. How did you do it?

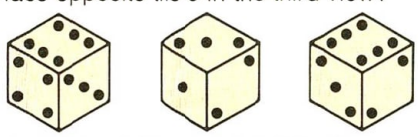
8. PSYCHIC SUM. In this classic mind-reading stunt, you turn your back and have a friend roll three dice and find the total. "Now pick any one die," you say, "and add the number on its bottom face. Then roll that die and add whatever number comes up to your previous sum to get a grand total." You turn around and note that you have no way of knowing which die was thrown, yet you can correctly tell what the grand total was. How?



9. CHUCK-A-LUCK. This gambling game is popular largely because of its deceptive odds. It is played with three dice, which are typically enclosed in a wire cage shaped like an hourglass. A player bets on any one number and the cage is turned. Say you bet $1 on 6. If one 6 appears, you win $1 (in addition to the original $1 bet). If two dice show a 6, you win $2; and if all three dice show 6, you win $3. Of course, if 6 doesn't come up at all, the game operator collects your dollar and invites you to play again.

People usually figure the odds this way: "The chance of rolling my number on *one* die is one sixth, and with three dice there are three chances for this to happen, so I should at least break even. Then, on those lucky rolls when the number comes up *more than once,* I'll make bonus money and come out ahead of the game." If this reasoning were correct, chuck-a-luck would never have become so popular at fairs and carnivals. What's wrong with it, and how much, in fact, should you expect to lose on each bet in the long run?

10. STRANGE DIE. Shown below are three views of the same die. Don't assume it's an ordinary die, because it isn't. How many spots are there on the face opposite the 6 in the third view?



11. STRANGER PAIR-A-DICE. The two dice represented below are definitely not regulation issue.

Die 1 has faces 1, 2, 2, 3, 3, 4.
Die 2 has faces 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8.

Chances are, if you tried to use them in a crap game, the other players would throw you out on your bogus bones. Nonetheless, there is something quite remarkable about these dice: They are perfectly fair! Explain.

Answers:

1. REALITY. The die on the right is the real one. On standard dice the numbers always run counterclockwise when viewed from either the 1-2-3 corner or the 4-5-6 corner.

2. WARM-UP. The secret is not to toss the second die up, as you did the first, but just to release it and *lower the cup quickly and suddenly underneath* to catch it. Most spectators won't notice the subtle difference in your two moves, and they will therefore assume the stunt is as easy as it looks.

3. GAMBLER. If you said (a) the chances remain one sixth on every roll. Dice have no "memory," and outcomes of previous rolls have no effect on the next roll. If you answered (b) you have committed "the gambler's fallacy," and are just the sort of person the casinos love.

Answer (b) assumes the die is fair. If it isn't, the smart bet is (c), which, ironically, is just the opposite of what the naive gambler expects.

4. MIND OVER MATTER? The man's PK powers didn't always show up, because 6 still had the edge even when he tried to roll other numbers. The dice used were the kind that have holes or pits to mark each spot. The 6 face is, in fact, the *lightest* face on such a die, because it has had six tiny pieces of plastic scooped out of it. And opposite the 6 is the 1, the heaviest face. It turns out that on such a die, 6 *really is* the most likely face to come up: Boxcars are a bit more probable than snake eyes. The bias is minute. It takes tens of thousands of rolls for it to show up significantly and produce a fraction of a percentage point difference, but it's there, and it is the primary reason that dice used in casinos now have painted pips rather than scooped-out ones.

5. WILL. The best way to analyze this bet is to make a chart of the 36 possible outcomes of two-dice rolls. In each case the number on die one is to the left; on die two, to the right.

1-1	2-1	3-1	4-1	5-1	6-1
1-2	2-2	3-2	4-2	5-2	6-2
1-3	2-3	3-3	4-3	5-3	6-3
1-4	2-4	3-4	4-4	5-4	6-4
1-5	2-5	3-5	4-5	5-5	6-5
1-6	2-6	3-6	4-6	5-6	6-6

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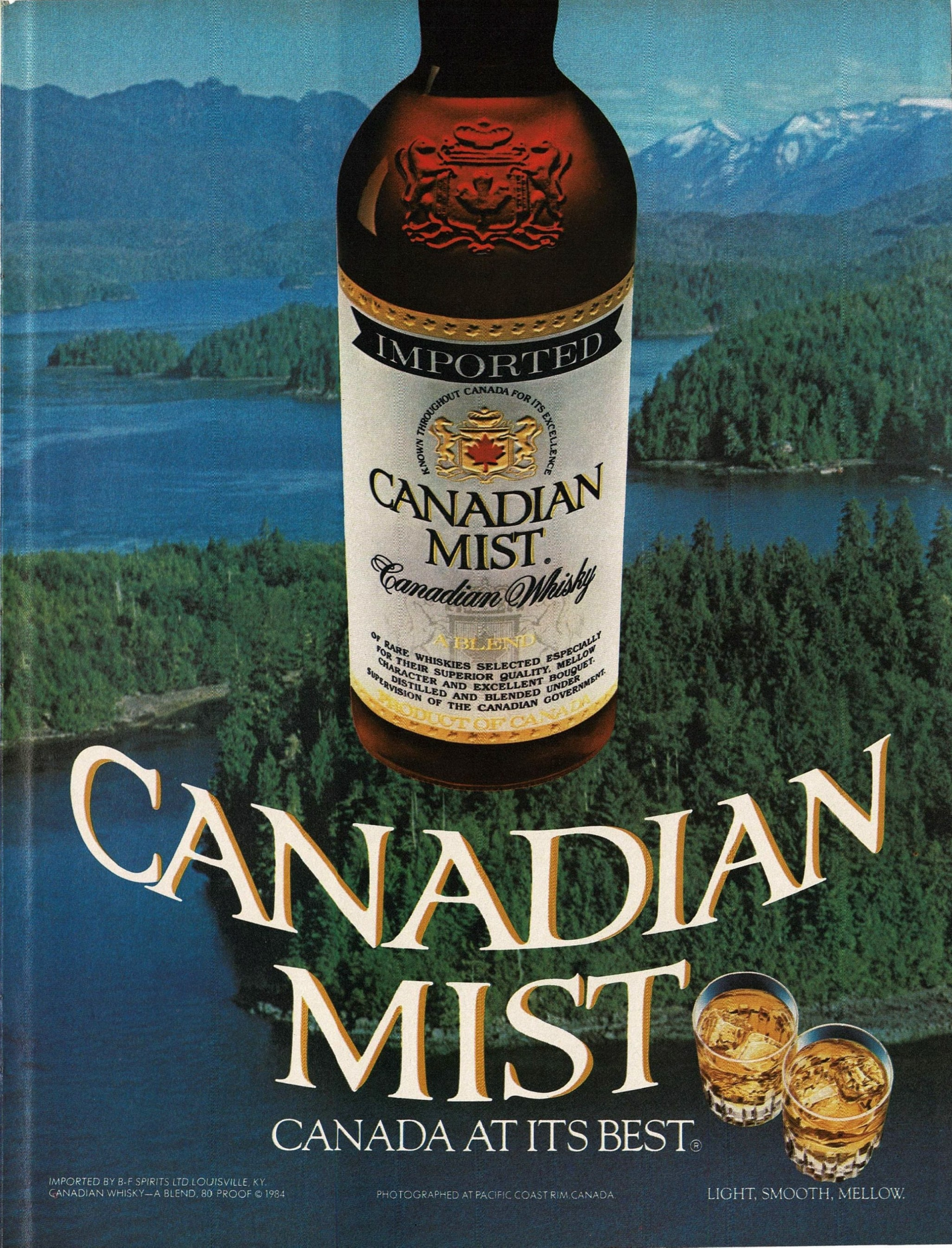
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KNOWN THROUGHOUT CANADA FOR ITS EXCELLENCE
CANADIAN MIST
Canadian Whisky
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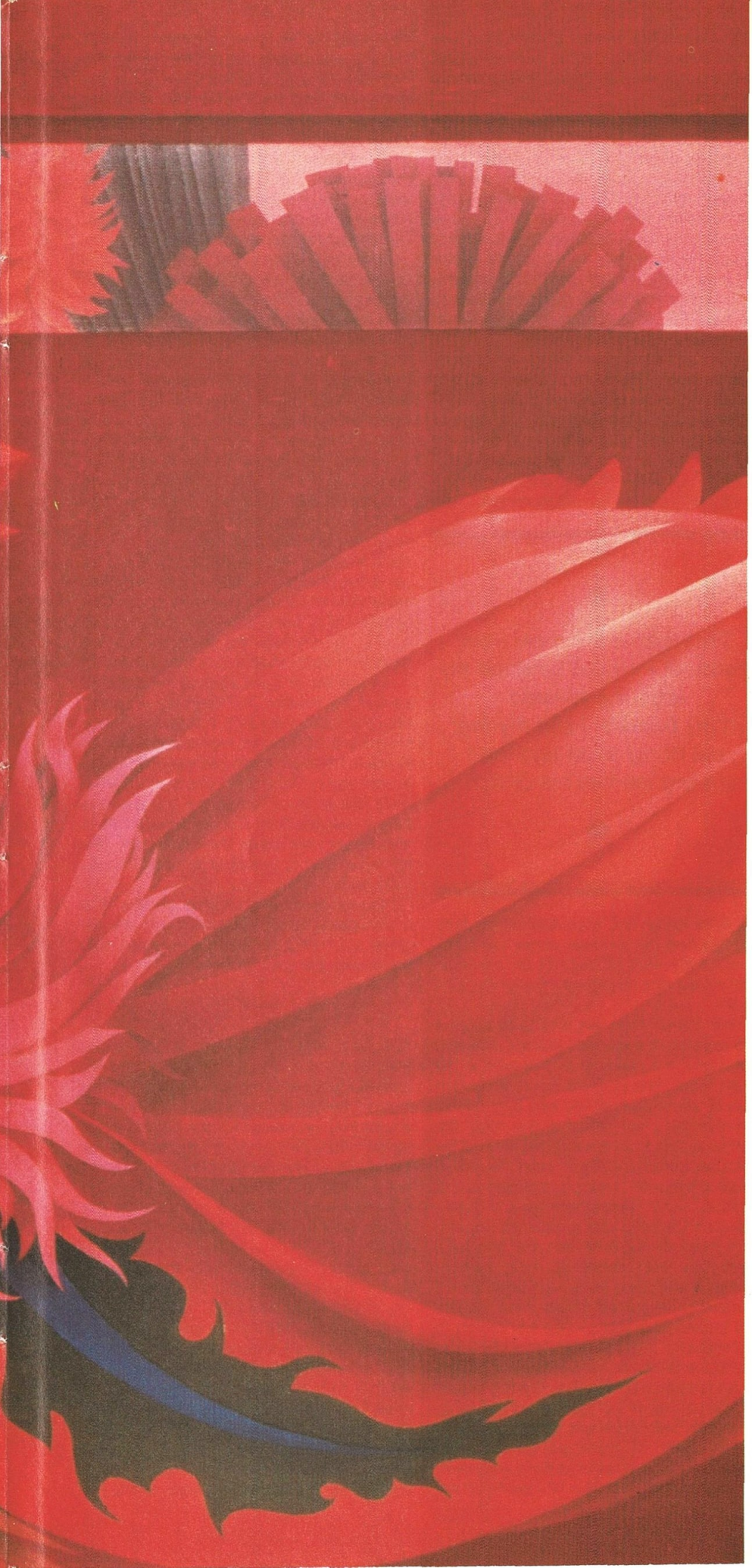


FEMALE PLEASURES

In these daring, erotic stories, two women share their worlds of fantasy and reality.

THE 50-MINUTE HOUR: BETWEEN THE MINUTES

In my office, a hot day, a talked-out therapist with too many patients, too many hours, too many days indoors, in this hard chair. I long to stretch my legs, to wander into water not too cold, so that I can slowly, gently glide into the sea, letting the water slide up my thighs. Greece. The Aegean. Oh, the water there. And A. Lying on white sand, our heavy straw bag filled with fruit leaning against the big rock. A breeze hardly felt floats the arms of my thin sundress from the crevasse on the rock where it hangs. The heat nauseates. I get up, naked, my breasts heavy with the heat, my nipples slightly burned, and walk, quiet so as not to wake him, toward the water. A quick bite of cold against my swollen ankles. My palms cup the blue water and dribble it into my snake-curl hair, down my back, on my belly. I go under slowly, am completely wet, completely cool. A laugh comes on and I cannot help but yell to the sleeping man. He stretches, unknowing of the heat, rippling waves of it making him look vague, lost in the sand, the red towel covering his buttocks. He rises, comes toward me, expressionless from sleep. He eases into the water. We swim together, he holds me in his arms, tickles my ear with his wet mustache. That couple walks toward us. That couple we've been watching, watching us, our naked bodies curled in sleep in the sand, now curled in the water,

PAINTING BY WOLFGANG HUTTER

are German and loud. They think we are also German. I fake it easily. A conversation starts. *A.* and I are still entwined, my hip resting against his knee, his foot propped on a small rock underneath. From the shore, the Germans in their green bathing suits tell us where to go in town, which restaurants offer good fish. We understand almost nothing of what they say. We nod and smile in response. *A.* holds my breast under the water, fingers my nipple. I hold his cock, a balance pole against the waves. He is very erect. My nipples are erect. His hand cups my crotch, his finger now inching between my legs. I feel the water swirl in my open space. We continue our charade conversation with the couple. My breathing becomes shallow, my insides swell, open to him. I settle myself on top of his cock, still making small German talk, my upper body quiet, unmoved from the posture it held when the couple first approached. *A.* and I pretend to bob up and down with the waves, swirling our arms in mock play. I laugh at something the woman says. *A.* touches my clit, hard as a pebble. I bounce, he thrusts. Still the conversation. How can this be happening? Our bodies jerk together, we come. We burst out laughing and congratulate ourselves. We've done the undoable again. But this time in front of people who are telling us where to get fish for dinner. And in another language.

A timid knock on my door. I start, stunned out of my reverie. I am sweating. I notice that exactly three minutes have passed since my last patient. It is time to talk about her mother again. The door opens and closes. Mrs. T. sits down.

PART II

Mrs. T. begins to discuss tonight's dinner party. As usual, her anxieties focus on how she wants to be seen, particularly by the men. The green silk dress with the décolletage might expose her desperation for attention. Her black velvet suit might portray her as too somber; on the other hand, its simple elegance would have appeal in tonight's crowd. Always the same conflict between the overt and the subtle. . . .

Between her heavy pauses, I think of last night. I wear a black velvet suit. Too rushed to shower before dressing, I quickly sponge my underarms and crotch. Since I plan to have dinner with *B.* and nothing more, I don't let the smells beneath my clothing matter. I spray on some light perfume and slip into a lilac silk camisole. When the doorbell rings, I realize how late I am. *B.* will be annoyed. I slide the straight black skirt over stockingless legs and pull on the mauve suede shoes. I run downstairs to answer the door. As *B.* helps me with my suit jacket, I am conscious of the rings of sweat already encircling my underarms.

Small talk in the car. Both of us feel slightly awkward from our lack of contact over the last few weeks. *B.* drops his free hand between my thighs, comments on their ever-present softness. I can smell his cologne.

The restaurant is decorated in shades of mauve and gray. This is the first time either of us has been here. Over the white rose and flickering candle on our table, we look at each other, slowly and thoroughly, for the first time that night. Our hands move tentatively toward each other. His fingers stroke the underside of my wrists. I take his lean forearm in my hands and twist the skin slightly in opposite directions the way he likes. We stare at each other. The waiter stands by the table waiting . . . .

Dinner is simple but elegantly served. The orange of the pureed carrots offsets the dark-green vegetables; a white truffle shimmers on top of the meat. Throughout the meal I am aware of the heat between my legs, the tension in my breasts. I slip my foot out of my shoe and lean into *B.*'s crotch with my big toe. At moments, I feel

Throughout the meal I am aware of the heat between my legs, the tension in my breasts. I slip my foot out of my shoe and lean my big toe into his crotch.

his cock twitch and arch against my foot. In response, he reaches under the table, pushes my skirt still higher on my legs, and strokes the insides of my slightly open thighs.

With dinner over, we decide to explore the restaurant's elegant interior. We find ourselves in a candlelit alcove next to the rest rooms. The air feels hot in this corridor. *B.* leans against the wall and calmly surveys the color scheme, the rugs, the lamps. Again, I catch a sudden whiff of his cologne. Intoxicated by its smell, I kiss him full on the mouth. His tongue presses hard against mine, slides across my teeth, along my lower lip. Our mouths still together, I playfully tug him into the women's bathroom. He resists at first, saying, "What if someone sees us?" but allows himself to be pulled inside. Our mouths still locked, my hand cups his crotch. It protrudes to a hard knot. I draw him into one of the two stalls, close the door behind us and resume our kissing. We are laughing but ardent in our groping, caressing. *B.* stands with his back to the toilet, his hands under my camisole, pinching my nipples erect. I push him down gently onto the closed seat. He slips his hands up my skirt, pushing his fingers between my legs into the wet of me. He sucks his fingers then lets me smell and lick them. I unbuckle his belt and motion for him to let his pants drop. With my skirt hiked up to my waist, I straddle him. His hard cock easily goes into me. The camisole straps slip off my shoulder. He licks my nipples, plays with my clit. As I slowly bounce up and down on his cock, we both moan softly. Our breathing quickens in unison.

Someone enters the bathroom and opens the door of the other stall. The latch squeaks shut. The newcomer rustles her skirt and stockings, then urinates. I shove my open mouth against *B.*'s shoulder to muffle the low moans in my throat that are threatening to build into screams. I whisper hoarsely that he's the best fuck in the world. In synchrony with our noises, our neighbor makes a pushing sound with her voice and farts loudly. As I twist and tremble on *B.*'s open thighs, I lose my balance and almost fall off his lap. *B.* lifts his legs off the floor so as not to be noticed underneath the half-wall that separates the two stalls. I realize that my feet are pointing toward the back of the stall. If our neighbor looks down she will definitely know that something is awry, but I am too close to coming to change my position. As we push into each other I can feel the top of *B.*'s cock thrust hard against the deepest part of my insides. We both come, and I slap my hand over *B.*'s mouth to silence his groans. Mid-come, we hear the stranger leave her stall, wash her hands, and do something by the mirror. We wait for what feels like an hour. When the bathroom is empty, we readjust our wrinkled clothes and laugh. We leave the bathroom, delighted at having pulled off another impossible fuck.

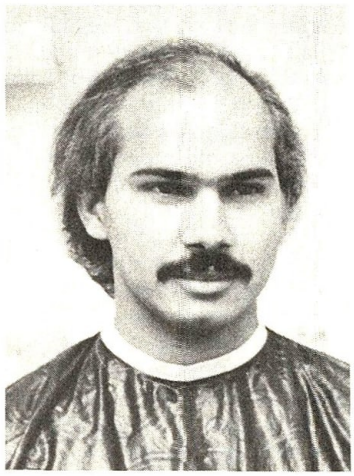
I catch myself and refocus on Mrs. T.'s dinner party. She says how much she regrets choosing to wear the green silk dress with the décolletage.

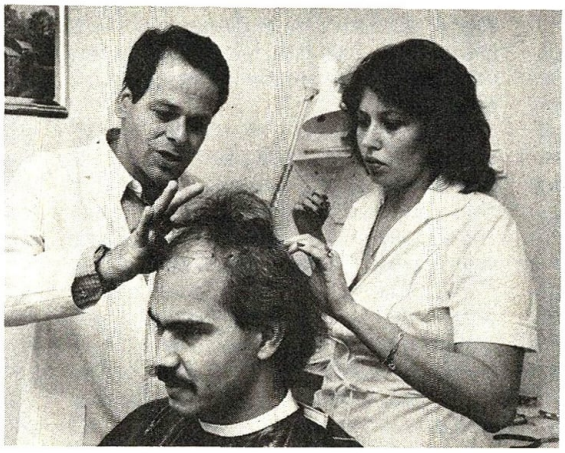
PART III

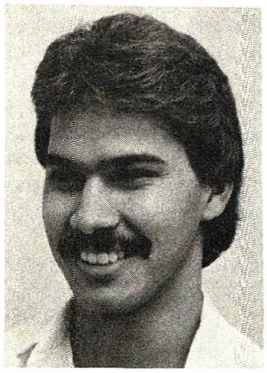
"Oh, yes, Mrs. T., it's true: Spontaneous actions can get us into trouble. Perhaps, indeed, you should have given more thought before taking off with *F.* as though you had no responsibilities." On the other hand, I thought to myself, thank God for the ability to behave un-planfully. I could feel a smug, delighted smile pass through my eyes and rest for a moment on my mouth as I mused on last night's escapade.

C. picked me up outside my office at seven. Though I felt exhausted from a long day of work, just seeing *C.*'s broad-faced smile beaming through his car window enlivened me. As I entered his old battered sports car (we loved it so, with its torn convertible top and the door that wouldn't open from the inside) I was struck by how handsome he looked—his dark complexion and well-cut curly hair contrasted against a light shirt and cashmere navy sport coat; his jeans fit snugly along his

Dermal Retention Becomes A Real Growth Industry







Patient (left) before dermal retention; center, the patient, Juan Andujar, undergoes the procedure at International Cosmetic Labs, performed by Dr. Max Mollick and a female assistant.

BALD HAIRDRESSER'S DREAM COMES TRUE

By LEN LEAR

As a man who has tried everything on my own thinning locks except the sweat of a moose, I was always skeptical of these "dermal retention" ads as Menachem Begin is of President Reagan's claim that AWACS planes in Saudi Arabian hands would be "good for Israel."

With this in mind, I recently visited International Cosmetic Labs, 209 Professional Building, Rt. 130, Cinnaminson, N.J. 08077, after calling (609) 829-4300 which has performed thousands of dermal retention procedures during its nine year existence.

Not A Transplant

"This is not the same thing as a hair transplant or a hair piece, or medical implants", explained a medical assistant. "It is designed for people who still have some hair. We take a hair sample from the customer and then make the new preparation to blend perfectly with it. The new preparation is made of a combination of human and synthetic hair.."

While I waited for a nearly bald customer to go through the procedure, a handsome young man walked into the International waiting room with a head of thick, wavy hair.

A Recent Example

"This was done here last week," explained Dr. Jack Rydell, a 25-year-old chiropractor from central Jersey who showed himself (before the procedure) with a balding pate.

"I started losing my hair when I was 19. Some men don't care about this, but I do. I looked into hair transplants, but they're too messy, and they cannot thicken hair which I wanted to do. They can never give you a natural look. Now my hair looks just like it did when I was 18.

Dr. Rydell said he is completely satisfied with his "new hair", which may cost anywhere from $1200 to $3800. I ran my own fingers through his hair, which looked and felt exactly like thick hair. I yanked, but it did not come off.

Several Retainers

Losing my skepticism quickly, I watched as Juan Andujar, a 28-year-old hairdresser from New Jersey, who was largely bald on top, underwent the dermal retention process. Dr. Max Mollick, a staff physician of International Cosmetic Labs made several retainers throughout Andujar's dome. He then inserted the artificial hair replacement, and a hair stylist styled it, the whole process taking about 3 hours. Andujar was obviously pleased with the results.

Dr. Max Mollick is a radiologist who has performed thousands of surgical procedures. When asked about the possibilities of infection, 'We've seen cases of minor infections but they've been very rare, certainly no greater than in any other type of surgery. And there is a lifetime warranty with this procedure.

The retainer material used in THE DERMAL RETENTION PROCESS has been used extensively in many parts of the world in major heart surgery, for those of you who care about such things, it is an isotactic crystalline stereoisomer of a linear hydrocarbon polymer containing little or no unsaturation. Such retainer material is not absorbable nor is it subject to degradation or weakening by the action of tissue enzymes. It is resistant to involvement in infections. There are no known contraindications...and for you doctors with your medical Baedeckers handy, for further data you may refer to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, March 10, 1962, Vol. 179, pp. 780-782; BRITISH JOURNAL OF SURGERY, Vol. 52, No. 5, August 1967 or write International Cosmetic Labs.

thighs and buttocks. *C.* kissed me quickly on each eye, said how good it was to see me again, and zoomed us off in the direction of downtown. Driving along, we carried on an animated discussion on the possibilities that lay before us—a movie after dinner or maybe going dancing. But since we were both tired and had more work facing us at our respective homes, we doubted the probability of either.

We arrived at the block where the restaurant was, parked the car, and leisurely strolled toward the entrance. Our arms went naturally around each other's waists. I let my hand drop to the curve of *C.*'s behind as we walked and I felt each delicious cheek move up and down inside his jeans. At the threshold of the door, we disentangled our bodies and *C.* gently pushed me ahead of him, quickly caressing my ass. The restaurant, though small, was already humming with people. The vision of white wine and steaming escargots at the next table perked my hunger, and I began to get into the evening with more energy. *C.* put his hand firmly on my thigh, hid our two faces behind the tall menu, and kissed me. It was a long, delicious kiss—warm, eager, familiar.

As always with *C.*, dinner was delightful. We talked nonstop, our chatter punctuated by frequent laughter and sudden meetings of our eyes. Our glances would lock for a few moments, making me feel weak-kneed, excited. I could feel *C.*'s hand become clammy in mine. I knew he knew I knew. . . . We both knew. But we'd already agreed that tonight could not be the night—we had already decided to return to our separate houses to complete work that needed to be done by the next day. A little tipsy from the wine, we stumbled out of the restaurant and into the dark city street. Having vetoed the movie—we'd spent too much time at dinner and it was already late—we decided to drive to the Village and poke around before going our own ways.

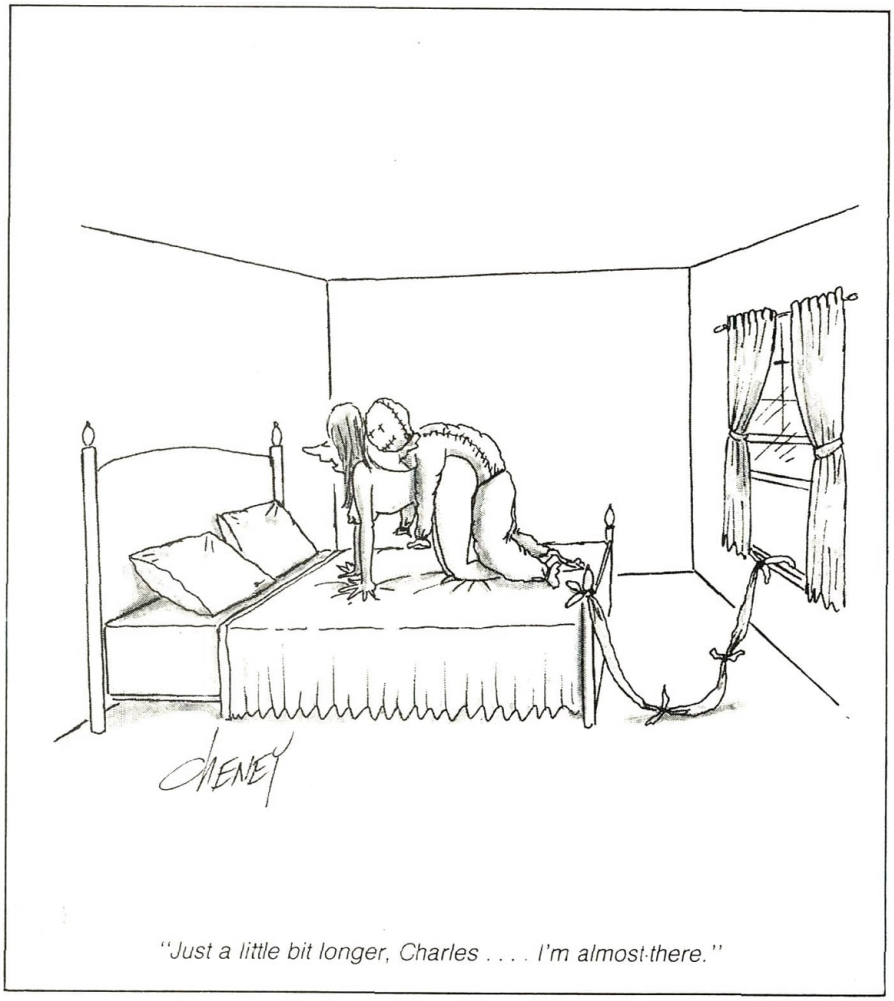
When we passed a shop selling pornographic literature, I stopped in my tracks, peered inside, and hesitantly asked *C.* if he'd mind going into the shop with me. Though I'd always been curious about these places, I'd never dared go into one. As we entered the small, overstuffed, poorly lit shop, I suddenly felt shy and self-conscious—what if someone I knew walked in, what if one of my patients saw me? Soon, however, I lost my nervousness and, hand in hand with *C.*, began to explore some of the pictures of men and women in every position imaginable. Cocks were huge, vaginas juicy and dripping with come, breasts gorgeous with nipples so red they looked raw. But aside from the pictures of women with animals, it was the ordinariness of the poses that struck me. I had expected to stumble upon something bizarre, something I'd never thought of, something wonderfully unique. Instead, here were photographs of well-endowed men and women simply fucking in all the various but regular ways. I was made aware not only of how limited human sexuality is but also of how common my own experiences were. We both acknowledged feeling disappointed, unenlightened, and sadly unaffected.

Once again, by the car *C.* put his arms around me and we kissed long and hard. Though I was slightly surprised, I found myself responding immediately. Our tongues met and intertwined; *C.*'s hands glided softly over my breasts, his thighs pushed my back against the car door. When we heard a group of people walking toward us, we scrambled into the car—one behind the other—through the passenger door. Our bodies almost glued together, *C.* continued fondling my breasts, squeezing my excited nipples, and kissing my neck. I felt his cock bulge beneath his pants. Simultaneously we became aware of the late hour and the total visibility of our car. Reluctantly but laughingly, *C.* drove us toward the street where my car was waiting. We both agreed that perhaps the porno shop had affected us a little in spite of our initial disappointment.

Despite our resolve to end the evening immediately, we continued touching each other while *C.* drove. The tops of my thighs were wet with excitement; I wanted much more. Besides the creaking of the loose doors and the half-coiled springs underneath the seats, the only noise in the car was the sound of our breathing and the rustling of our clothing. I felt as though I was going to jump out of my skin from wanting *C.*

But getting what I wanted—no, needed—seemed impossible. Everything conspired against us—the late hour, the tiny, uncomfortable car, our plan to end the night at our separate houses.

Yet by the time we reached Fifth Avenue, we'd managed to get totally out of control. I'd unzipped *C.*'s jeans and was fondling his hard penis while he unhooked my bra and softly twisted my exposed nipples between the fingers of his free hand. He pulled over to the side of the busy, extremely well-lighted street. Without comment I squeezed myself onto the tiny floor and took his cock in my mouth. *C.* protested at first, reminding me of where we were—only on one of the busiest streets of New York—but soon he began moaning and whispering my name. Though I was aware that scores of cars were streaming by us and that we were parked so illegally that not getting caught would be a miracle, practical issues just didn't matter much. *C.* lay on the seat with his long legs crumpled against the window while he stroked my wet clit with his finger; I continued to lay curled on the two and one half feet of dirty floor on the passenger side hanging onto the stick shift for stability while sucking on his cock. With an energetic thrust, *C.* came, pushing the back of my head sharply against the dashboard. Now wedged impossibly underneath the steer-



"Just a little bit longer, Charles . . . . I'm almost there."

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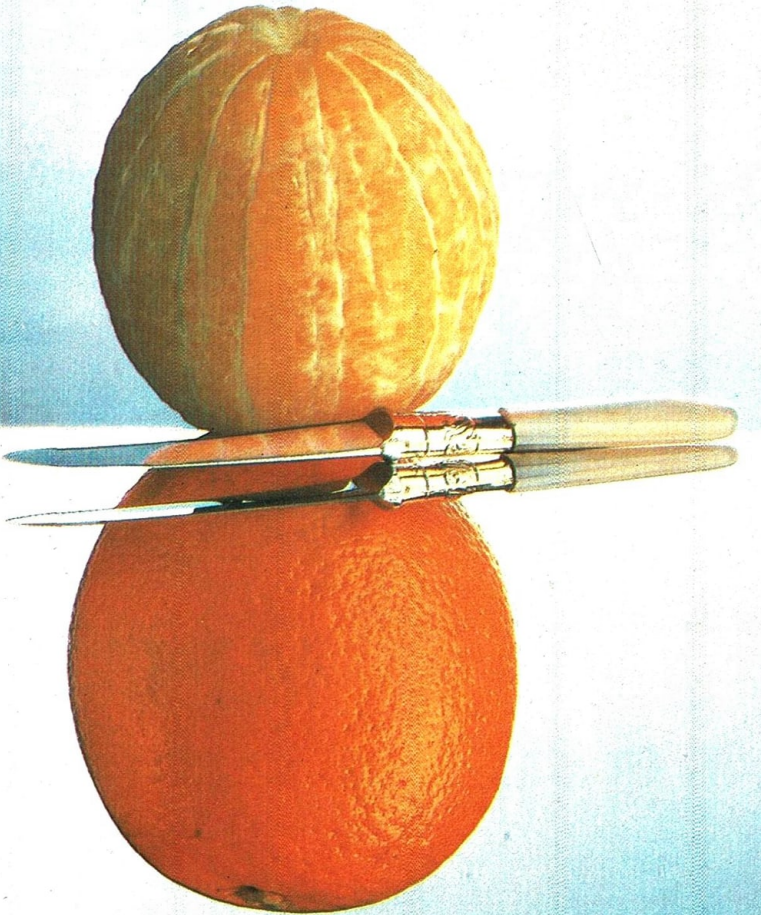
Reflect on the lighter side.



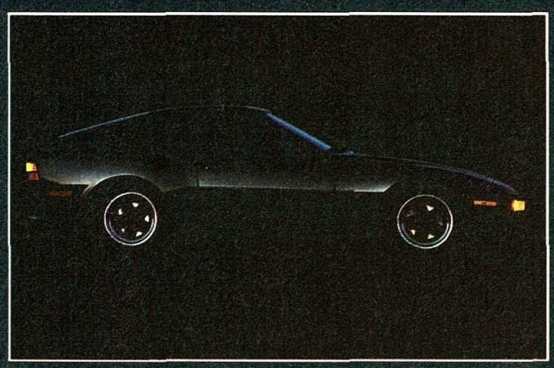
The Benson & Hedges low tar cigarette

Created and perfected by the House of Benson & Hedges

A cross section of the
best new foreign and domestic cars.

PERFORMANCE IS IN

BY PETER MANSO



Given the philosophical proposition that we are living in hard times, consider the most pressing problem facing today's auto designer: Is it possible to meet ever-stringent emission regs, get good gas mileage, and still produce a car whose performance isn't so lackluster that we're likely to fall asleep at the wheel? A tall order, yes. But despite the best efforts of OPEC and Ralph Nader, and the proliferation of federally financed radar equipment in the hands of ticket-hungry cops, performance is in. Speed and handling are where it's at: cars capable of running safely at 80, 90, even 110 mph with brakes and suspension to match. Call it a revolution, a new consciousness. The parameters have traditionally belonged to Porsche and Ferrari. No more.

But which of the new cars is the best—not only the quickest but also the most able? To find out we tested a cross section of the latest foreign and domestic models under a variety of conditions, often breaking the law in the process. Our list could be longer, sure. Yet one thing is certain: Regardless of price, all are driver's cars. Each has a personality of its own, all go beyond the utilitarian, and all are meant to be driven *hard*.

CHRYSLER LASER XE The Laser's 142-horsepower turbocharged engine, gas-pressurized shock absorbers, front and rear antiroll bars, and oversize Goodyear Eagle radials make for Detroit hot-rodding at its best: loud, visceral, and tough. Front-wheel drive, electronic digital-display instruments, and a sumptuous interior all broaden the appeal of this fine auto.

TOYOTA CELICA SUPRA The Celica Supra is larger and less frisky than the Mazda RX-7 but still capable of top-drawer performance. This is a totally practical machine with the accent on comfort, sporting an equalizer-equipped five-speaker AM-FM-MPX stereo tuner and a cassette player, with climate-control heating and air-conditioning, infinitely adjustable seats, and electronic controls for windows, door locks, and outside mirrors. In addition, the Supra has one of the best frequency-of-repair records.

NISSAN 300 ZX TURBO A top speed of nearly 140 mph? No question, the all-new turbo V-6 has turned the legendary Z car into the Japanese Corvette, a real tire smoker. The styling has been updated, too, resulting in a sleeker, more aerodynamic shape. But first and foremost, the 300 ZX means *fast*.

VOLVO GLT TURBO Although Volvo's latest turbocharged version may be indistinguishable from the suburban workhorse of yore, thanks to intercooling, the venerable 2.1 liter, four-cylinder engine now puts out real muscle (160 hp). The styling's a bit outdated, but the suspension has been stiffened to provide better grip without losing ride comfort.

SAAB TURBO Move over, BMW. New for 1985, Saab's 16-valve, intercooled power plant delivers its 165 surging ponies throughout the entire rpm range, revving with all the alacrity of a six rather than a four. The updated aerodynamics is also faultless, and at 100 mph (top end is the far side of 130) the whole flying proposition is rock steady, even in the wet. Suspension, brakes,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 199

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF ZWART

BUGGING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

them up from outside the beam? Nearly all long-distance calls are multiplexed, or interleaved one with another, taking advantage of the natural pauses in speech to make more efficient use of a channel. At the receiving end, demultiplexers detect the frequency on which a slice of speech has been sent and directs it to the right listener. These problems are indeed difficult, but to a determined interceptor they are not insoluble.

All of the energy of the KS-15676 antenna widely used in microwave communications does not go to the next tower. Some spills to the sides and some to the rear of the antenna. An interceptor can easily pick up and demultiplex the call ten miles to either side with equipment identical to that used by the telephone company, and at greater distances with better equipment. Moreover, the new long-distance carriers, such as MCI and GTE, move their traffic either over their own towers or over leased AT&T circuits that are usually fixed in the electromagnetic spectrum. This makes their traffic easy to spot. And because their circuits are often dedicated to a particular major user, the eavesdropper can gather a great deal of information from that firm in a short time.

The real problem of the eavesdroppers is not in gaining access to the calls, but in picking out the right ones from the more than 50 million long-distance calls made in the United States every day—many of them of such insignificance as children "reaching out" to their grandparents.

At present, the Soviet Union, listening to calls on many frequencies at once, or scanning across a beam with frequency-agile equipment, picks out the calls in which it is interested by their addresses—the telephone numbers being called. Computers compare the transmitted number with a list of telephone numbers in its memory that interest the Soviet Union, such as the Pentagon, the White House, and major defense contractors. If it finds a match, it "drops" the call onto a tape recorder. Each year tons of these tapes are shipped to Russia for detailed analysis.

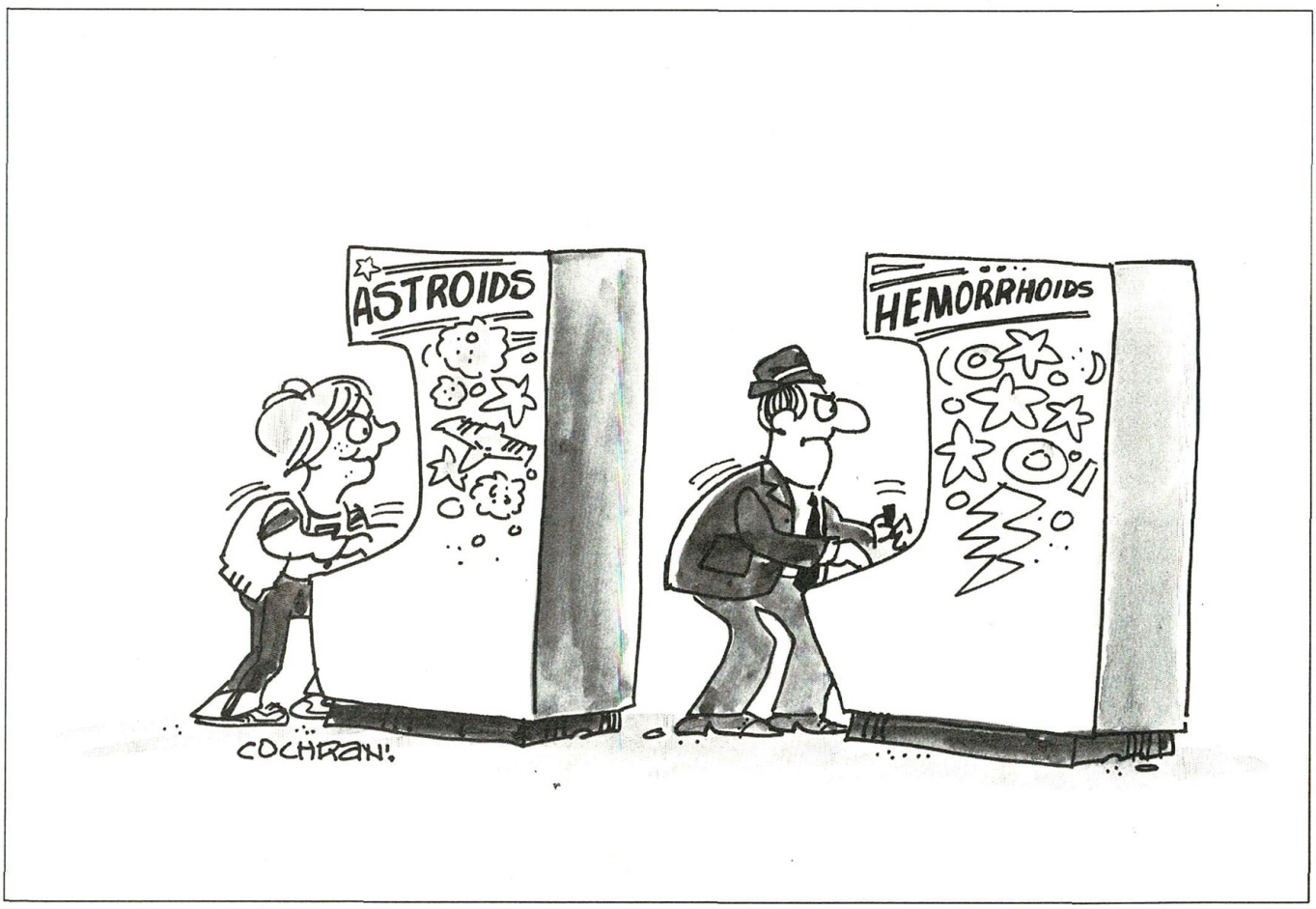
The method of selection means in principle that outgoing calls from target organizations are not intercepted. But many of those calls *go* to targets, and these are picked up. Since calls between targets are presumably the more important ones, the outgoing-call exclusion loses less than it may at first seem to lose. In addition, the eavesdroppers in the five monitoring posts also listen in on the conversations, sometimes for current intelligence, but probably more frequently to check whether the right frequencies and numbers are being listened to.

Although no Americans can know for sure the exact intelligence that is lost to Soviet monitoring, a number of horror stories can give a good indication about the potential information available.

• On March 27, 1978, for example, James L. O'Rourke, a Washington marketing representative of the Boeing Company, prepared a summary of a Defense Department memo intended for the White House. It contained top-secret information about the MX intercontinental ballistic-missile system, then being considered as a new and powerful deterrent against the U.S.S.R. O'Rourke put the memo on a facsimile machine that transmits its signals by telephone, dialed up a similar machine in Boeing's Seattle headquarters, and dispatched the memo. It went out, uncoded, over normal telephone lines. If the Soviet Union were targeting Boeing telephones, it might well have picked up the memo.

• Early in 1977, shortly after Warren M. Christopher had been appointed a deputy secretary of state by President Jimmy Carter, he received a phone call from a woman who insisted on speaking directly to him. The woman said that a shortwave radio in her home was picking up the radiotelephone conversations from his official car. She was worried that foreign agents might gather sensitive information from this source. And she might have been right.

• In the fall of 1978, a radio ham in suburban Connecticut overheard some conversations from a car radiotelephone in the area. The conversations concerned an impending business deal, and the person in the car seemed to be named "Pierre." The eavesdropper called *The Wall Street Journal*, which tentatively identified the



firm as AMAX, Inc., a large mining firm, and the caller as its chairman, Pierre Gousseland. The newspaper printed a story that said so. The company denied it. But the deal, which had been rumored for days, never went through—and the company abandoned its mobile phone.

This type of material is not valuable because it gives the Russians one single fabulous insight. Rather, it enables them to assemble many little items into a mosaic that can depict the capabilities of American weapons and the direction of American technology . . . to say nothing of the potential for personal information being used to an enemy's advantage. As a legislative aide once said, with tongue only halfway in cheek, "Anyone who listens to a senator's phone calls for three weeks owns him."

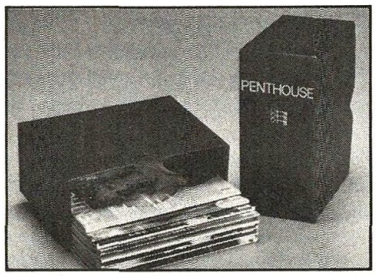
What are the Soviets actually getting? In an attempt to find out, U.S. agencies sometimes make "hearability" studies. Early this spring, for example, some electronic technicians showed up at the administration building of the Glen Cove School District, a converted private home on the high-school grounds only a few hundred feet from Killenworth. They flashed identification, got permission to enter, and set up their equipment in an unused room in the basement. After a while they vanished. If this was a typical hearability study, they checked only to identify the telephonic addresses that the Russians could be overhearing; the content of the calls was ignored.

Of course, this would not tell exactly how much information the Soviets are obtaining through their telephone interceptions, or exactly to what use they are putting it. A high official at Exxon admitted that "we are pretty open" to Soviet interception of messages about oil production and shipments. But he also conceded: "I don't know that we would be able to see from their actions if they had intercepted, say, some messages or information that we might consider private." Nevertheless, the Soviets' maintenance of the operation implies that they are obviously finding material of value.

Isn't the United States doing anything to counter this Soviet effort? It is—though the matter became a concern of the levels of the government at which something could be done about it almost by accident. It first came to high-level attention when an official of the National Security Agency (NSA) gave a briefing on it to the president's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. Former New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller was infuriated that the Soviet Union was intruding upon the privacy of American citizens. He told Henry Kissinger, then President Nixon's secretary of state, about it.

But Kissinger opposed making the issue public, as did the intelligence agencies. He feared that this would chill relations with the Soviet Union, which were then in a period of détente. Rockefeller and other members of the advisory board believed, however, that the priori-

THE PENTHOUSE CASE AGAINST TIME



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ties lay elsewhere. In June 1975, the Commission on CIA Activities Within the United States, which was appointed by President Ford after Watergate to see whether the Central Intelligence Agency had broken U.S. laws, disclosed the eavesdropping to the public: "The Communist countries also appear to have developed electronic collection of intelligence to an extraordinary degree of technology and sophistication for use in the United States and elsewhere throughout the world, and we believe that these countries can monitor and record thousands of private telephone conversations."

Although this aroused little public concern, Ford appointed a top-secret committee to study the problem. It soon found itself grappling as much with political as with technical matters. On the one hand the communications in question were not governmental but private, which by law were regulated by the Office of Telecommunications Policy, a White House agency. On the other hand, the communications could well affect national security, which was clearly a governmental concern. In particular, the NSA supervised the security of government communications. So a bureaucratic power war broke out and no action was taken.

After his election as president, Jimmy Carter set up his own committee to look into the Soviet interceptions, chaired by his national security advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski. This body was operating quietly until news stories revealed it, and New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who had apparently been simmering about the Soviet intrusion for some time, exploded. He charged that the Russians were "committing crimes on a staggering unprecedented scale" and called on Carter to halt them.

In response, Carter said that the interception is "not an act of aggression or war; it's completely passive . . . . And although it may be an intrusion into our security, I think we are taking adequate steps now to prevent its creating a threat to our country."

The battle between the military and civilian branches of government for control of protection against foreign eavesdropping continued within the government throughout 1978. Then on February 15, 1979, the White House issued a secret presidential directive from the National Security Council 24, the National Telecommunications Protection Policy (generally called P.D. 24), which gave everybody a piece of the pie. The NSA retained control of military and diplomatic messages. A newly created Special Projects Office in the Department of Commerce's National Telecommunications and Information Administration, the successor to the White House's Office of Telecommunications Policy, handled two other categories of messages: "unclassified information transmitted by and between government agencies and contractors that would be useful to an adversary" and "nongovernmental information that would be useful to an adversary." Examples of the latter would be: changes in the prime-interest rate, crop forecasts, the availability of critical materials, developments in advanced technologies, strategies to be used by American firms in negotiations against foreign competitors.

As this article goes to press, it has been learned that the Reagan administration is preparing a replacement for P.D. 24. Probably to be issued as a top-secret National Security Council Decision Directive, it was drafted by a committee of representatives from—among others—NSA, the CIA, and the Defense, Treasury, and Commerce departments. It is a reflection of the Reagan administration's view that the Soviet Union is an "evil empire," which must be combated militarily as well as economically and socially. It gives control of civilian telecommunications protection to the Defense Department's NSA. The Commerce Department, whose Special Projects Office formally expired September 30, 1983, regains none of the authority it had, and the president's science advisor, who under P.D. 24 was charged with resolving jurisdictional disputes between Defense and Commerce (that is, between the military and the civilians), will relinquish this power to the president's national security advisor. Within the National Security Council, the National Communications Security Committee will be replaced by a new committee that may combine telecommunications protection and data security and will have many more members because more agencies

"Your cartridges, madam."

are concerned with those matters.

Some government officials view the new directive as necessary. They feel that P.D. 24's splitting of communications security between two organizations did not work. Moreover, it did not state the government interest in the issue strongly enough to induce the private sector to take more steps in the field, and it did not define clearly enough what the various agencies should do. But some experts in communications security feel that giving all power to the NSA will be counterproductive when dealing with private industry.

But P.D. 24 was in effect for several years, and during that time the first major efforts were made to block Soviet eavesdropping. The NSA transferred many sensitive telephone circuits from microwave to buried cable and began expanding the Executive Secure Voice Network, which uses telephone scramblers, each about the size of two file drawers, to render conversations unintelligible to eavesdroppers.

The Special Projects Office surveyed the telecommunications practices of more than 20 government agencies and suggested ways of improving their security. It showed them how to identify categories of sensitive information. It held seminars and training programs at these agencies' offices around the country to raise management's awareness of the problem. Nearly all tightened their telecommunications security, one agency spending $21 million to protect its voice and written communications. The office encouraged training programs to maintain a high level of consciousness of the problem.

Top executives in some 100 of the nation's larger corporations—mostly in oil, steel, and food—learned about the need for telecommunication protection from experts such as Robert Massey and Charles Wilk of the Special Projects Office. The experts distributed copies of a guide to commercial telecommunications equipment. Some of the telecommunications carriers—Satellite Business Systems for one—began to offer bulk encryption of messages to their customers. And under a new AT&T program the address signal—the clicks of dialing or the *beedlybeeps* of push buttons—that reveals the number being called, and under the economical new common-channel interoffice signaling system, the calling number as well has begun to be encrypted, denying this information to an interceptor.

All this has reduced the volume of information that the eavesdroppers can cull from American telephone conversations. But Soviet eavesdropping is only part of a massive effort to gain Western technology, which includes stealing secrets and illegally obtaining high-tech items such as advanced computers. While efforts to block this traffic are praiseworthy, as are those to reduce eavesdropping, most experts agree that there is no permanent solution to this problem. That's why, they say, U.S. technology must constantly remain ahead of the Soviets'.

SPIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

very active GRU officers working in the United States, Great Britain, West Germany, or France. This is not only my opinion—it is also the opinion of Moscow.

How should one go about the business of expulsion? The short answer is: as noisily as possible. To expel a Soviet spy is of course a victory. But to expel him noisily means that you are making as much capital out of the victory as you can. The silent expulsion of a Soviet spy is an action directed against one man. The noisy expulsion is a slap in the face for the GRU and for the KGB; it is an action directed against all their spies, against thousands of unstable people prepared to listen to the proposals of the Soviet intelligence service.

Finally, the question arises as to how many Soviet spies should be expelled. The only answer is: all. What do you need them for? Why keep them in your country? They are professionals specially selected and trained to destroy your country. If you have the evidence to prove that they are spies, expel them. There is a theory that it is better to unearth a spy and keep him under surveillance than to expel him, because a new one would be sent in and then we would not know whom to keep under surveillance. That is correct. But every expelled spy represents a nightmare to the new ones, who fear being appointed as replacements. Also, intelligence experience is much more valuable than any amount of education, and one experienced spy is a hundred times more dangerous than a young, green one. The more inexperienced spies you have in your country the more mistakes will be made, and the easier it will be to watch them.

But if we expel people, runs the argument, the Soviet Union will retaliate and expel our innocent diplomats from Moscow. That is so. But there is an antidote to that: You must expel large groups of diplomats simultaneously. Look at these statistics: Holland expelled one, the Soviet Union expelled two; Turkey expelled one, the Soviet reply: two. But if you increase the number to five the Soviet will expel five or fewer. Canada expelled 13, the reply: two. France expelled 47, the reply: none.

Great Britain simultaneously expelled 105 (the entire staff of the GRU and KGB residencies). There was no comeback. If you take similar action against Soviet spies I guarantee that your diplomats in Moscow will be safe. I guarantee that your diplomats will be greatly respected, and that the Soviet leadership will look for opportunities to improve its relations with you. The Soviet leadership understands and acknowledges strength—only strength and nothing else. The Soviet Union will respect the sovereignty of any country, no matter how small it looks on the map, but only if that nation respects its own sovereignty and defends it.

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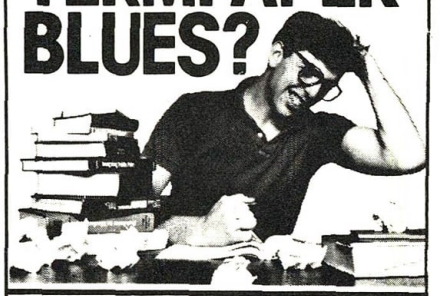

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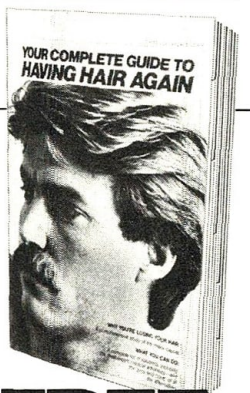

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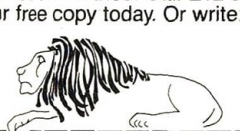

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IN THE OCTOBER

FORUM

MY BRILLIANT PORN CAREER

Actress Veronica Hart entered the world of hard-core films with no illusions. "If doing X-rated made me a slut, then I wanted to be a super-slut—the best and hottest of all." Five years and 30 films later, the star of *Amanda by Night* and other cult classics achieved her goal. Hart talks frankly about how she got into the porn business, the people on the other side of the camera, her marriage, and her recent successful efforts to work in straight films.

I TRIED A MALE SEX SURROGATE

Henry Edwards supposedly was the only male sex surrogate in L.A. who treated women. Most sex partners used in therapy are women working either with legitimate therapists or independently in an ethical twilight zone. Posing as a nonorgasmic woman, Linda Schwartz went for a consultation. Edwards turned out to be a "gay bisexual" with no professional training. Subsequently, he confessed to being unable to relate to women. When he tried to give Schwartz her "first" orgasm, he became impotent.

IRRESISTIBLE SEX SMELLS

A fragrance that would drive men and women to sexual frenzy has been sought since ancient times. In insects and some animals, a powerful, highly odorous bait called "pheromone" triggers immediate sexual arousal and hormonal changes in the opposite sex. Whether humans are similarly susceptible is still not known, but the perfume industry is spending millions of dollars in research—and litigation—in search of the magical formula. By Bryce Britton.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

ELVIS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

thought about that.

"It's a full set, flea brain!" Larry shouted. "If it works out there'll be money, a regular gig. Two full nights a week."

"I'll tell you something else, too, man," Byron ran on. "This is the beginning of a damn legend. I'm gonna rise out of this shit heap. You won't see me on this line much longer." Ronnie was still struggling with the concept. His big hands grasped the air as he talked.

"Okay, s'posing you do get your two steady nights a week as Prince Byron—where d'ya go from there? I mean, don't it seem like Elvis's got the Elvis Presley field pretty well sewed up?"

Byron stopped chewing. Larry jumped in like a terrier.

"No way, man. Let him have the stadiums and the field houses. That's not the real Elvis anymore."

Byron raised a fist in agreement. "Yeah, stick to the clubs. Give them something they can see up close—the young, tough, pure Elvis with hard edges. Early Elvis.

"You pay twenty-five or thirty bucks and he's ten blocks away. Even up close, what do you see, a tired old dude dressed up like Liberace! Why not give folks the Elvis they can't see anymore?"

"Give 'em the real thing. Give 'em Prince Byron!"

The next day Byron drew an advance from Mrs. Bertie, the cashier, and made an appointment at the Cosmic Cut to have his hair styled. He had a photo of Elvis from a 1962 fan magazine that showed exactly how he wanted it done—in a shaggy, sweeping duck's ass.

At Cosmic Cut, Brenda Harper was in the middle of combing out a pudgy-faced college kid.

"You're late, Byron," she said without looking up.

"Well, I can't sit around. . . ."

"Either wait or let Wendy take you."

Wendy emerged from the back room, and Byron rocked back on his heels. He smiled suddenly and gave her a gallant little nod. It was the girl singer, the slippery little fox from T.R.'s.

She seemed dazed for a second, knowing Byron and yet not knowing him—and trying to make sense of the fact that he was beaming at her in such a chummy way. Then it hit her.

"Oh. Elvis, right?"

"You got it."

"Well," she motioned toward the cubicle, which was off behind some potted plants. She seemed shy.

"I might as well tell you, I've been looking for you." Lay it on like butter.

She smiled at that. "Really? First I heard."

"You ran out on me."

"I didn't." She was blushing. "Put your head back."

"Admit it. You knew I'd be heading straight at you soon as I got down from the stage. I could see you knew it. Right or wrong?"

She sighed. "I saw you staring at me, if that's what you mean. But my roommates had to leave. And what did you expect? One thing I'm not is a groupie, okay? And if you want to know the truth, man, I thought you were a little crazy. I still think you might be. Now shut your eyes."

She gave him the Elvis-style cut, just like the magazine photo, but Byron hardly even noticed. He couldn't take his eyes off her. She was slim and her neck curved just right and her breasts nudged softly against her blouse. All he could think of was taking her someplace far away from here.

"What time do you close here?"

"About an hour from now."

"I wanna take you home. Don't say no, 'cause I just don't hear the word *no*."

She blinked. "I didn't say no. Of course, I probably should."

She was hooked. Byron could see it in the way she glanced toward the front and made a quick decision.

"Okay, wait for me in the parking lot," she said softly.

For almost an hour, Byron fidgeted in the truck. He couldn't cool down. He was totally unhinged over this girl. She blotted out everything else in his head. Dangerous! And on this day, of all days. Every few minutes he forced himself to remember that he would have to go home, eat, change, and be at T.R.'s by eight-thirty.

Anyway you cut it he had to clear time for this woman. She was more than just an accident. She was a key to the whole gathering event—a charm, an omen, a confirmation of his place in the future. Just as out of nowhere, Elvis had been given Priscilla, now here was what's-her-name. It had to happen just like this.

The back door opened and she stepped into the air. His heart stuttered. He honked the horn and waved her over. Hurry, baby. As she stepped into the pickup, he bowed sweetly and made an instant move, slipping his arm around her. She turned her head, avoiding his lips.

"Not so fast," she whispered.

The whisper was as good as a promise. Byron cranked up the truck and pulled away.

Wendy watched him out of the corner of her eye and let herself relax. A smile played around the edges of her lips. No need to think this over. Her body was already doing the thinking. The guy had pulled her in like a fish. Watching him now, she was full of the same gritty physical desire she had felt at T.R.'s. He was right—she had run away from it then. Now she drifted toward it, down the interstate, wide open.

This was how she wanted it to be: slow and tender, the first time, then faster, breathless, a little kinky. She got it. After an hour in Byron's bed she was exhaust-

ed, captured, addicted. But not quite finished. She reached for him again, wondering how much she could take. But suddenly the guy was on his feet, distracted, wilted, all business as he spooned some cold spaghetti onto two paper plates.

"Eat up, baby, I've gotta be at T.R.'s in forty-five."

Byron hardly noticed the girl now that she had gotten so quiet. As he dressed an ugly foreboding spread through his skull. Then in the truck on the way to T.R.'s he got a full-force attack of the horrors. He was still vaguely aware of Wendy, but she wasn't important now. His mouth was set in a thin line. A layer of cold sweat covered his face. He glanced at himself in the rear-view mirror: The eyes had lost their shine; they were dull, unfocused pools of fear.

"Do you want to get rid of me?" she asked as they pulled into T.R's.

He shook his head. He couldn't talk to her, not now.

Then Fat Larry was there. Byron almost collapsed on his shoulders.

"Larry, Larry . . ." he kept repeating. "I'm gonna blow it, I'm blowing it already."

"No way," Larry snapped. He pulled a silver pillbox from his watch pocket. Byron's hands were trembling in fits. Larry whispered something and the two of them headed off toward the parking lot, leaving the girl to fend for herself.

Wendy found a booth and had a quick bourbon. Get drunk, kid, she told herself, wondering if this guy was going to drop her a bare forty-five minutes after setting off all the fireworks.

She had no idea how much time went by, or how many bourbons, before someone finally jerked the jukebox plug out of the wall and Hogan stepped up to the stage mike.

"Awright, here we go. Introducing . . ." he growled theatrically, "the Prince Byron Rock 'n' Roll Revue!"

Wendy couldn't believe what she was seeing as Byron bounced onstage, miraculously transformed. Where did it come from—the freshness that radiated from his eyes? Cocaine? Whatever did it, Byron's fear was simply gone, replaced by a smooth cockiness that put him instantly in control of the room.

He opened with "Jailhouse Rock," roaming the stage like a cat. His mouth hung slack and the upper lip curled. His eyes searched the room for contact. Then he got sassy and the eyes glazed over. He talked Southern. He stood with his legs apart and ground his hips around. He grinned out of the side of his mouth, like Elvis, and he kept his head down so his eyes seemed to smolder out of their dark sockets.

But there was something else: In the middle of the set there came an eerie moment when Wendy realized Byron was literally gone, replaced by another personality, a kick-ass, scary hillbilly: Prince Byron, the bootleg Elvis. "Who is this guy?" she thought.

Prince Byron finished up in a blur of raw insolence. It had worked, everybody knew it. The big cheers died away but he lingered in front of the stage, radiant, letting the crowd come up to him and press around him. Just like Elvis.

Hogan ran a quick check on his cash-register tape and realized that Byron had moved more beer in forty minutes than his club had sold over the entire weekend.

"I'm into it, Byron," he said, flourishing a thick roll of bills. "I like what you do to this crowd. You're definitely onto something. I'm sold." He peeled off five bills. "This is for tonight. You've got Tuesday and Wednesday nights if you want 'em. Two shows a night, starting tomorrow."

In the parking lot Byron exploded, leaping and shouting in the darkness.

"I'm a star! Baby, I'm a star!"

"I believe it," Wendy said, with a touch of genuine awe.

Later, at his house, in his bed, she watched him sleep, defused, curled up beside her like a three-year-old. Byron. Prince Byron. Whoever the hell he was.

August 10, 1977

Dear Colonel Parker:

This is to inform you that I have been signed to appear regularly with my band at T.R.'s, one of Maine's premier supper clubs. As you will recall from my earlier letters, I am (to my knowledge) the only exclusive example of early-Elvis style, including Elvis himself, in the U.S.A.

Re: your visit to this area next week, I invite you to view the "Prince Byron Rock 'n' Roll Revue" at T.R.'s on Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday. It might possibly give Elvis a few ideas as to the strong points of his youthful show from the mid-to-late fifties. Mr. T. R. Hogan joins me in welcoming you to Portland.

Yours truly,
Byron, "Prince Byron" Bluford

On Thursday night, with Elvis's Portland concert just days away, Wendy pulled Byron out behind the club to the empty lot for some fresh air.

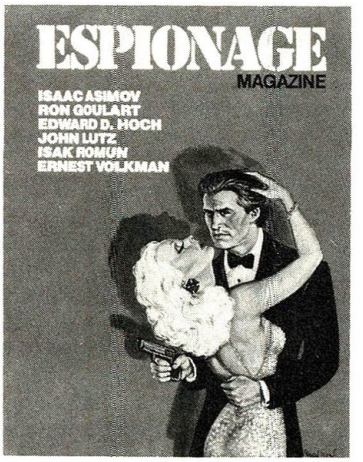
"You could do better than this, Byron," she nagged gently. "Not just more nights here, I mean someplace else altogether. This is the pits, man, this whole place, this whole town."

"I've already been working on it, baby." His eyes sparkled. It was Prince Byron talking. "I'm already halfway there."

In fact, he did have a plan. He needed representation, namely, a booking agent. Colonel Parker and Elvis were coming to town! When they arrived, Byron wanted to be in the position of an equal, a fellow professional. It would kill two birds with one stone; enhance his status with the Colonel and turn out better work while he waited for Elvis to call it quits. He was already thinking Boston.

If he hooked up with an agency out of Boston, he could work steady, for real bucks. For the first time in his life, he wouldn't be scrambling uphill, and when the Colonel came to town Byron could just drop the news casually—he had a hot big-

Living on the razor's edge?



Are you ready for Thursday October 11 1984?

It's the debut of ESPIONAGE—the *first* digest magazine devoted entirely to the oft-laudable, oft-despicable netherworld of spies...secret agents... moles...cover-ups...secret codes...the men and women who conduct and misconduct the top-secret world of government spy wars. They, and more, are all in ESPIONAGE MAGAZINE, 164 pages, six times a year.

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city-agent connection.

Monday morning he dressed up in his best gear and grabbed the early bus to Boston. The plan was to drop into several booking agencies, sign with the sharpest outfit, and the rest'd be history.

Superstars was a very zippy young rock agency—so hip it looked as if the employees got their hair styled there every ten minutes. Byron had to sit around and watch while one of the agents, whose name was Tad, helped the secretary hang up a big purple neon sign that read: SUPERSTARS! CONCERT PROMOTION, BOOKING, ARTIST MANAGEMENT!

Tad wore spiffy little English high-heeled shoes and kept touching his shaggy hair.

"How's that, Byron? Is it straight, man?" he asked several times.

Finally they plugged the damn thing in. Tad and the secretary went, "Oh, wow!" when it lit up. Another agent, a balding guy with a full beard, came in smoking a joint. His name was Herbie. He looked at the sign, said, "Oh, wow!" and wandered off again. Byron shifted haunches and cleared his throat. He was being patient.

Abruptly, Tad turned to business.

"Okay, man," the voice was now officious, "in twenty words or less tell me why we oughta book the Prince Byron Rock 'n' Roll Revue."

Byron took a deep breath. "Like I said, the woods are full of Elvis fans that never saw the real Elvis and never will."

"Not true," Tad said. "He tours, you oughta know, he's in Portland this week!"

"I know, I'm in touch with his organization. But that . . ." Byron paused significantly, "that ain't the real Elvis."

"Yah. Sharlene, what do you know about Elvis Presley?"

The secretary stopped chewing on her bubble gum for a second. "'Hound Dog,' right?"

Tad looked back at Byron with a smirk.

"She's nineteen going on sixteen—see what you're up against? We book mostly schools, Byron. Elvis is out of the past. As we all know, he's fat, he's spilling out of his jumpsuit."

"That's the whole point of my act," Byron snapped. "I do early Elvis, like he was fifteen years ago."

"Byron, it's not our audience. College kids are into what's happening right now. This is nostalgia. A novelty, and that's stretching it. How old are you?"

"Thirty-four."

"Well, I'm twenty-four and to me early Elvis is memory lane—along with Fabian and Bill Haley and Carl Perkins. It might go over in Vegas with the double-knit crowd, but on the college circuit it's dead meat."

A red cloud seemed to fall around Byron's eyes. He knew he was losing it with this kid.

"Have you seen me work?" Something in Byron's voice put Tad on guard. His face tightened and he sat up.

"Ah, no, I mean, how could I?"

"See me work and then be my judge and goddamned jury." He could hardly see Tad through the haze of red.

Tad cleared his throat. "Look, uh, Byron. We've got your picture and your tape. I'll honestly try to come up with something. We've got your phone number."

Byron's voice cut like a razor. "Forget it, man. I don't need you. I don't need your fuckin' double-talk."

"Byron, I promise you, if something comes up . . ." Tad was inching his chair toward Herbie's office. "Um, Herbie? Could ya come here a second?"

Herbie's face, which had appeared in the doorway, vanished instantly.

"Something comes up, you just suck on it," Byron muttered, stalking out the front door, slamming it ferociously.

Tad and Sharlene breathed a sigh of relief. Herbie now ventured out of his office. "Who was that? Who the hell was that?"

"Just what the world needs," Tad sneered. "Another Elvis Presley."

Byron hit the street like a storm. His mind was reeling. He didn't know where he was going. He didn't care. He had failed. He had to go back to Portland with nothing. He vaguely hoped nobody crossed him right this moment because he felt dangerous. It was all darkness up ahead.

It was over. He was gone. He felt the clammy hands of death closing around him. If Elvis Presley couldn't wriggle through those hands, who the hell could?

Tuesday Byron was a good hour late for work. Naturally, Turner had to ride his ass about that, that and being absent the day before. But Byron was determined to let it roll off today. He was too weak, too hung over to let Turner's bullshit get to him. He was trying to be a good robot. Trying so hard that he didn't see Turner huddling over the paper with old man Timbro. Turner broke away with a laugh, and they both sneaked a look at Byron before Timbro headed back to his office.

Then Turner was coming straight at him with a silly grin smeared across his face, holding up the paper so Byron could see the front page.

"Looky here, Byron."

It was Portland's version of the headline: ELVIS PRESLEY DEAD AT 42

Byron stared at the paper goggle-eyed. The room seemed to go white. A heavy ripple of dizziness rolled over him. He took a deep breath and reeled back several steps. His mouth hung open and his eyes rolled up.

Turner's grin faded. "What's the matter with you?"

"I'm okay."

"Well, keep working, man. It ain't a national emergency."

Byron swayed and fell to the floor, out cold.

"Wednesday. Elvis's body lay in a solid copper casket, wearing a white suit, a light blue shirt, and a dark blue tie. An estimated 20,000 mourners, many overcome by heat and exhaustion, filed through Graceland Mansion to view the remains in a final tribute to the King of rock and roll."

Byron slumped in front of the TV in his underwear, his eyes hidden behind dark glasses. Since they had brought him home, he had stared hypnotically at whatever flashed across the screen.

It was over. He was gone. Byron felt old. He felt the clammy hands of death closing around him. If Elvis Presley couldn't wriggle through those hands, who the hell could? He felt his own heart seize and rumble, and he waited for it to burst like Elvis's. He waited to die.

Down in Boston, Tad held the poster up for Herbie's appraisal. It said: HONOR ELVIS! A MEMORIAL CONCERT FOR THE MAN WHO STARTED IT ALL. Harvard Square Theater: Saturday, August 20, 7 P.M.

"A preemptive strike, man, low cost to be sure," Tad said. "Like the local bands we get for nothing, right? Appeal to their sense of history—y'know, the funeral, the emotional outpourings, the tributes. . . ."

"What a coup. Harvard Square—nobody does concerts there anymore!" Herbie sucked on a joint.

"Hey, just goes to show: Something's always bound to turn up." Tad cast an upward glance. "Thanks, Elvis." And he leaned back relaxed, twirling his death's head coke spoon. "Just guess who's gonna close the show?"

When Byron's phone rang, he was still parked in front of the tube. Wendy had decided enough was enough. Elvis had died, not Byron. The phone rang four times without a twitch out of him. She rushed to pick up the receiver.

"Hello?" She eyed Byron coolly. "Just a minute."

Without a word she dropped the receiver to the floor and left it dangling there. Byron finally got up and retrieved it.

The voice on the other end dripped honey. "Byron? Tad at Superstars, man. Hey, I wanna apologize about Monday, about that misunderstanding, y'know, we're just in shock over here about Elvis, man, and that's sorta why I'm calling, because we're in the middle of doing something about it and we really, really need your help."

Tad paused expectantly. There was no response so he plunged on.

"So, ah, here's what we're doing, man.

We're putting on a memorial concert, a big tribute to Elvis. We want you to come down and do a medley for us, man. Early Elvis, late Elvis, whatever it is you do. How about it?"

Byron glanced incredulously at the phone in his hand and hung up with a ferocious slam.

At Superstars everyone heard the slam. Sharlene whistled through her teeth. Tad and Herbie huddled over the speakerphone, and glanced at each other with mild surprise.

"Don't worry," Tad said after considering it for a moment. "Keep calling him. He'll come around. He may be an idiot, but he's not a fool."

TO: COLONEL TOM PARKER
C/O GRACELAND
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE
APPEARING AS STAR ATTRACTION IN TRIBUTE TO ELVIS, SATURDAY, 7 P.M., HARVARD SQUARE THEATER, CAMBRIDGE, MASS. VITAL YOU TRY TO COME. MUST LOOK FORWARD TO THE FUTURE. NOW MORE THAN EVER I URGE YOU TO TALK TO ME. PRINCE BYRON

Larry and Byron heard the radio announcements for the tribute six or eight times on the way down from Portland. "Holy shit," said Larry, "they must've bought the station."

Each time the ad blared on, Byron whitened and took a swallow of whiskey. His fingers shook as he rubbed his lips. Prince Byron is Elvis. Actually saying that on the radio. He thought: "The hole is open, waiting to be filled. Elvis prophesied all this when he gave up his gun. Now, by dying the night before Portland—the very night—he had cleared the path."

Early in the day, swarms of kids from the suburbs descended on Harvard Square, forming the beginnings of a mob in front of the theater.

Inside, Tad was officiating with anxious precision. He unlocked the glass lobby door for Byron and Wendy and immediately relocked it, then rushed off. Herbie escorted them backstage. "You'll be going on last," said Herbie, who was talking compulsively. "Rat Funk'll back you, they know all Elvis's shit."

Byron was starting to lose it. This wasn't his crowd. He didn't identify with those flash rock-and-roll-band guys. They were little and skinny and dressed in glittery feminine clothes. They all had hoarse voices and runny noses. Elvis never dug this kind of crowd. He wouldn't be doing a show like this, not even his own memorial. He wouldn't be caught dead in here.

By three o'clock there was complete confusion out front. At four, a plainclothes cop was inside shouting at Tad.

"You gotta kill those radio ads! You've got a mob out there. It's gonna be another Altamont!"

At five, Tad decided to start early.

The ushers threw open the doors and a roar went up from the street. They stampeded, surging through the lobby and into the seats, filling every available inch of space, clogging the aisles.

"It's full, it's full!" Herbie shouted.

"That's it." Tad barked at the ushers. "Lock 'em up."

They struggled to close the door against the squirming rush of bodies. Finally the pushing waned as, inch by inch, the doors were forced shut.

The show went by in a daze for Byron. The rockers came and went, the music boomed and pulsated, the crowd thundered. Wendy smiled at him uncertainly. Byron knew she didn't like him doing Quaaludes on top of whiskey. But what the hell. Finally he felt he was going to be okay. He felt good, as each band whipped the crowd higher and higher he felt better and better. The horrors left. He wasn't afraid anymore.

The groupies saw his sureness, their eyes flickered over his slick polyester slacks, the apricot sport jacket, the purple shirt, the blue-suede shoes. The rockers saw it, making way for him now as he paced in wider and wider circles, like an awakening tiger.

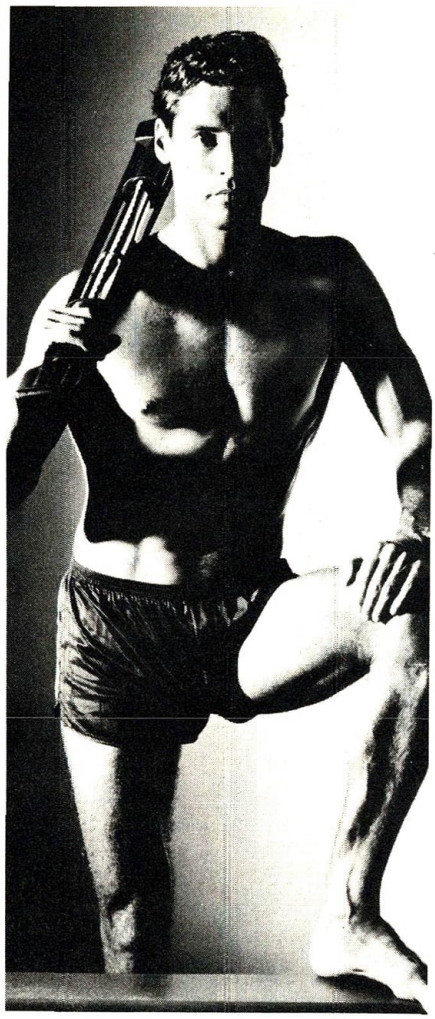
Onstage Tad was back: "People! He's here tonight! Elvis Presley is here!" He waited for the cheers to die down. "And he's in the actual person of a man who's standing behind me right now with the boys from Rat Funk. I mean Prince Byron, the new King of rock and roll."

A vast cheer went up as everyone lit matches simultaneously and held them aloft, revealing what looked like the youthful Elvis, resurrected: humble and arrogant, shy and cocky, sexy and mean and ready to fly. The crowd, high enough to get behind any hallucination, instantly bought the vision, a miracle, an unforgettable, supreme, majestic goof. Out of their collective mind, with delight, they stood up and roared.

The medley started, big and loud.

Byron was hot and everyone knew it—Wendy, watching from the wings; the band, jumping, turning, strutting behind Byron's slithery madness; Tad and Herbie, awestruck by the unexpected; and the crowd, who at first hadn't cared one way or another about Elvis Presley—till there he was, the King, alive, smoking with energy, a fire storm blowing out of Graceland. Byron knew how hot he was, raging, writhing, skimming the limits of control, giving the old classics firepower on a scale that dwarfed anything Elvis himself had ever produced.

As he brought the show to a climax of leaps, crashes, and power chords, the crowd surged forward, past the ushers and onto the stage. Was Colonel Parker seeing this? They got to Byron, lifted him to their shoulders, and held him high. The moment went on and on as he turned, turned, and turned in the chaotic jumble of lights, noise, rush, and confusion. He was the King. In the flickering of his mind there was one thought: He was alive, he was surging with life. Beat that, Elvis! He raised his fists and grinned wildly, eyes flashing with the ecstasy of sheer power.



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Sweet chastity
IN SPITE OF THE THREAT OF REVOLUTION, ONE OF THE GREAT SOCIAL EVENTS OF THE YEAR IS TAKING PLACE AT THE ROYAL PALACE AT VLAD IN TRANSYLVANIA. IT IS THE DAY WHEN CROWN PRINCE BORIS ENTERTAINS THE WIVES OF HIS GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS TO AFTERNOON TEA. ALAS— THE GREAT— AND EXTREMELY POPULAR OCCASION IS RUDELY INTERRUPTED.....
MY LORD, FORGIVE THIS INTRUSION— BUT WE HAVE RECEIVED ANOTHER DEMAND FROM THE TERRORISTS!
HENRY!..I LEFT YOUR LUNCH IN THE OVEN!
THAT AIN'T ALL HE'S GONNA FIND IN THE OVEN!
WHAT- WHAT?
THEY'RE DEMANDING YOUR ABDICATION AND FREE ELECTIONS— OR SWEET CHASTITY DIES!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

ABDICATION? GET FRANKENSTIEN HERE!

AND WHILE STATE COURIERS SPEED TOWARD CASTLE DREER, OUR HEROINE LIES A PRISONER IN THE HIDEOUT OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN LIBERATION ARMY
PENTHOUSE
IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GET OUT OF HERE AND WARN UNCLE VINCENT!

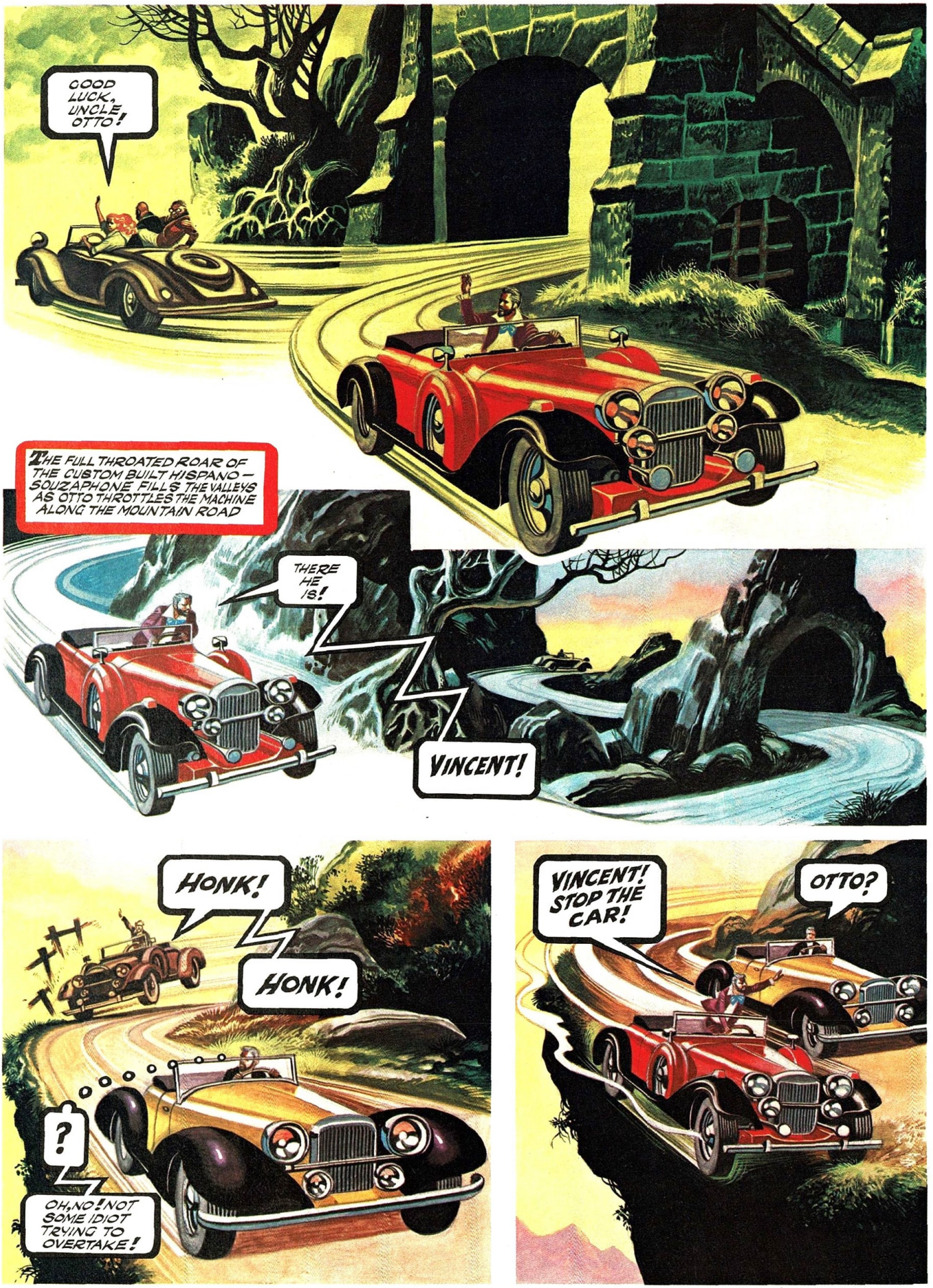
DO YOU LIKE BEING A REVOLUTIONARY?
IT'S A JOB!
IT MUST BE VERY EXCITING.....
.... ARE YOU ANY GOOD IN BED?
EH?
CARAMBA! WHAT'S WITH THESE RICH LIBERATED WOMEN?
I WONDERED IF YOU COULD GET A BIT OF FURLOUGH? I'M BORED WITH THIS PLACE — I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU MY LITTLE PAD IN THE BAHAMAS.....
WELL — I'VE GOT TO SPEND A MILLION OR TWO — FOR TAX PURPOSES OF COURSE.....
EH?
... I WONDERED IF YOU COULD FIND THE TIME TO HELP ME?
THE POOR IDIOT DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE! HOW CAN REVOLUTIONARY FERVOUR COMPETE WITH SWEET CHASTITY — AND A COUPLE OF MILLION BUCKS — AND THE CALL OF THE CARIBBEAN?
HIGH CALORIE FOOD?
VICUÑA OVER-COAT?
CLICK
YES — ALL THOSE CORRUPTING MATERIALISTIC TOYS SO UNIVERSALLY DESPISED...
WOULD I HAVE MY OWN FERRARI?
WALKMAN VIDEO?
POWER BOAT?
... YOU CAN PLAY WITH THEM ALL!
I HATE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE WEAKER SEX — DOOMED FOREVER TO A SUBORDINATE ROLE BY THEIR BIOLOGICAL RESPONSE TO VISUAL STIMULATION...
.... AND THEIR OWN NATURAL GREED.....
... BUT IN YOUR OWN POLITICAL JARGON — THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS!
WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THIS COUNTRY FROM REVOLUTION!
THINK OF THE UNSPEAKABLE HORROR OF A TRADE UNION FOR VAMPIRES!
WEREWOLVES CONDEMNED TO THE INDIGNITY OF WORKING ON A COLLECTIVE FARM!
AND ALL FOR THE SAKE OF AN UTOPIAN FANTASY!
IT'S A VIOLATION OF NATURE!

CASTLE DREER—UNDER ARMS, SOME TIME LATER.....
ON SECOND THOUGHT, I DON'T THINK I'LL BOTHER TO BUY A VIDEO....
.....THE TRADESMAN'S ENTRANCE IS THIS WAY!
MISS CHASTITY! PRAISE TO HEAVEN— YOU'RE SAFE!
WHERE'S UNCLE VINCENT!
I'M AFRAID YOU'VE JUST MISSED HIM! THE CROWN PRINCE SENT FOR HIM— HE'S ONLY JUST THIS MINUTE LEFT!
WELL DONE, MISS AMPLETITT! NOW YOU'RE READY FOR ANYTHING!

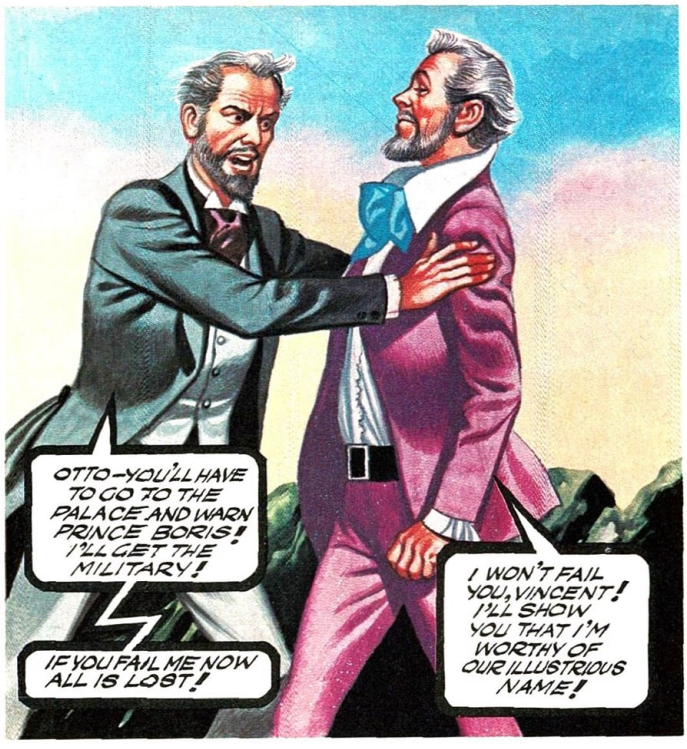
CHASTITY—MY DEAR! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE SAFE! IT'S ALL MY FAULT—I LEFT YOU IN THE HANDS OF THOSE TERRORISTS! CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?
NOT NOW, UNCLE OTTO—UNCLE VINCENT IS IN GRAVE DANGER! HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED BEFORE HE REACHES THE PALACE! THEY'RE GOING TO ASSASSINATE HIM AND THE CROWN PRINCE!
ASSASSINATE HIM?
ASSASSINATE HIM!

THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE—THE TERRORISTS ARE GOING TO SEIZE THE AIRPORT!
I'LL TAKE GRUD AND JOHN VAIN AND TRY TO STOP THEM! YOU MUST GO AFTER UNCLE VINCENT!
ME? I...I'VE GOT A BAD LEG! I...I CAN'T...I..
WE'RE WITH YOU, MISS CHASTITY —TO A MAN!
I HATE PATRIOTISM!

THE TIME HAS COME TO BID THE MUSE FAREWELL AND EMBRACE ACTION!
BYRON MUST SUPERCEDE WILDE!
I MUST ABANDON THE GREEN CARNATION AND PREPARE TO SWIM THE HELLESPONT!
COME ON, UNCLE OTTO—THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR A RECITATION!

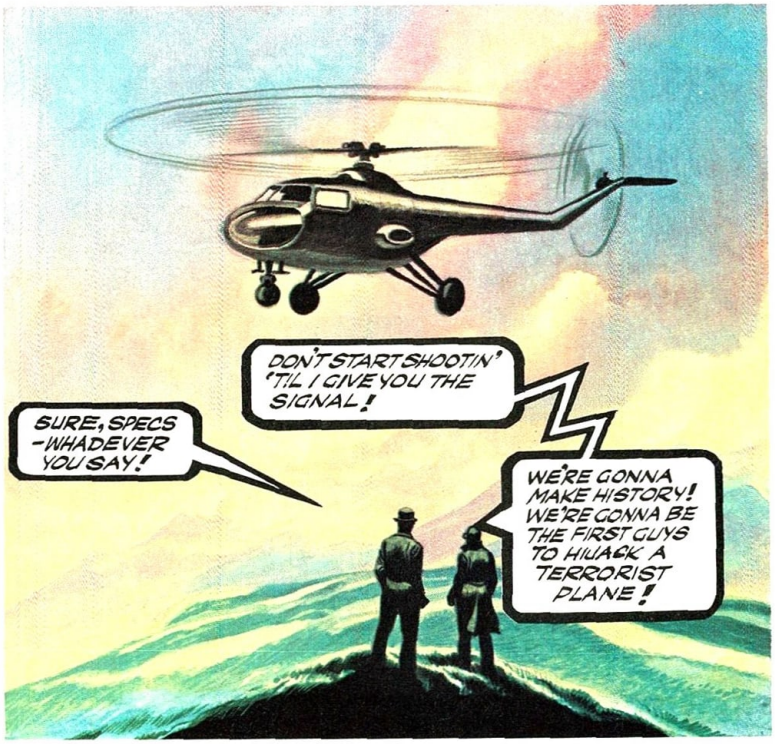

GOOD LUCK, UNCLE OTTO!
THE FULL THROATED ROAR OF THE CUSTOM BUILT HISPANO — SOUZAPHONE FILLS THE VALLEYS AS OTTO THROTTLES THE MACHINE ALONG THE MOUNTAIN ROAD
THERE HE IS!
VINCENT!
HONK!
HONK!
?
OH, NO! NOT SOME IDIOT TRYING TO OVERTAKE!
VINCENT! STOP THE CAR!
OTTO?

YOU'RE WALKING INTO A TRAP!
CHASTITY HAS ESCAPED! THE TERRORISTS ARE GOING TO ASSASSINATE YOU AND THE CROWN PRINCE!
THE PRINCE HAS GOT TO BE MADE AWARE OF THIS DASTARDLY PLOT —AND WE'RE GOING TO NEED THE ARMY!


OTTO—YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE PALACE AND WARN PRINCE BORIS! I'LL GET THE MILITARY!
IF YOU FAIL ME NOW ALL IS LOST!
I WON'T FAIL YOU, VINCENT! I'LL SHOW YOU THAT I'M WORTHY OF OUR ILLUSTRIOUS NAME!

WHILE OUR VARIOUS HEROES AND HEROINE ARE FRANTICALLY ROARING OVER THE COUNTRY-SIDE IN EVERY DIRECTION, MOOSE AND SPECS ARE WAITING AT THEIR RENDEZVOUS
THE LIBYAN'S ARE SUPPORTIN' ALL SORTS OF SUBVERSIVES AND LAYABOUTS! IT'S GOTTA BE FINANCE FOR THE REVOLUTION!
NO SIGN OF DA HELICOPTER, SPECS! WHADYA SUPPOSE DIS UINRAL GUDAFFY IS SENDIN'?

HEY! HEAR DAT? IT'S DA HELICOPTER!
RIGHT! NOW YOU WATCH ME CLOSELY, MOOSE—I'LL MAKE THE PLAY!


DON'T START SHOOTIN' 'TIL I GIVE YOU THE SIGNAL!
SURE, SPECS —WHADEVER YOU SAY!
WE'RE GONNA MAKE HISTORY! WE'RE GONNA BE THE FIRST GUYS TO HIJACK A TERRORIST PLANE!

SALUTATIONS, COMRADE FREEDOM FIGHTERS!
YEAH-ER-AN' THE SAME TO YOU, COMRADE! GOT THE STUFF?
24 HOUR TERRORIST SERVICE
YES-IT'S HERE. I'M AUTHORIZED TO PRESENT IT TO YOU IN THE FIRM BELIEF THAT IT WILL BE A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION FOR YOUR GLORIOUS REVOLUTION!
?
A PORTRAIT OF OUR BELOVED AND PEACE LOVING LEADER!
HEY! DAT LOOKS UEST LIKE MY UNCLE MARVIN IN DRAG!
WHAT?
CHEAPSKATE! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH THAT!
GET 'EM, MOOSE!
24 HOUR TERRORIST SERVICE
OH, NO! IS NOTHING SACRED? HAVE WE GOT ARAB TERRORISTS WRECKING OUR COMIC STRIPS NOW?

20 WORST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

Nebraska, Oklahoma, Missouri, and Oklahoma State—each knocked the wind out of the Cyclones last year by an average score of 48–16. Iowa State ended up 4-7 and, despite a softer schedule, will be blown away again this fall. Nothing will be finer for Criner unless he can somehow concoct an offensive unit comparable to last year's kinetic Cyclones. Iowa State will have to compensate for the graduations of quarterback David Archer, who set 15 school passing records; Jason Jacobs, who caught more passes than any other fullback in Big Eight history; all–Big Eight offensive guard Bruce Reimers; and four other offensive starters. Criner still has an all–Big Eight performer in wide receiver Tracy Henderson, but without the aid of a proven quarterback and experienced blockers, Henderson won't come close to matching his 81 pass receptions of '83. Criner's defense also needs extensive rebuilding: In its final five outings last season, Iowa State gave up an average of 44 points a game.

11. VANDERBILT

If nothing else, Vanderbilt is valiant. Unfortunately, that doesn't count for very much in the Southeast Conference, which features some of the hardest-hitting football teams in the nation. Vanderbilt is not one of them. The Commodores, 2-9 last fall, have an outstanding, if erratic, quarterback in Kurt Page, who passed for 3,178 yards, but who also threw 29 interceptions. They've also got the nation's leading receiver, fullback Keith Edwards (he caught 97 passes last year), and a fine tight end in Chuck Scott. What they don't have is a running game and the kind of bone-crushing defense routinely dished out by the rest of the SEC. Head Coach George McIntyre isn't easily discouraged, though. After being whipped by Kentucky last year, McIntyre said, "We just have to take our belt and tighten it another notch. I think I'm down to an 18-inch waist."

12. COLORADO STATE

Colorado State often appears poised to finally establish itself as a major football power, and almost invariably, as soon as people begin taking them seriously, the Rams fall apart. Sad to say this is going to be one of those seasons. The Rams were 5-7 last year, but since then they've been clobbered by graduations. Departed offensive standouts include quarterback Terry Nugent, the Rams' all-time leading passer, and wide receiver Jeff Champine and offensive tackle Kevin Call, both of whom were voted to the Western Athletic Conference's all-star team. Even with such stellar offensive operatives—as well as two other agile receivers, Harper LeBel and Keli McGregor, both of whom are back this year—C.S.U. rarely got into enemy end zones more than twice a game. Such was not the case with opponents, who averaged four touchdowns a game against the Blue and Gold. The Rams graduated only two defensive starters this year, but one of them was all-WAC linebacker Jeff Harper. An old college football axiom decrees that when you have nine returning defensive starters, your team figures to hang tough. The folks who promulgated that bit of wisdom obviously never saw Colorado State play.

13. YALE

It's always difficult to predict who'll finish last in the Ivy League because, let's face it, folks, Ivy League football is for *amateurs*. What's wrong with those people? Don't they realize a lot of money can be made—or lost—by sinking a million bucks a year into football scholarships, and a few million more into items like extensive recruiting setups, month-long spring practices, and schedules calling for transcontinental travel? Damn eggheads. In any case, Yale looks as if it has a great chance to repeat as conference chumps. Last season the Bulldogs were 1-9, their worst record in history, and they've since lost seven offensive starters. The Eli's 4-1-1 freshman team should provide Coach Carmen Cozza's offense with adequate replacements along the line, but the Bulldogs face big problems at running back. Tailback Paul Andrie and fullback Jeff Bassette both have been graduated, and last year those two combined for over 900 of Yale's 1,194 rushing yards. In '83, quarterback Mike Curtin threw for three touchdowns and eight interceptions. Unless he reverses those stats and gets his completion average to 50 percent or better, you're not going to hear too much of the old boola boola around New Haven this fall.

> It's been a while since Tulane fans had anything to shout about, which is why they won't be surprised to learn that their boys are about to take it on the chin again.

14. SAN DIEGO STATE

Even though San Diego State finished last season with a 2-9-1 record, Aztec Head Coach Doug Scovil is extremely optimistic about the current campaign. The big question: Why? Scovil's answer: "We'll be using better athletes at almost every position." Don't bet on it. To start with, Scovil has to replace graduated quarterback Mark McKay, a 55 percent passer who threw for 2,490 yards and 13 touchdowns last fall. Gone, too, is McKay's leading target, all–Western Athletic Conference wide receiver Jim Sandusky. Aside from those two, the Aztec offense was *muy hórrido*. Last year, San Diego State rushed for a paltry 77 yards per game, primarily because it lacked a breakaway back, a situation that still holds. Don't expect the Scarlet and Black to suddenly mount a viable running attack, especially now that all-WAC center Matt Long and every other starter along the offensive line has been graduated. The defensive auguries, meanwhile, are flat-out awful: San Diego State doesn't have a single starter returning to its defensive line.

15. CINCINNATI

A young man kills his parents and then, pleading that he's an orphan, throws himself on the mercy of the court—that used to be the standard definition of *chutzpah*. The new definition: the University of Cincinnati having the gall to schedule football games against Alabama, Auburn, Florida, and Miami. The Bearcats simply don't belong on the same field as Top Ten teams. Cincinnati was 4-6-1 in '83, and one of those losses was to lowly Miami, of Ohio. New Head Coach Dave Currey finds himself in the unenviable position of having to take on NCAA titans with a team that's lost 11 starters to graduation. Senior Troy Beaudine is a promising but fragile quarterback; his left arm has been broken three times in the last two years. The Bearcats have fine receivers in Jason Stargel and Deno Foster, and an effervescent runner in five-foot-seven-inch Reggie Taylor, but after them, the talent gets thin in a hurry. On defense, the departure of last year's three leading tacklers—linebackers Jerome Brinson, Linwood Marshall, and George Jamison—presages an autumn's worth of overmatches. So why is Cincinnati pushing its luck?

16. DUKE

For the first time since the end of the 1970s, Duke will have to get along without quarterback Ben Bennett, who holds virtually every passing record in Atlantic Coast Conference football history. In '83 alone, Bennett completed 300 of 469 pass attempts, resulting in more than 3,000 yards and 17 touchdowns. Other key roles in Duke's scoring show were played by fullback Mike Grayson, wide receiver Mark Miletello, and center Phil Ebinger, all of whom, like Bennett, were all-ACC performers who are now alumni. Down in Durham, folks really are hoping Coach Steve Sloan can pull something out of a hat, but it would take the combined efforts of Doug Henning and David Copperfield to create the illusion that the Blue Devils still have an offense. We already know they don't have much of a defense, which is why Duke finished 3-8 last year. Opponents averaged more than 31 points a game against the Blue Devils, but the re-

turn of all four starting linebackers should enable them to become a bit more miserly. The bottom line on the Blue Devils is that, without their slate of graduated superstars, they'll have to rely far more on guts and guile than skill and style.

17. MISSISSIPPI STATE

M.S.U. fielded a tough team in '83 but had to contend with an even tougher schedule, and wound up 3-8-1. This year's roster of opponents is less fearsome—Miami and Georgia have been dropped from the schedule—but so are the Bulldogs. In fact, they're toothless. Four-year starting quarterback John Bond and his leading receiver, Danny Knight, have graduated, as have the team's top four running backs. Probable starting quarterback Don Smith completed 66 percent of his passes last fall, but it's hard to get excited about that, since he only threw the ball six times. Except for three offensive and three defensive linemen, Head Coach Emory Bellard has to totally rebuild his team.

18. RUTGERS

It takes big money to play big-time football. Several months ago, Rutgers received a $3-million grant from the state of New Jersey to improve its football program. By then, the school had hired a new head coach, Dick Anderson, who'd been serving as Joe Paterno's offensive coordinator at Penn State. As you might guess, Rutgers is intent on becoming an Eastern football power, and probably will be, but not this year. Productive quarterback Rusty Hochberg, his three leading receivers, and the team's two leading ground gainers are all back for another autumn, so the Scarlet will look semiclassy when it has the football. Unfortunately, Rutgers' defense has a serious case of Gary Hart Disease: Where's the beef? It's no longer in New Brunswick, that's for certain. Since going 3-8 last season, Rutgers has lost the services of Bob and Jim Dumont, the team's two leading tacklers, finest linebackers, and best all-time brother act. Anderson has to fill five other defensive holes created by graduations, including three in the secondary. Facing a lineup of opponents that no longer features patsies like Connecticut, Rutgers figures to get ripped all season long. Just like their fans.

19. STANFORD

A lot of readers got on my case last year when I suggested that despite the presence of John Paye, America's most highly recruited high-school quarterback, and Stanford's usual complement of fine receivers, the Cardinal would wind up a big loser and Head Coach Paul Wiggin would be handed his walking papers. As it turned out, Stanford finished 1-10 and Wiggin was indeed fired. Wiggin's successor, Jack Elway, was hired away from nearby San Jose State, where his teams featured a wide-open passing attack. John Elway, rated by most NFL insiders as the best college quarterback of his time, happens to be Jack's son. Under the senior Elway's tutelage, Paye should mature quickly, but fleet Emile Harry is his lone experienced receiver. And for the second year in a row, the Cardinal will gain negligible yardage on the ground. Factor in a defense that gave up more than 26 points a game in '83, opening games against Oklahoma and Illinois, and a tougher PAC 10 schedule than last year's, and you're looking at another dismal Stanford season.

20. T.C.U.

Last season Texas Christian University fielded one of its finest teams in a long time, and darn it if T.C.U. still didn't wind up 1-8-2. The boys from Fort Worth weren't outclassed often, however, for on defense they acted more like sharks than Horned Frogs. But that was last year and now Head Coach Jim Wacker has to replace six graduates of that wild bunch. The man he'll miss most is linebacker Kyle Clifton, voted T.C.U.'s most valuable player after establishing school records for most tackles in a single season (189) and in a single game (30). A hint of things to come: Against Baylor, after Clifton was injured in the first quarter and left the game, T.C.U. suffered its only blowout of the season, 56–21. T.C.U. also will miss its second leading tackler and all-Southwest Conference safety, Allanda Smith. Without Smith patrolling the secondary, don't expect the Frogs to again finish with the fourth-best pass defense in college football. Opponents obviously are going to score a lot more than the 23 points they averaged against T.C.U. last year, which means the Froggies' only shot at a decent season is to double their own output of 15 points a game.

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COMING IN THE SIXTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE Omni

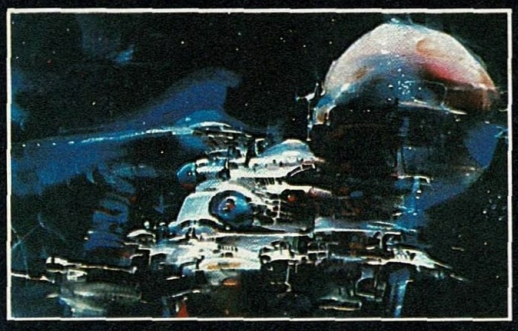
FICTION

Ursula Le Guin's landmark book *The Left Hand of Darkness* was published in 1969; readers have looked forward to new fiction from her ever since. In October, *Omni* offers Le Guin's newest novelette, *The Visionary*, about a reluctant mystic. Also in October, M. G. Jacobs debuts with "Minor Surgery and a Poker Game," about an unhappy spaceship computer. And there's Robert Sheckley 's "Robotgnomics," and "I Suppose You Are Wondering Why We Are Here," by Ray Bradbury.

TOMORROWLAND

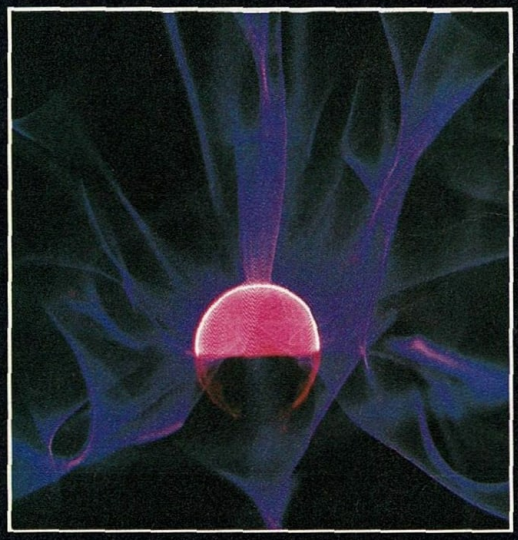
Philip Johnson envisions 300-story skyscrapers towering over the tight, twisted streets of the residential areas. Emilio Ambasz wants to strip Manhattan of everything but its infrastructure and a few landmarks. His idea: to unhinge the island from its moorings and float it around the world, adding priceless monuments and treasures at each and every port. Raul de Armas predicts the "anticity," a maze of settlements woven through the mountains, surviving with help from hidden networks, and never being a target." These men are among the most prominent architects in America today. To learn their ideas about the cities we'll inhabit 100 years hence, read the October *Omni*.

NEW COLONIALISM



It is the year 2017, and Princeton physicist Gerard O'Neill has just returned from a week-long visit to High Scottsdale. Aided by robots, immigrants from Earth have built space colonies with amenities like normal gravity, natural sunlight, and cosmic-radiation protection. Less than a two-day journey from the moon, High Scottsdale is one of the most desirable communities in the world. In this tale of life on the high frontier, O'Neill chronicles the daily routines of colony inhabitants—from executive to farmer—to create a report on the future, rooted in the research of today.

PLASMA WORLDS



Twisting chains of ionized atoms crash against the side of a glass globe, splattering into waves of scintillating color. Plasma flows like a liquid within this self-contained world. Physicist Bill Parker's nuclear-fusion research at MIT's Center for Advanced Visual Studies inspired him to make art. His creation: ionized-gas casting. Within the enclosed frame of glass, a radio transmitter sends electromagnetic signals into an atmosphere of noble gases—argon, krypton, xenon, and others. Electrons are stripped from the gases' atoms, and light images are born. In this month's *Omni*, the camera of Pete Turner captures moments of truth in the wild beauty of this new electronic lithography, forms like those that may well have existed in the first moments of creation. Looking ahead, in our sixth-anniversary issue, *Omni* predicts a new kind of life in the twenty-first-century workplace: The computerized bungalow. It's nice to visit, but some people may not want to live there.

GOSSAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

you know.

Penthouse: Do you ever worry about hitting a batter? Last year there was a pitcher who retired because he was worried about hitting guys.

Gossage: No. If I'm standing out there, they're not worried about hitting me with a line drive. You can't let that stuff bother you. You might as well retire if it's bothering you.

Penthouse: How did you feel when you hit Ron Cey in the World Series?

Gossage: Well, it was an unfortunate thing, but that's just the way baseball is. I didn't rush up there and stand over him. I stayed on the mound. I was saying to myself, "Just get up, Ron. Ronnie, get up, just get up," because I knew it got him good. But it's just like him hitting a line drive back at me. If it hits me in the head, what are you gonna do?

Penthouse: Do you wear any kind of protection for yourself?

Gossage: Hell, no, you can't pitch with that shit on. I'll tell ya, one time when I was with the White Sox and we were playing the Yankees, Mickey Rivers came up and hit a line drive. It hit my shin about midway between the knee and the ankle, a perfect shot right in the middle of the shin, and goddamn, I lay there in pain. Finally I walked it off—it took me about ten minutes—and I stayed in the game. I got somebody out, Rivers was on first base, then Oscar Gamble came up and hit another line drive right off my *other* shin. I wanted to cry. I just lay there, I couldn't walk! I looked over at the Yankee dugout; Catfish Hunter had a towel over his face—he was laughin' like hell. It was really a pretty funny thing, though it wasn't funny then. But you look back at things, and no damage done. Just a couple of huge knots.

Penthouse: You didn't fracture anything?

Gossage: No, nothing was broken. I can't believe that it wasn't. Paul Richards came out of the dugout after the second one. He says, "Son"—he has a real slow drawl, you know, a real dry sense of humor—he says, "Son, I think we ought to get you outta here!"

Penthouse: Okay, let's talk about your Yankee career, and your reasons for leaving. But first tell us which of your performances for the Yankees stands out in your mind as the best?

Gossage: Well, I guess the '78 play-off game with Boston. That was the first time I'd ever faced any *real* pressure—when the season was on the line.

Penthouse: Would you describe it?

Gossage: Yeah, I was scared to death. I came out of the bull pen and my legs were just bangin' together. Piniella saved the game by making a great catch, the ball got in the sun, and I don't know how he made the play. And then in the ninth, a couple of outs later we had a five to four lead, and I thought, "Goddamn, why am I so scared? The worst thing that can happen is tomorrow I'll be home in Colorado in the mountains." It was like the weight of the world had been lifted off my shoulders. I just stopped and thought, "Man, it's stupid to be feeling like this. I'll probably put another foot on my fastball by relaxing."

Penthouse: Who was the guy you got out?

Gossage: Yastrzemski. He popped up to Nettles.

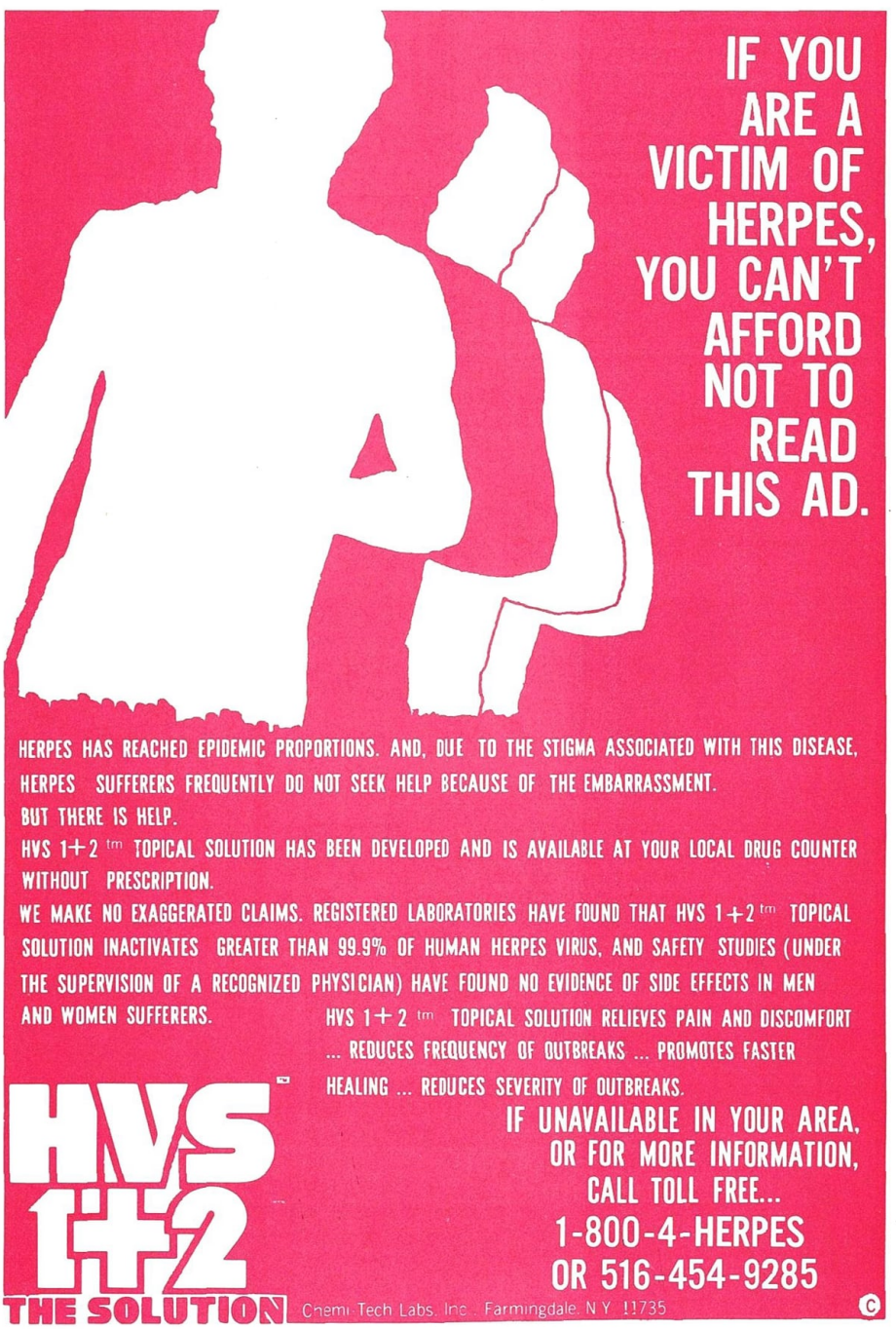
Penthouse: So that was a great year, and you went on to win the World Series. Let's talk a bit about a less happy time—last season. What went wrong with the Yankees in 1983?

Gossage: What didn't go wrong? Just about everything that could go wrong went wrong. In the last three years I don't think the Yankee players have been the cause of the wins or losses. When we lost the World Series to the Dodgers in 1981, that's when the heart really went out of all of us. Management started messing around with the lineup, and at the World Series management was ranting and raving in the clubhouse. We left New York two up, two wins, yet you'd have thought we had lost both games. George Steinbrenner was running through the clubhouse yelling at everybody, "Get packed up, get going, let's go, let's get the hell out of here. Get to L.A. so we can rest, take it easy." You felt like saying, "Just shut the fuck up and get out of here. Leave us alone! We're here and we're supposed to be having *fun*." Goddamn, if you can't have fun in a World Series, you can't have fun anywhere!

Penthouse: So he took the heart out of you?

Gossage: He took the air out of us, crushed us.

Penthouse: Were you surprised when



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GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

As the chart shows, a 1 or a 6 or both turn up on 20 of the 36 rolls, so the odds are five to nine in my favor. Of course, the odds are the same no matter which two numbers I "will" to appear.

6. CHANCE. It's a paradox, but I win again. Since my numbers may turn up in either order, I have an advantage and the odds are six to five in my favor.

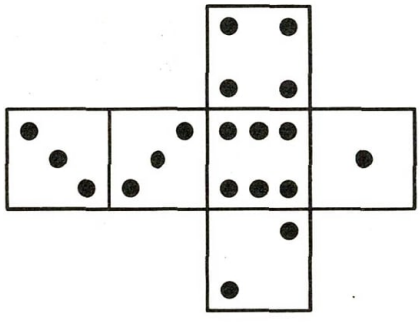
7. TOP. The top number is 4. Since opposite sides of dice always total 7, the tops and bottoms of the three dice in the stack must total 21. Five of the six faces add up to 17, so the sixth face must be a 4.

In performing the trick, start with 21 matches in your pocket. After glancing at the top number on the stack, count out that number of matches in your pocket and remove the rest.

8. PSYCHIC. Since the "odd" die—whichever it was—contributed seven to the total before it was rethrown, just add seven to the sum of the three showing faces to get the grand total.

9. CHUCK-A-LUCK. There are 6 x 6 x 6, or 216, equally probable ways that three dice may fall. You will win at least $1 (or as much as you bet) on 91 of them, lose at least $1 on 125. The "bonus money" amounts to just $12: Ten of the 91 winning rolls get you an extra dollar, and one (when all three dice show your number) makes you an extra two. Your expected win on 216 bets is $103; your expected loss, $125. In the long run, you'll lose 7.8 percent of all the money you bet.

10. STRANGE. The face opposite the 6 has three spots (we *did* say it was a strange die). The unfolded cube is shown below.



11. STRANGER. These remarkable dice could be used in any casino game without changing the house's odds or the player's chances. In the long run they will produce a distribution of numbers that is exactly the same as that of an ordinary set. That is, 36 possible rolls have six 7s, five 6s and five 8s, four 4s and four 9s—and so on down to one each of 2 and 12. It has been shown that this is the only alternate numbering that has this unusual property.

Steinbrenner fired Billy Martin last year?

Gossage: No. But everybody thought that I wasn't coming back unless they fired Billy. Bullshit. Billy wasn't the only reason I left New York, and obviously he was fired before I signed with San Diego. There were a lot of other reasons I wouldn't go back to New York. The way the game is today, when you get a chance to make a move, you're signing for five or six years. Those are important years. That's why it took so long for me to make a decision. My agent Jerry Kapstein and I didn't try to prolong or drag out the negotiations. It was just a very big decision in my career, and in my life, for my family and myself.

Penthouse: How are the Yankees going to replace you?

Gossage: I don't know. I hate to see them mess with Dave Righetti, putting him in the bull pen. Last year the kid was just getting his feet on the ground as a starter, and now they're going to fuck with him.

Penthouse: Do you think that they're desperate?

Gossage: I think they're very desperate.

Penthouse: What was the best thing about playing for the Yankees?

Gossage: There were a lot of great things. First of all, just putting on the New York uniform was great. The pride and the tradition are still there. I loved New York City—it's a crazy city. I'm very happy now, but I'll miss the Yankees. I wouldn't trade my six years with the Yankees for anything, outside of my family.

Penthouse: Did you like the fans?

Gossage: Yeah, I liked the fans. There are a lot of people who go to ballparks and don't know their right from their left, but I think overall the fans in New York are very knowledgeable. I got a lot of very positive mail from them. When I did change teams, they wrote me long letters saying how much they appreciated my efforts.

Penthouse: What was the worst thing you can recall about playing for the Yankees?

Gossage: I guess all the bullshit. The front office. I go out there for one thing: the enjoyment of the game. I felt that that was gone last year, with the Yankees. I'd watch the clock all day before I'd go to the park. I'd say, "Oh, shit. Fuck. It's time to go to the park."

Penthouse: Do you think Steinbrenner demoralizes the players?

Gossage: It's a fine line between love and hate. You love someone or something so much that it doesn't take much to set you off. You can't ask anymore from an owner than what George does to strengthen the team in the off-season. He'll go out and buy anybody. Whatever we needed, George tried to find that missing link, and no expense is spared.

Penthouse: Your career with the Yankees effectively spanned a Yankee era. So let me ask you a few questions about the players. What was the effect of Thurman Munson's death on the team?

Gossage: It had a great effect, losing a guy like that, with the leadership qualities he had. Just having him around, the sunny

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comedian that he was, the type of humor that he had—anytime you lose a guy like that, it kills ya. To this day, obviously, his friends, the guys who knew him, haven't gotten over his death. At least I haven't. I'm sure Piniella and Murcer and Nettles always think about him. I always think about his crazy smile, his personality.

Penthouse: As a catcher, how did you assess him?

Gossage: Great. Oh, man, he was terrific. He was tough. Goddamn, he'd take foul tips on his hand. It would be killing him but you wouldn't know it.

Penthouse: And what was the effect of Reggie Jackson's departure?

Gossage: It was something he felt he had to do. Just like me when I left. Reggie was great—he was great for the team because Reggie is Reggie. There's no other Reggie around. He could turn ya on. Sometimes when he stepped into that box he would give us his little show, you know. But there were times when he would step into the batter's box, punch his glasses on, dig in, and it just seemed like there was this concentration. The concentration was there, and it was like "let's see how far this sucker goes." I can relate to that. It's like he's gonna hit this ball miles. Shit, nine times out of ten, man, it would be gone.

Penthouse: Do you experience that same kind of concentration?

Gossage: Yeah, it's just one of those things. One night against the Dodgers in '77 I came in and got that fastball up around 100 mph. There was no way they were gonna hit it. It's like here it is, you can't hit it. That's it. It feels like, "God, where's it comin' from?" It's a weird feeling, almost not a human feeling. There are times out there when I feel like my body and mind are separated. Sometimes when I get like that—and good thing it doesn't happen very often because I don't know if I could take it—it's like my body's on the verge of blowing up.

Penthouse: So those are the best moments?

Gossage: Oh, God, yeah! Shit, one night in Baltimore I came into a game and they clocked me at 98, I think, on the radar gun. That night I think one guy fouled a ball off. All the hitters were coming up, I would let go of the ball, and it would be in the glove. I came off the field and my whole body was shaking, trembling.

Penthouse: So when you signed with the Padres it inevitably meant a switch of leagues. Did you want to return to the National League?

Gossage: I wanted a change of scenery. It didn't really matter which league. It just happened that I went to the National League.

Penthouse: What's the difference between the leagues?

Gossage: I don't think there's a lot of difference. I think the National League might be a little faster. When I played with the Pirates, I felt it was faster. Ten years ago, there was probably a significant difference in the two leagues, with the National League being better overall.

Penthouse: Would you have signed up with a team that was not a contender?

Gossage: No matter how great the money was, I wouldn't have gone to a team that could not contend.

Penthouse: So you think San Diego has a chance this year?

Gossage: Oh, I think we're very competitive, sure. I would never predict that we're gonna win it. I'm not that smart, or that dumb.

Penthouse: Can you summarize what you think is the team's strength?

Gossage: Well, we've got a good clubhouse, we've got a good atmosphere, and we've got a good attitude. We've got a good blend of veterans and youth. There's no better competitor than Nettles. He's great. He's the best. He doesn't talk a bunch of shit—he just goes out and does it, consistently. And there's a lot of pressure on Nettles. Nettles was the key in a lot of our [Yankee] pennants. He adds experience. He's very, very tough mentally. He's the only guy I know who can turn a game around—or the attitude of a team when they're going through a bad stretch—with his glove. He inspires you with his plays and you can only think, "Boy, he's bustin' his ass out there."

Penthouse: We read somewhere that the Padres lost 30 games last year by one run. Is that why you're here, to protect those fragile leads?

Gossage: Well, that's what I hope to do. That's what I get paid to do.

Penthouse: Who in the American League will you not miss pitching to?

Gossage: George Brett. I mean that son of a bitch must have gone into convulsions when I changed leagues. I made him a star.

Penthouse: And who among the American League hitters is going to be extremely happy to see you switch?

Gossage: Oh, I don't know. I've never owned anybody. Hey, they're gonna get me, I'm gonna get them—that's the way baseball is. There have been a few guys. . . . Take Richie Zisk—I couldn't get that son of a bitch out. He owned me pretty much. I'd throw the ball in, he'd hit it out; I'd throw it away, he'd hit it out. Brett never actually got that many hits off me; it just seemed that they were shots heard around the world.

Penthouse: Does it amaze you when they hit your fastball?

Gossage: No. But sometimes it amazes me how far it goes.

Penthouse: So what will Brett do now that you're gone?

Gossage: Shit, he'll probably try to get traded over here.

Penthouse: Okay, a Howard Cosell–style question. Do you think you could be as attached to another team as you were to the Yankees?

Gossage: Sure. I've done it before. I did it

before I went to the Yankees. I did it in Chicago and in Pittsburgh. I think I owe this team. They're paying me. Shit, if the Yankees were the opposition, I'd try to shove it up their ass.

Penthouse: To prove something?

Gossage: No. I don't hold grudges. Grudges are detrimental and childish. I don't have any bad feelings toward the Yankees.

Penthouse: But you wouldn't mind beating them in the last game of the series?

Gossage: Shit, I wouldn't mind beating anybody! I tell you, it would be a real pleasure to play those guys in a World Series. I would look forward to that.

Penthouse: Who was the best manager you ever played for?

Gossage: Chuck Tanner was the greatest. With Tanner you could go into his office and have a knock-down-drag-out fight, call each other every name in the book, and the next day it would be all over.

Penthouse: And that's not typical with baseball managers?

Gossage: No.

Penthouse: How important are managers? Can a great manager win with a bad club?

Gossage: No. No way.

Penthouse: How about a bad manager with a great club?

Gossage: Depends on how bad he is. If he falls asleep . . . maybe it would be better if he fell asleep. I think sometimes managers want too much credit. I think they should give the guys the bats, the balls, and the gloves, let them play, and leave them alone. Forget about all this platooning shit. Just let them fill out a lineup card and try to put the best nine guys out there.

Penthouse: Let me ask you about relievers in general. Are there any personality traits you can think of that relievers have in common?

Gossage: I think that you can't let a lot bother you out there, because a lot happens. You're always under the gun. You're always under fire. You're gonna have bases loaded one night and give up a base hit or a home run, and then maybe the next night you're gonna be in the same situation. So you really can't allow yourself to get too high when you're doing great, or too low when you're doing bad. It takes a special outlook. You can't be afraid. You can't be scared.

Penthouse: You were a pretty fine basketball player. If you had to choose again between professional basketball or baseball, which would it be?

Gossage: Oh, baseball, definitely. Baseball is more individual. When I'm out there, it's me and the hitter. It brings out the nastiness in me.

Penthouse: It brings out your mean streak?

Gossage: Yeah, it does.

Penthouse: You take it personally?

Gossage: I take it personally. Goddamn it, you're trying to beat us. Well, I'm going to shove the ball up your ass. And of course you're trying to shove the bat up mine. So somebody's going to get it.

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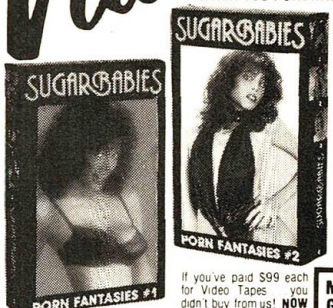

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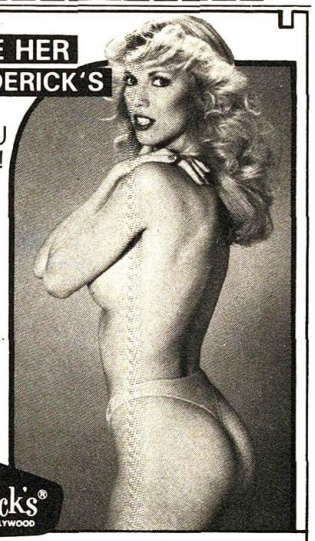

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

ing wheel, I came, too. Spent and exhausted, bruised and stiff, we slowly straightened out our folded bodies and crumpled clothes and lay against each other, chuckling.

The windows were too steamed up to see the approaching policeman. But there he was, knocking on the window, inquiring as to exactly why we'd stopped on this particularly dangerous spot at 11 o'clock at night. We explained something about having to look up a street on a map, assuring him that we were just about to leave. I could just see tomorrow's headlines: PSYCHOTHERAPIST ARRESTED FOR SUCKING OFF JOURNALIST ON FIFTH AVENUE.

So much for an uneventful weeknight. So much for my cautioning Mrs. T. about the dangers of spontaneity while I sat there smiling inside and impatiently awaiting the next uneventful night with *C.*

EVESDROPPING

Still half asleep, I open my eyes. The streets are heavy with middle-of-the-night stillness; what could have awakened me? As I stir in bed, I notice that my body is hot, my face flushed. I must have been having a sexy dream.

I turn toward Steve. Curling into his wide, fuzzy back, I try to settle into our way of sleeping that we like to call spooning. (When I am in front with Steve behind, I really do feel as if we are two spoons nestled comfortably together, with Steve's hand wrapped around me and carelessly cupping my breast. But this way, with me in the back, it doesn't feel like spoons at all. Steve is too big to wrap around.)

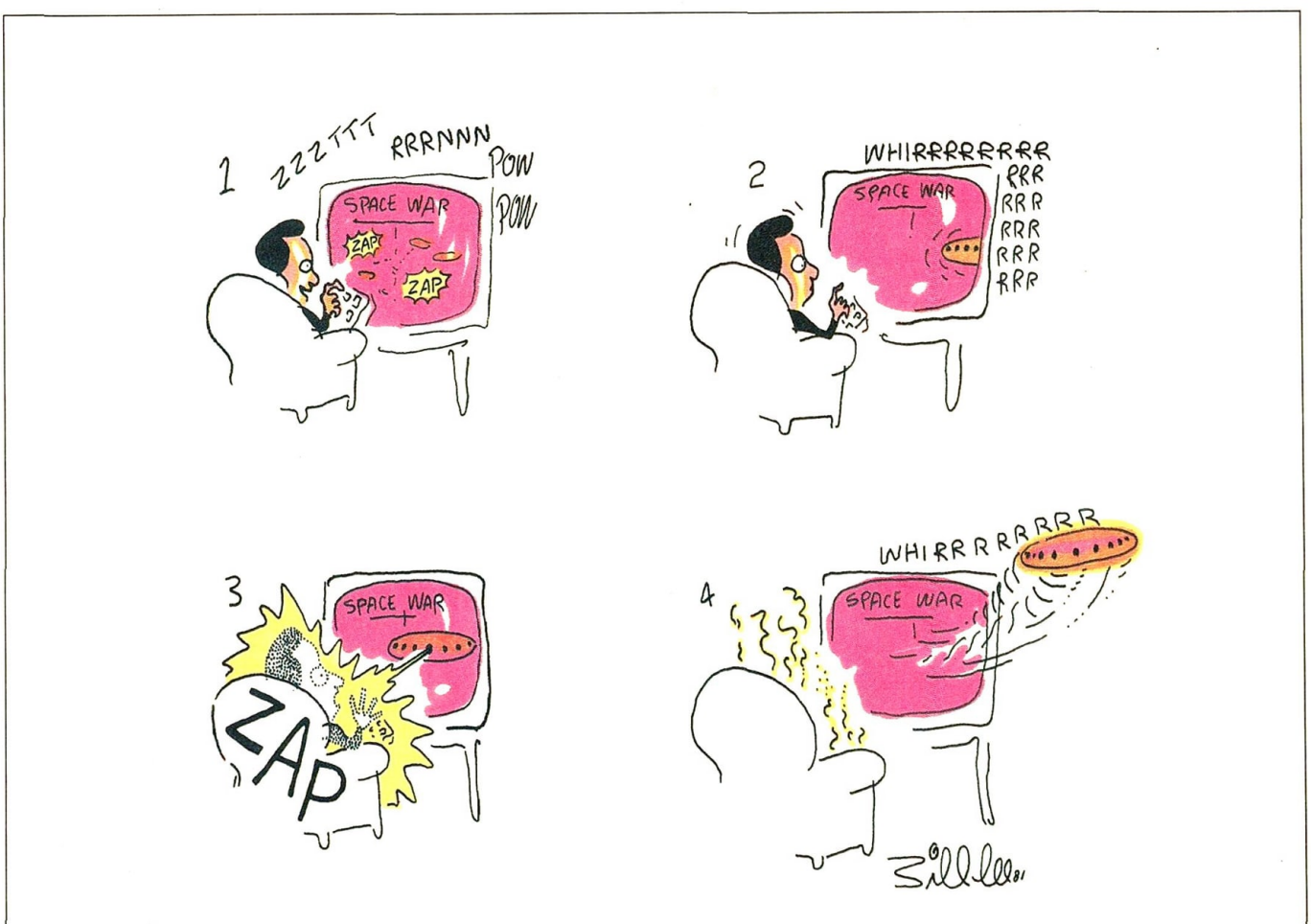
I know Steve won't wake up. In the two years we have lived together, we were never both awake in the middle of the night. Steve is an incredibly sound sleeper, probably part of his being 21 years old: He falls asleep quickly and wakes up with a smile. I am not so easily satisfied.

I remember the night Steve and I met, a cool starry night at the beginning of our sophomore year in college. We sat on the steps outside the student union and chatted—what could we have said, making small talk as our hearts raced?—and somehow we both ended up a few endless blocks away, upstairs, in Steve's room. Those first kisses of ours were tender, exploring. As I think about them now, I can feel myself blushing over those kisses—so naive and yet so hungry. They were deeper and more confusing than any kisses I'd ever known before. Slowly, Steve helped me onto his narrow bed. When he unbuttoned my blouse, running his fingertips up and down my chest, my skin prickled in anticipation. When his hand found its way inside my panties, I arched my back to meet him with an urgency that surprised me.

Since then, so much has happened. Steve and I have lived together in two different apartments—first with three of his male housemates, and now with Eve, the woman who was my best friend during our freshman year. Steve and Eve, I used to joke, you sound like a vaudeville team. People told the three of us not to live together. They were worried that bad feelings would erupt: Maybe Eve would be jealous of me and Steve; maybe Steve would be attracted to Eve, or she to him—maybe, maybe, maybe. But people didn't know how complicated the arrangement *really could be.*

I snuggle closer to Steve, open my mouth to breathe in his sweet scent. Years ago, I used to imagine the luxury of making love all night long. I thought it would be an endless feast, coasting from one course to another on a buffet bed arrayed with patterned linens and thick, warm blankets. But for me and Steve, mornings and afternoons seem to be the sexiest times. The magic closeness of the middle of the night is something we have rarely shared. We try to make love only when Eve is away.

I stroke my thigh and ass absentmindedly as I think of Eve. Eve is an acting major and she's beautiful, her body moves in that slinky effortless way that comes from years of study. When Eve got the lead in



the university's winter production of *A Streetcar Named Desire,* the three of us—Eve, Steve, and I—went out drinking at our college town's closest imitation of a jazz club. We shared lots of beer, and when the music got going we danced. Steve had had enough after a few fast numbers, but Eve and I wanted more. We kept gyrating together like little kids, giggling as we moved our hips and asses in ways we knew were sexy. When a slow dance came on, we stood still, our feet wide apart, staring at each other. Eve was breathing heavily from our earlier dances, and so was I. Finally, in the half-light of the dance floor, we moved toward each other. I don't know which of us moved first; it doesn't matter. We opened our arms to each other, hugged each other close, and began swaying to the sultry music. It was like dancing with a man, but better. I wanted desperately for Eve to open her mouth wide and kiss me on the lips, but that was one move I didn't dare make first.

On the drive home that night, my head thick with beer, I was still turned on. I listened to Eve chatter happily as the seat of Steve's old VW vibrated under my wet crotch. It seemed a long, long drive, and each time there was a rise in the road I felt a deep, easeful buzz in my groin. Mellow orgasms, I thought to myself. When we got home that night, the three of us shared some marijuana before going to bed, and Steve and I couldn't get each other's clothes off fast enough. He knew how hot, how wet, how willing I was to receive him, and when he exploded inside me I felt strangely calm and grateful. I had been aching for something all night, and Steve filled me.

What huge feelings could come from a few casual bumps and grinds with my best friend! What gorgeous sensations in the car, listening to her high-toned, honey voice! And then, remembering that night, I suddenly piece it all together. The voice! Eve's voice. It was Eve's voice that roused me from sleep just moments ago.

As I remember, I hear the voice again. Eve is whispering to someone, and it is 2 o'clock in the morning.

I turn from Steve to listen better. The apartment's two bedrooms are separated only by a thin wall, so it is easy to hear. Eve is talking to a man. Could it be Frank, the dark, handsome lead in her production? Eve has been talking about him a lot recently. And though I have never met him, I am sure my guess is right: The male voice that answers Eve's is just the pitch, just the tone, just the heaviness that comes from acting.

"I don't know," Eve's soft voice is saying. "Try a little higher."

I hold my breath, awaiting the next words. They're his: "Your skin is so soft. Delicious." Eve giggles.

Then the giggle stops, and Eve begins to breathe more heavily. Is it her acting training that makes each breath so loud? I think in annoyance. I feel as though I can see it all: Frank bent over Eve's smooth

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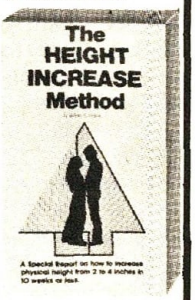

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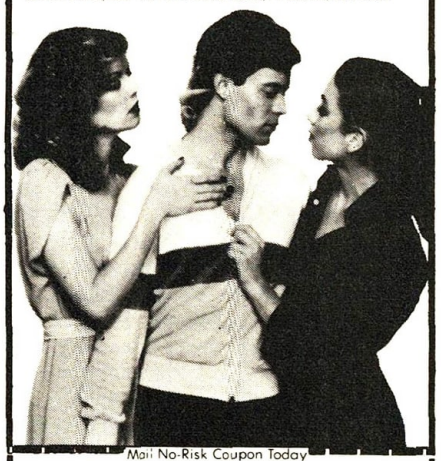

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thighs, lapping at her genitals with the tiny smacking sounds that resound in my dark bedroom. And there is Eve, beautiful Eve, on her back, her legs open wide, her chest heaving in great sighs as her body swells. It has been a long time since Eve has made love to anyone, and her sounds go right through me.

As Eve's breathing grows more urgent, my body reacts as though I were the one being eaten. Eve is nearly singing now. "Oh, God. Oh, God," she calls out in that high, sweet voice. My thighs and pelvis are hot, so are my cheeks; and my heart beats so loudly I think it might wake Steve. I move a little more toward my side of the bed and listen.

A little later, the pitch changes: "Yes, oh, yes, yes." She stretches the *s* sound until it burns in my throbbing head, and almost without thinking I cup my own hand around my genitals. I begin to rub.

Eve's words turned to moans, "Ummmm, ummmm." And the pitch deepens even more. Then Frank joins her, moaning too, "Ummmm, ummmm." I thrust one finger into my vagina and marvel at its wetness. I bring the finger to my face so I can smell it—this must be what Eve's smelling like, I think—and I send it back in again.

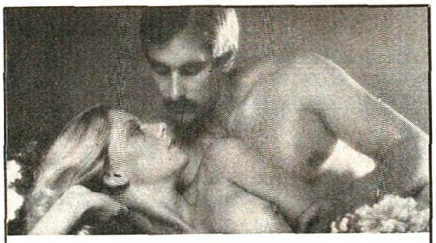
Suddenly, Eve starts grunting. Can humans really make such sounds? The bed squeaks, and I know what is happening: Frank is astride Eve's pert, limber body, thrusting his penis deep into her.

I give in to my hot sensations. I rub the mound of my genitals with my hand, feeling my own pulsations deepen as Eve's grunts continue. Gently, I touch my clitoris through my skin. With my eyes closed, I imagine Eve with a faceless, sexy stranger astride her. I picture the expanse of her belly and the dark hair curling below. My own hand starts rubbing faster, faster, making round luscious circles with little lapping sounds of my own. The pulsing in my groin is constant now, deep, and there's no turning back. The welcome warmth of an orgasm spreads from my genitals to my thighs. The beat of my own hand slows, and the orgasm melts slowly away. My chest is glistening with sweat. I touch my nipples with my other hand, circling round and round. I have another orgasm, smaller this time, and I think some more of Eve and the darker, firmer nipples on her firm breasts.

Suddenly it's Frank's turn. I am startled to hear him groan as throatily, as lusciously, as Eve did. His rich moaning goes straight to my head. I thought only women sounded like that as they came.

I stick a finger in my ass hole and feel it pulse, pulse, pulse . . . rapidly and then, as the rooms get quiet, slower and slower still. It's silent now. Frank has come, Eve has come, I have come. I snuggle into Steve again and drift off to sleep.

And then I am awake once more. It's Frank who wakes me this time; he is mumbling again, whispering earnestly to Eve, and she laughs her high crystalline laugh.



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Then they are making love again. How much time has passed? I wonder. How can he be hard again so soon?

This session is stormier than the first time. I think they have forgotten that there are people asleep in the next room. The whispers aren't whispers now, but throaty sounds yearning to project into full-voiced speech. "I want to be on top this time," I hear Eve say. The bed creaks a little, and I imagine the scene again: Eve upright, her legs tucked beneath that ass, sitting tall so Frank can stroke her beautiful, firm breasts. I see Eve arch her back, forcing Frank's hands down her bare belly, following his hand with her own, stroking her skin with a touch both sure and tender.

Eve's moans are deeper, more urgent, coming not from her throat or chest but from her very soul. But it is Frank's moaning that is almost more than I can bear.

Now my body betrays me. It melts again, longing to be in Eve's bed with her and Frank. My hands aren't needed this time. I just lie in my own sweat, feel my ass and crotch join in a wide-mouthed pulsing of pleasure. "No," I think to myself. "I will not lie here and masturbate again. And I will not lie here and envy Eve." But it is too late. The waves come on their own. I have drunk again from the banquet Eve and Frank have spread.

When my body cools, I feel terribly alone. Now and again I hear Eve whisper—real whispers this time, not the grunting tones of a half hour ago. Why is no one here with me?

I try to awaken Steve. I stroke his massive back, cup his ass in my hands, rub my genitals against the hard small spot where his back and buttocks meet. Then I reach around his hips and stroke his penis. It is already almost hard—a dream of his? I kiss his shoulders.

Steve rolls toward me, his eyes still closed. "Noisy tonight, aren't they?" he whispers. I kiss his mouth; it's heavy with sleep.

"I feel like I've been awake all night," I say. "Can you just hold me for a while?"

Steve wraps me up in his arms and squeezes. His legs and mine entwine, his penis eases its way toward my vagina. I take his penis and tickle my clitoris with the tip. I don't really want him inside me, but I want to make him hard. Do I need to show myself that I can? I move my face down to Steve's penis, slowly tracing my route with my fingertips, and take his penis into my mouth. This is the taste I love. As I suck, he grows harder. Steve strokes my hair. I still suck, and suck, and find myself thinking: Frank's penis is like this, but bigger. Frank's penis is bigger. Frank's penis has been in Eve's vagina tonight.

"Oh, baby," Steve says. He pulls my shoulders up, places me on his chest and hugs me. "Does it bother you to hear them fucking?" he asks. I grunt in assent. "Don't let it," he says. "Don't let it." I hug Steve and slide off his chest. Curled into myself now, my arms wrapped around my belly, soon I am sleeping too.

PERFORMANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 173

steering—everything is integrated, epitomizing the successful interface of driver and machine. Translation? Extremely high-speed, fatigue-free averages.

CORVETTE No good in the snow, scary in the rain, the Corvette is otherwise brilliant. It features fully independent suspension, fuel-injected V-8, a unique seven-speed gearbox with computer-controlled overdrive, rack-and-pinion steering, as well as astronomically high cornering rates (thanks to Goodyear's specially developed "Gatorback" tire)—they're all part of the package. The fuel mileage is mediocre and the interior is a little too gadget-laden, but who cares? With a top speed of over 150 mph, call it one tough street racer.

PORSCHE 944/911/928S Given the low price (about $22,000), the 944, with its rev-hungry 2.5 single overhead cam-four perfect weight distribution, flared-fender bodywork, and aerodynamic front and back spoilers, the Porsche may just be the most satisfying two-seater around. The word is "balance." Incredibly surefooted at unholy speeds, it's predictable, well made, and begs to be thrashed. This milestone car will teach you how to drive. Put your order in now, the turbo version is expected in the spring of 1985.

The 911 Carrera, testament to Porsche's resourcefulness, has been around since the mid-sixties, yet in its newest incarnation it remains more than competitive, with a top speed of 145 mph and cornering rates equal to anything on the block. If this isn't enough, there's the Turbo look-alike option, an $11,000 package consisting of wildly flared fenders, whale-tail spoilers, special brakes and suspension, wide wheels and tires.

A little heavy, a little fat, the 928S is still the best combination of luxury and performance money can buy. From the superb seats to the hardware (which appears to have been crafted from billets of solid steel) the interior is simply but masterfully crafted from the finest materials. And although the opulence can be a little overwhelming, the V-8 rumble tells you the 928S nonetheless means business.

JAGUAR XJ-S HE Cruising, not drag racing, is the forte here. Every car has its optimum speed, a natural gait, so to speak, and with the Jag it's definitely in the three-figure bracket. So beware. Given the refinement of Connoly cowhide seats, deep-pile carpeting, burled-elm trim, and the velvety smoothness of the all-aluminum 262 hp V-12, this is one car that could cost you your license. Top speed? An eerily silent 140 mph plus.

AUDI QUATTRO If the Jag is the epitome of performance wrapped in burnished wood and soft leather, then the Quattro is

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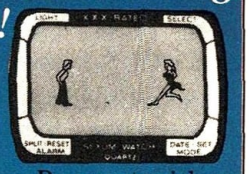
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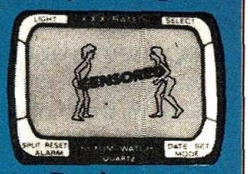

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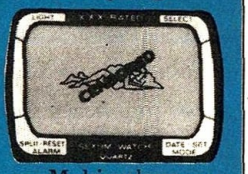
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German high-tech engineering at its best, boldly imaginative and as purposeful as a V-2 rocket: Turbocharged, intercooled power drives all four wheels through a five-speed gearbox. Yes, all *four* wheels. Designed as a championship rally car, the Quattro offers full-time four-wheel drive and unbeatable traction in snow, rain, and mud. Fully independent suspension, four-wheel discs, big tires, and an aggressive front-air dam ensure a balanced ride. At $35,000, the car isn't cheap, and with only slightly more than 500 of them on American roads, owning one is true exotica.

LOTUS ESPRIT TURBO You want numbers? How about 0 to 60 in less than six seconds? The standing quarter mile in 14.6? Or stopping distance, say 60 to 0 mph in a viscera-wrenching 137 feet? Phenomenal, yes. But such abstractions don't begin to convey the surgical precision, let alone the rush here. Drive the Lotus and know bliss. When the Esprit's turbo is shrieking at full boost, pulling at 7,000 rpm redline, there is no car like this.

Before we move on, it's important to say a few words about the soon-to-be, late-and-great Volkswagen Rabbit GTI. A 90-horsepower, high-output engine, five-speed gearbox, tuned suspension, and sports seats have transformed the pedestrian econobox into a small-caliber projectile perfect for punching holes in urban traffic; the Rabbit GTI is agile, even nimble with instantaneous acceleration in the lower gears, bull's-eye steering, and typical German handling.

AFTER THE FIRST 1,000 MILES No matter how good it already is, any car can be improved upon. Fashionable as well as functional, the new accessories make driving fun and, yes, safer too. From European-grade headlights to radar detectors to specially designed seats, the name of the game is ergonomics: the notion of bringing technology to bear on muscle power, of motoring in comfort with minimum expenditures of time and effort.

First, performance items: Suspension modifications, such as after-market shock absorbers, antisway bars, and upgraded springs, will maximize response, minimize body roll, and also lower a vehicle for better aerodynamics. Suspension Techniques (1853 Belcroft Avenue, South El Monte, California 91733) offers the most sophisticated, custom-designed equipment around. Complete kits include Koni and Bilstein gas-pressurized shock absorbers for virtually every application, from full race to moderate hop up. Original-equipment suspensions are always a compromise designed for the average driver, and if you're serious about performance suspension, tweaks aren't as much of a commitment as you may think, especially since installation can be completed by most garages or alignment shops.

Radial tires are clearly the hot ticket for both domestic and foreign vehicles, although up until recently the best—Michelin and Pirelli—were foreign made. Now B. F. Goodrich has taken the lead with its revolutionary "Comp T/A": They are safe at triple the national speed limit, smooth running, and handle extraordinarily well under all conditions. At approximately $150 each, they're state of the art, the single most effective add-on, especially if you go a size or two larger than the shoes you're replacing. For those needing snow tires, Pirelli's Winter 190 M&S is the only speed-rated (130 mph) radial that gets you through the white stuff yet still performs in the dry.

Practically *de rigueur* among aficionados, alloy wheels are by no means only cosmetic: You can do nothing more dramatic to improve a car's looks, true, but they're also light, provide better brake cooling, and by offering wider-than-standard rim width, they're mandatory if you're going to the expense of oversize Comp T/As, NCT Goodyears, or Pirelli P-7s. (Note: The market is flooded with junk, and wheel failure, generally in the form of bent rims, isn't uncommon.) BBS is recognized as the leader in the industry, and its new modular wheel (available in a variety of sizes) is racy and tough, in addition to carrying a unique road-hazard warranty. Lotus, Aston Martin, and BMW go to BBS for wheels, why not you?

Headlights are headlights, right? Wrong. For years now the Europeans have used quartz-halogen lighting, which affords easily twice the illumination of conventional scaled-beam units, reduces eye strain, and dramatically increases nighttime safety margins. Pick and choose. The best bet is slip-in replacement headlight units at $50 a pair, although add-on spots, in combinations of fog and clear driving lamps, are also available. Hella and Cibie are the names to remember. Also contributing to fatigue-free driving is a new gadget from Germany: the WX-2 wipersystem. Two blades, not one, and built in water spritzer.

Talk to any long-distance race driver and he'll get around to talking about seats, usually those made by Keiper-Recaro. Favored by Europe's top rally teams, these orthopedically designed numbers feature fore-aft travel, full recline, backrest width, height and rake, zoned lumbar support, head restraint, and upper backrest, as well as side-bolster adjustment. Quite simply, they are the greatest fatigue reducers known to man. The recently introduced K series, starting at $395, is available in a number of colors. For real self-indulgence there's the all-leather, electronic-control C model, at $1,400 per seat. Just the item for the driver who cares.

Okay, what else? Need more power? Nowadays turbocharging is the only way to go. But if you're already so equipped, modify the original machinery. The Callaway Bump-Up System (3 High Street,

Old Lyme, Connecticut 06371) consists of a patented microfueler and air-to-air intercooler with the appropriate hardware, all of which permit higher turbo boost. With our Saab this meant chopping two seconds off 0-to-60 acceleration time, 10 to 15 mph higher top end, and the end of any lingering doubts about taking on BMWs, 280 ZXs, or macho Camaros. Without sacrificing drivability, the car just gathers itself up and flies. Callaway 944s, likewise, will slaughter Carreras and 928s alike. Ditto for bumped-up Rabbits, which with 200 hp may be the giant killers of all time. Unfortunately, they're no longer in production.

How will the Callaway treatment affect your new-car warranty? It will void it. Each bump-up system is custom engineered and Callaway turbocharges only cars that are good turbo candidates to begin with, namely, Volkswagen, BMW, Toyota, Saab, Porsche, and Mercedes. They're certainly worth the attention.

With proper maintenance and the intelligent use of your right foot, longevity is not a factor. The installation is as clean, if not cleaner, than most factory setups; the componentry is better, and dollar for dollar there's no wiser performance investment anywhere. Available as a do-it-yourself kit, or just deliver your car to Callaway headquarters in Connecticut, or to one of the company's authorized dealers.

It's no secret that somebody's going to try to steal your car, and they may succeed. But why make it easy? The Ungo Box Remote is regarded as the best security system available.

Utilizing the latest in solid-state technology, its pocket-size electronic key instantly arms and disarms the system: hood, trunk, and doors are all protected, and a hidden siren will sound even if some clever bastard tries to jack up, push, or tow your vehicle away.

Dealer-installed, reusable at trade-in time, and in most cases qualified for a 10 percent reduction in your insurance premiums, it's the next best thing to a hidden trip gun.

Finally, that most indispensable of all accessories, a reliable radar detector. Forget the ads and the hype, there are only two such readily available units on the market—the Escort and Whistler Spectrum.

Which is better? Who knows. The Escort is, to some, neater looking and is also a lot less prone to false alarms; the Whistler, on the other hand, is more sensitive, with slightly greater range. Both are state of the art, and anyone who drives over 55 mph without one is either a fool or a masochist.

Where do you get this stuff? In addition to local car-accessory shops, the best mail-order sources are: Auto World, 710 N. Keyser Avenue, Scranton, Pennsylvania 18508; and Reliable Auto Accessories, 1751 Spruce Street, Riverside, California 92507.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

real education. Right after the term started, I was invited to a party. It was sort of a "meet-your-neighbor" affair in which the freshmen pledges from the frat were supposed to get to know the women living next door.

Naturally, I enjoyed the new freedom of finally being able to drink and socialize freely. But I wasn't ready for the approach of a girl I can only describe as extraordinary! Towering above most of us at six feet, she walked across the patio and asked me if I would like to go inside and talk, where the full blast of the stereo wouldn't be so obnoxious. I agreed, and Lori, as she told me her name was, led me to a dimly lit lounge on the second floor. We talked freely about everything, even sex, and I never thought twice about it. But I did notice when she confided in me that half the house was lesbian, she sounded wistful and was staring straight into my eyes. As I had already mentioned my girlfriend, I thought I was safe and thought nothing of this behavior. I was still drinking though and soon I became drowsy. Lori suggested that I crash somewhere, which I considered ridiculous because I lived right next door. Before I fully knew what was going on, she led me back to a bedroom off the lounge. I noticed that there were bunk beds, but that fact didn't leave any impression on my tired brain.

Lori started to take my shirt off and I let her, because I usually don't wear a shirt when I sleep. But when she reached for my pants, I knew something was not straightforward about her offer to let me crash in the room. Being that I was slightly inebriated I was not exactly opposed to the unvoiced intentions of my hostess. So I let her finish undressing me, and then I watched as she undressed herself and slowly lowered her lanky frame on the bed beside me. She began caressing my chest and nibbling my ear, and soon, in spite of the alcohol, I was aroused. Still, I decided to be submissive and let her do all the work. I wanted to enjoy this experience and see just what a college education was all about.

I wasn't let down. Lori was a genius at figuring out what I wanted and how much to give me. She started licking my fully erect cock while I fondled her perfect breasts. As the blood started to pound in my cock and in my brain, she moved farther down and started tonguing my ass hole, running her long fingers up and down my swollen shaft with a slow, steady rhythm, to which I responded by breathing ever more audibly. Surely, I thought, someone will hear! Suddenly, I was startled by another pair of hands on my chest, and I opened my eyes to behold a lovely pussy looming over my face. Lori's roommate had apparently entered the room and didn't want to be left out of anything, and I wasn't about to complain! It appeared my lesson had just started.

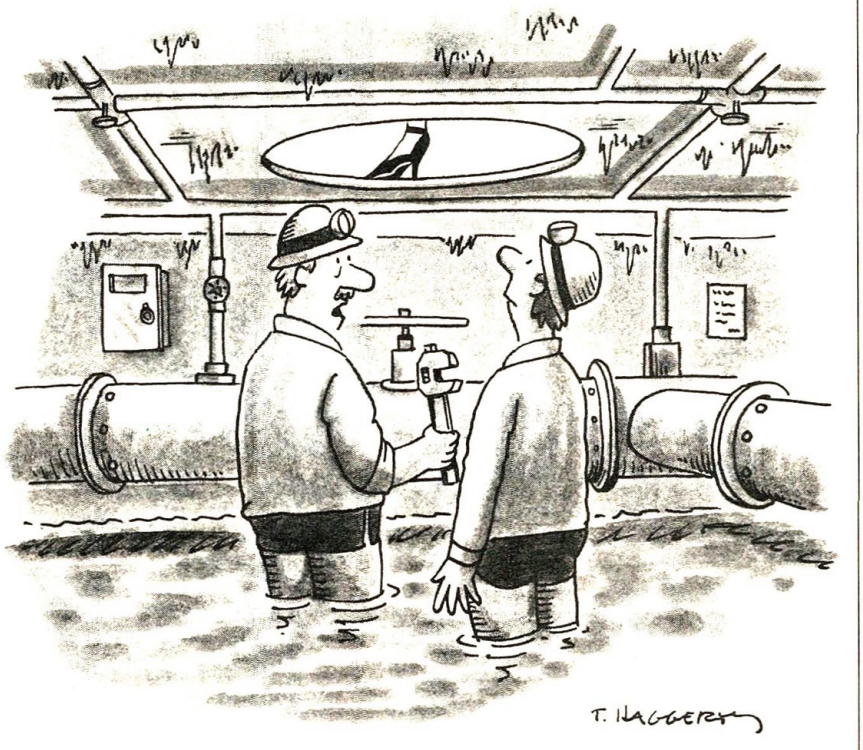
I eagerly reached up and pulled that warm, juicy love box down to my mouth, and began lapping the precious bodily fluid that oozed from her sweet hot cunt. Lori's roommate began to writhe, twist, and moan, and soon she started to slide up and down on my nose. Lori was deep-throating my cock and lightly fingering my balls. The combination of that and eating this girl's pussy caused me to explode in a furious orgasm that left my legs and torso quivering for one full minute.

The girls shifted positions. Lori poised her cunt over my mouth, and her friend gently licked my member until it stood at stiff attention awaiting further orders. I tongued Lori's inviting young pussy to the same rhythm that her roommate sucked me. "Fuck me!" she cried. We flipped over and I rammed my rock-hard cock into her. Her long legs were able to wrap around my back completely, and she pulled as her hips pushed to meet and increase my every thrust. As we pulsed, her friend shoved her finger into my ass, wiggling it around so that I felt incredible pleasure from all sides. "My God," I thought, "I'm just a freshman! This can't be happening to me!" But indeed it was!

The three of us fucked for what seemed like hours, until I simply couldn't perform anymore; I was so sore. I fell asleep but was awakened about two hours later by Lori, who was accompanied by another girl this time! Astonished, but quickly overcome with lust, I allowed them to do what they would. Without a word they tore off the sheet that covered me and, giggling, began to lick my body all over. I responded almost immediately, rising to new heights in record time! My blood-filled cock was seized by greedy hands, and before I realized it, I was fully surrounded by wet soft flesh. As one mounted me, the other slowly fingered herself, matching the same thrusting motions I made. I reached out and began to pinch and rub the "lonely" clit until its lovely owner was screaming and panting. No longer did I care about noise! Faster and faster I probed the two with both my hot rod and fingers, until all three of us came and I felt immersed in warm juices. Again, the girls switched; they fully intended to milk me dry, and I wanted it! After more of this constant fucking, I became exhausted again and collapsed in a breathless, sore heap. This time, they let me sleep until morning.

Returning to my house the next day, I was embarrassed. I thought surely I would face the jeers of my frat brothers at lunch. Strangely, though, a lot of them, especially the other freshmen, had the same stupid grins on their faces that I had! We talked, and sure enough, I wasn't alone in having "learned a lot" at college. We certainly looked forward to the future!

But we soon received the shock of our lives. Our friendly, welcoming neighbors



"You should have been down here in the good old days when you could look up a dress and almost never see a cock!"

who once had been so warm had suddenly become as cold as ice! We passed them on the street and were ignored. We said "hi!" and they looked away. We went next door to visit and were treated as strangers unwelcome in their house. Even Lori pretended that I wasn't there! We asked the older members of our house what was going on, and they only laughed and said that the same sort of thing happened to freshmen every year. So, in the course of 24 hours I learned not only what liberated sex was like, but also the meaning of a one-night stand.

It's been a whole year now, and I have learned a lot from this school. I've still got my steady girlfriend, and now Lori says "hi!" to me. I've never had a similar experience and I probably won't, but there is one thing that stays a definite fact: College is certainly a learning experience!—*Name and address withheld*

MISS ADVENTURESOME

Three guys and I have a pretty great thing going with a model whom I'll call Terri. She's the fantastic blonde with long, curly hair I'm sure you've seen in shampoo and perfume ads on television. Besides her modeling income, I'm sure she gets along very well just on what we pay her. Each of us gets to spend one night a week at her condo, as well as every fifth weekend. She gets every fifth week off. The four of us don't know each other, and we don't "recognize" her when we see her.

Terri's an ever-ending source of new ideas and adventures. She has an excellent library of sex manuals and a superb videocassette collection. Last night was my night with her, and we decided to try some bondage.

After a nice joint, we retired to her bedroom. She told me to lie on my back, then she tied my ankles to the foot of the bed and my hands to the headboard. Slowly, she took off her dress, teasing me with her voluptuous body as she did so. She leaned over and kissed me on the lips then she progressed lower with kisses under my arms. When she saw the pleasure on my face she giggled with delight and stood above me.

I strained to see her dark nipples through her bra, but she turned sideways and ran her fingers over her ass and thighs giving me a tempting view. She then undid her bra, ran over to her closet, and put on a loose-fitting blouse.

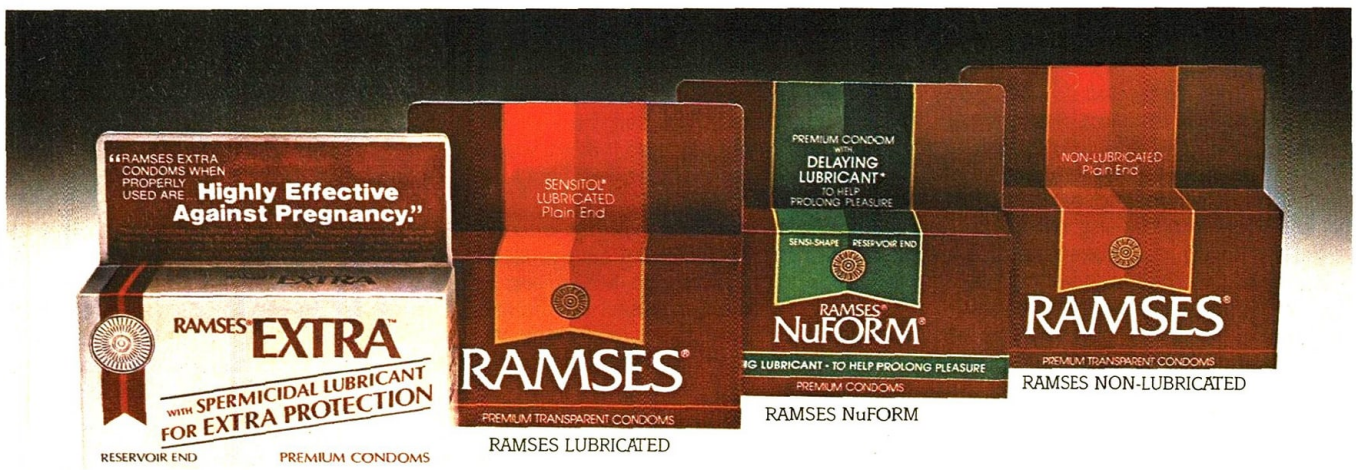
Returning to the bed, she started to kiss my torso. Her cascading hair tickled my sides as she moved below my waist. She sat back, looked me over speculatively, and toyed with her breasts. She turned away, picked up a rubber band from her nightstand, and stretched it around the base of my cock. As the pressure built up inside my prick, it turned larger and redder. She fondled it between the fingers of both hands, and her lovely hair fell across my body as she bent over to kiss and nip its purple head.

She stood up and slipped off her blouse, freeing her magnificent tits, and loosened one stocking from her garter belt, gathering it as it slid down her leg.

With the stocking rolled in her hand, she said, "You talk too much! Stick out your tongue!" After spreading the damp toe over my tongue, she pushed the rest of the stocking into my mouth. "Now lick me," she commanded, as she lowered her hard nipple to the wet stocking. I tried as hard as I could to suck her tit, but I couldn't with the stocking in my mouth. "You're worthless," she said, with a wicked laugh. Angered, she stood and stripped off her wet panties, dropping them on my face.

Taking my cock in one hand, she scraped it with the hard nails of her other hand. God, it hurt like hell! She then pulled the stocking out of my mouth and positioned her pussy above my face.

She lowered her cunt and made me tongue-fuck her and concentrate on her clit. Suddenly, she moved it from my slurping mouth, and with swiveling hip movements, she moved down my body and slipped it over my bulging cock. She began to move up and down in a frenzy. I, too, began to let loose and moaned with the delight of an approaching orgasm. "Don't even think of coming," she said. Putting her cunt on my face again, she teased my cock with her hair, tongue, and



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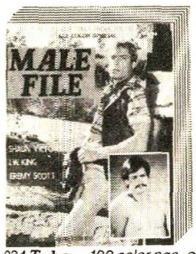

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fingers. I exploded into orgasm, but the band kept my cock hard and supersensitive. She moved dowm and slowly slid my cock in and out of her cunt. She laughed as she watched my agonized face. She withdrew my dick, rubbed her cunt in the come on my stomach, and made me lick it until she came in a bucking frenzy.

After removing the rubber band, she disappeared, returning with two cocktails. She thoroughly enjoyed her little experiment, and I promised to do as well by her the next time. She wore a soft white robe and was as cuddly as a kitten as we watched TV. No, she didn't want to be tied up that night—some other time maybe. In the meantime, we made love twice before I returned to work in the morning. God, I wonder what she's doing tonight.—*Name and address withheld*

WORKING IT OUT

Just about three years ago, I was looking for a health club to join and was almost knocked out by an ad in our local newspaper. It was a simple ad with the photo of an absolutely spectacular female who had a face and body that I thought just had to be touched up. No woman could be that outstanding or perfect. Or so I thought. The following day, I rushed over to the health club and admitted to the manager that the ad with "Wonder Woman" was what sold me. "Was there really such a girl?" I asked. He laughed and said that I was at least the tenth guy who joined up because of her, and yes, she was for real and a member of the club. He told me that her name was Bobbi, that she worked out there nearly every day, and that we would undoubtedly run into each other. I couldn't wait to see her in the flesh.

That very evening, I took my workout duds over to the club to try out the facilities. Now, I'm in my mid-thirties and in pretty good shape, but when I walked into the training room I felt a bit behind the times. The instructor looked just like Arnold Schwarzenegger, and the men and women working out were serious bodybuilders. Then, I saw her. It was Bobbi, no doubt about it.

She was on her back doing bench presses. The picture in the ad didn't do her justice. Bobbi was the most magnificent female I'd ever seen. I froze in my tracks when I took in the wonderful sight of her gorgeous being: her honey-blond hair tied back in a ponytail, sexy, big, gray-green eyes, a perfect nose, and full, sweet lips that tightened with the effort of each press. Her skin was golden. Her neck and shoulders were smooth, clean lines leading to the sudden dominance of two superbly shaped globes. Bobbi's stomach was flat. Her waist was lithe and slim above the shapely curves of her hips.

She was in the last part of her routine, and as she pressed the weight above her, her back arched just a bit, emphasizing the strength in her incredible chest. The sweep of smooth muscles in her chiseled thighs and sculpted buttocks bulged all the way down to her well-defined calves and dainty ankles. I stepped forward and introduced myself and told her that I had seen the ad and thought she was much better looking in real life. To my surprise she was warm and charming. She said she was flattered by the commotion the ad had caused. I asked her if we could go out sometime and she said yes.

That was just the beginning of a dream relationship that has been a continuing fantasy for me, and for Bobbi, over these past three years. We live together now, but our relationship is an open one—not promiscuous but selectively open.

My greatest fantasy has been to watch Bobbi make love to another man. I am one of the few men who has such a dream girl in his life, and I wanted to see another male experience Bobbi. On the other hand, Bobbi has always asked me to bring my "other girlfriends" home and seduce them while she takes pictures.

After Bobbi went on a trip to Dallas for several days, she seemed very excited when she returned. After a warm welcome of hugs and kisses, she proceeded to tell me of her "romantic adventure" and what we were going to do about it.

It seems that Bobbi had concluded a big deal with a large distribution company, and the owner of the company that signed the contract was quite smitten with her. Any man would be, but most guys are intimidated by Bobbi's outstanding presence. This guy, however, had the confidence *and* the money not to be intimidated by anyone. And when he invited Bobbi to dinner, they discovered that they were staying at the same hotel. Bobbi, who was feeling very high and attracted to this handsome business tycoon, accepted. She said that the dinner with Don was wonderful and the conversation was inspiring. He offered Bobbi an after-dinner drink in his penthouse suite. She agreed, and they went off to what Bobbi already knew was going to be an exciting evening. They entered the large suite, and Don prepared the drinks as Bobbi turned on soft mood music.

Don is in his early forties and somewhat of an egotist, but he was so compelling that Bobbi practically surrendered when he came up behind her while she was admiring the view and kissed her tenderly on the nape of her neck. She turned and looked into his eyes, and in a moment everything was understood. Don, in the meantime, began fondling her huge tits, unbuttoned her blouse, and lavished her with kisses. They finally retired to his bedroom where they made love all night in every possible way.

I asked her if she wanted him again, and Bobbi said that she wanted him almost as much as she wanted me, and that Don was coming to town next week. She asked if I would like to meet him. I leapt at the thought. Of course, I wanted to meet him!

In fact, I wanted him to stay with us. This was just the scenario I had hoped for.

The following week, Don arrived and called from the airport. Bobbi talked to him on the phone and invited him to stay with us for the night. When she hung up she came over to me, put her arms around my neck, and told me that Don loved the idea of staying with us. That evening Don took us all out to dinner and we got well acquainted. I found him to be a bit self-centered but not at all disagreeable. He was very successful and was very generous with the fruits of his success. He was also crazy about Bobbi, and she, in turn, was quite attentive to him, which is just the way I wanted it.

We returned to our apartment in exceptional spirits. Bobbi did her thing with the stereo, selecting just the right mood music. Bobbi put on one of those sexy jumpsuits made out of parachute material and wore nothing underneath. I put on a pair of faded jeans and a sweatshirt, and we entered the living room to find Don browsing through one of Bobbi's photo albums and sipping champagne. He had put on a soft sweater and a very well-fitted pair of slacks. I say "fitted" because the bulge in his crotch was awesome, to say the least. Bobbi and Don sat on the pillowed couch, and I sat on the floor across from them.

Bobbi and Don got cozier as time went by. He had his arms around her shoulders, and she put her head on his chest. I sat there, waiting for my fantasy.

I yawned and excused myself, in order to give them a moment alone. For a young woman of 26, Bobbi is way ahead of most older women who think they are sexually mature. I knew that she would make all our dreams come true that night.

I went into our bedroom where I had a direct view of a large wall mirror in the foyer that reflected most of the living room. Even in the dim light, I could see them as they began to kiss and touch each other. In no time, he unzipped the top of her outfit and bared her heaving bosom. Bobbi pulled his head down to her tremendous tits, and he licked and sucked on her rigid nipples. It only took a few seconds for Bobbi to jump up and out of her jumpsuit. Suddenly, Don stood up and flung off his sweater. His muscular chest and arms were sweating. Bobbi sat up and undid the belt of his slacks, zipped down his fly, and unleashed the most enormous cock I had ever seen. Even from a distance I would have guessed it as being at least 12 inches long, if not more. As soon as his heroic cock was free, Bobbi grasped the tremendous tool in both hands and began to lick its length. She opened her ruby lips and began sucking it as he eased his growing shaft into her mouth. There was no way Bobbi could suck all of his monstrous meat into her throat, but I knew she would try. Deeper and deeper into her mouth and throat went the pulsing pole of his manhood until it stretched her mouth to its limit. I couldn't restrain myself any longer. I ripped off my jeans and sweatshirt and

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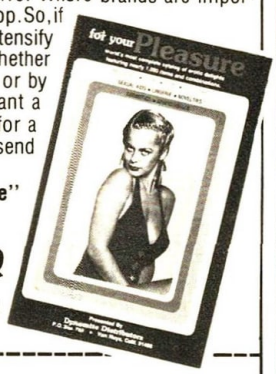

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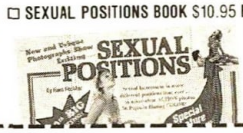

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started jacking off as I watched a virtual goddess get assaulted by the horse-size cock of this contemporary satyr.

Don finally pulled himself away from Bobbi's hungry lips and went down on her as she fell back onto the couch. I couldn't see because the back of the couch hid them from me, so I decided to make a bold move. Naked, I walked into the living room as the sounds of heavy breathing and little moans rose from the couch. Neither of them noticed me until I was practically on top of them. Bobbi, lying on her back, looked up and smiled. "Look who's here," she said. Don slowed his movements for a moment, looked around to see me standing there in all my naked glory, and said, "Would you like to join us?" I was delighted at the invitation, but I said I wanted to watch instead.

He was really something else. To see his hunk of human hose entering the coral-pink cunt of my beloved Bobbi was sheer ecstasy. Bobbi begged him to sink the entire length of his big dick into her pussy. Her hips arched up to meet his thrusts until the entire shaft of flesh was buried inside her trembling body. I couldn't imagine how she could have absorbed what amounted to a young man's arm up her cunt. I was going nuts and had my own orgasm as they both exploded, with Bobbi gasping something about "heaven and earth." We all sort of collapsed and caught our breaths. Don slowly eased his partially erect cock from Bobbi's wet cunt, and it hung before us like some huge, throbbing limb that was only resting before going on its next rampage.

But it was nearly dawn and I was exhausted. I collapsed on the couch and Don and Bobbi fell asleep on the floor. The next morning we had a continuation of the evening's events and made plans for future sexual endeavors.—*Name and address withheld*

"FORUM" VOYEUR

Last month, my wife took our oldest child on a trip to visit relatives while I stayed home with our youngest child. I took a vacation week off from work and had a good time at home with the baby.

We use a number of baby-sitters, all of them teenagers. One is particularly attractive—she's 18 years old, about five-feet-eight-inches tall, slim, and blond. Nicole's from Paris, but she has lived here long enough to speak English perfectly. I called her one night to see if she would sit while I went out.

Before she arrived, I wrote a "Forum" letter about an adolescent experience. Then I had an idea you'll like.

I decided to leave out a copy of *Penthouse* in plain view, with the typed letter next to it. I also left out some of my wife's nice lingerie so Nicole would be sure to see it. Then I opened the curtains in order to get a good view of the living room from the outside. It was a perfect plot.

Nicole arrived after dark and the baby was already asleep. I spent a few minutes with her and then left. After pulling the car around the corner, I parked, walked back to the house, and stood on the back porch where I could see the living room, dining room, and kitchen pretty well. Then I sat back and waited. The minutes passed like hours and I thought things were never going to start.

I got a little worried because I wasn't at all sure how she would take it. We've always been very straight with her. I held my breath while she read the bait.

When she finished she put the magazine and the letter aside and finished her soda. There was no immediate reaction. I didn't know what to think. But then she surprised the hell out of me. She lay face down on the sofa, watching TV, and put her hands under herself. Silly me, I thought she was just relaxing. But when her hips started to move and make little jerking movements, I knew where she had put her fingers.

After several minutes of this, she arched upward then relaxed. She rolled off the sofa, stood up, and zipped up her pants. I hoped that maybe ten minutes later she would lie down again to repeat the action. She walked by the lingerie and stopped to admire it. I was wishing she would try it on, but she never did.

I also hoped that she would undress. Her hair was very blond, and I wanted a glimpse of her pussy. But she stayed clothed even though her face got flushed and red.

When I finally "came home" Nicole was in quite a state. She seemed nervous and anxious to go. I tried to get her to stay a little longer, but she was probably in quite a lather. Not wanting to upset her in the slightest, I took her right home.

I occasionally see Nicole at the country-club swimming pool and admire her long legs and sleek form. The next time I see her there, I'll pay particular attention to her and remember the night I watched her play with herself. And then one day some years from now, when she's much more experienced and relaxed, I may pull out this issue of *Penthouse* and let her read this letter about us.—*Name and address withheld*

NIGHT MOVES

One night after an exciting hockey game in the city, I went to a bar to get pleasantly drunk. While I was getting some quarters for the pool table, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around to find a short, blue-eyed blonde looking up at me. "What are the quarters for?" she asked me in a soft Southern accent. "My friends and I are going to shoot some pool, unless, of course, you'd rather have your thighs nibbled on," I replied, trying to be cute. "Surely, you've got to be kidding," she said in a challenging voice. Sensing that I had pissed her off, I tried to make a joke out of it. "I don't kid about things like that,"

I said seriously. After a small pause I threw in, "And don't call me Shirley." She looked me up and down, smiled provocatively, and said, "Okay, let's do it. But hurry. It'll be light in a few hours." I had no objection.

We left the bar, hopped into her car, and took off. She lit up a joint and we smoked it in silence. Once we got to my place, I put some Springsteen on the stereo, and we got into some heavy kissing and petting. This girl knew what she wanted and she wasted no time bringing my hands and face to her warm, firm breasts. I had no objection to that either!

After a long session of this I couldn't wait to feel this beauty wrap her thighs around my neck, so I yanked off her jeans and her sheer red panties. Without warning I buried my face between her legs. She moaned loudly and started grinding her twat against my tongue with amazing vigor.

This went on until the break of dawn. When she saw the clock she said she had to leave to go to work. On her way to the door I said, "By the way, what's your name?" "Lydia," she purred, as she rubbed against me like a kitten. "But you can call me Gremlin." "Why Gremlin?" I asked. "Because I only come out at night," she said, rubbing the bulge in my underwear.

It's been like this for a month now. I don't know where she lives or what her phone number is. She just calls and tells me whether or not to leave the door unlocked for her visit. I love to be surprised by this little gremlin who gives more than she takes. If this is the way to join the gremlins or become a gremlin lover, I plan to keep it up for as long as I can control my curiosity and she'll let me.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Marie Ehlman was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, and Harrison filters. Animals were provided by The Preserve, which is committed to the preservation of potentially extinct animals. It may be visited daily. Hannan Aviation provided the Lockheed Lodestar and provides international ferry service to all parts of the free world. The Hawker Sea-Fury was provided by Hamilton Aviation, which is owned and run by Lloyd Hamilton, one of the most famous pilots in aviation today. Our love set, which appears on page 72, was photographed by John Copeland with a Nikon F2AS camera, Nikkor 24, 105, 135, and 43-86 zoom lenses, and Norman strobes.

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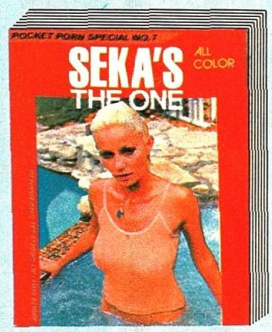

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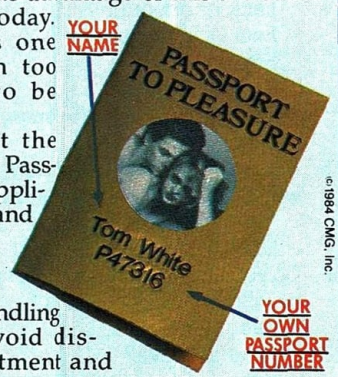

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Ms. Miss _____
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QUESTIONNAIRE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

18. Did your relationship improve your work or distract you from it?
    - Improve
    - Distract
    - Neither
19. Has an affair at work ever affected your private life:
    - Negatively
    - Favorably
    - Neither
20. If the affair is finished, who ended it?
    You _____ She _____ Both _____
    How?
    - Mutual consent
    - You left the company
    - She left the company
    - Both left
    - You were fired
    - She was fired
    - Both were fired
    - Both still work there
    - You got married
    - You live together
21. Have you ever been propositioned by a female? Was she a
    - Superior
    - Coworker
    - Subordinate
    - Your secretary

    How? _____
22. What was your reaction?
    - You accepted
    - Pretended not to notice
    - Laughed it off
    - Declined politely
23. Because of an affair at work have you ever been:
    - Promoted
    - Demoted
    - Transferred
24. If you have never had an affair at work, why not?
    - Lack of opportunity
    - Fear of discovery
    - Ethics
    - You are married
    - You are in love with someone else
    - Other
25. If you have had a previous affair, would you ever have another one?
    Yes _____ No _____
    Don't know _____
26. Do you know of others in your company who are having affairs?
    Yes _____ No _____
27. Do you approve?
    - Yes
    - No
    - No opinion
    - Depends on how they behave
28. Are you having an affair with someone in your company now?
    Yes _____ No _____
    If yes, since when? _____
    What is her position? _____

Please feel free to send me any additional comments or experiences that may amplify your answers.

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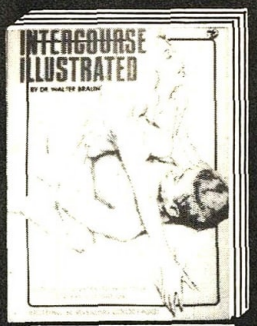

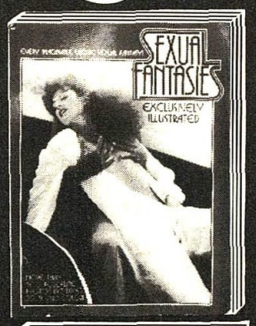

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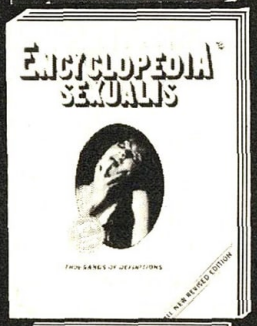

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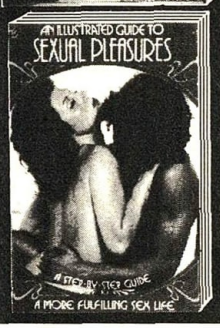

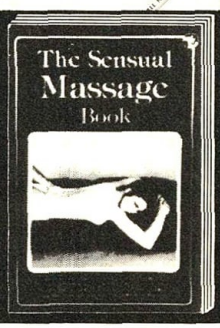

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COMING IN THE NOVEMBER PENTHOUSE

OWEN/BLACK STAR

THE REAGAN SPY MACHINE

The argument over who in the Reagan campaign stole Jimmy Carter's briefing book for the presidential debate is just the tip of a large iceberg, Carl E. Carlson reveals in an exclusive *Penthouse* investigation. Actually, according to Carlson, the so-called "Debategate" episode was only part of a huge spying operation by the Reagan campaign organization directed against Carter. Carlson reveals for the first time how the operation worked—and how it resulted in one of the most controversial episodes in U.S. history, the abortive negotiations to free the American hostages in Iran.

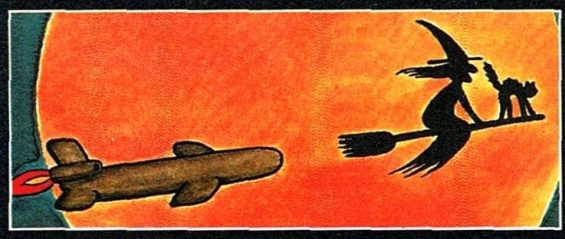
STEVE JOESTER/STAR FILE PHOTOS

FEELING THE NOIZE

Michael Jackson and various punkers may get all the press, but heavy-metal music is where all the real noise is. Contributing Editor Nick Tosches risked his sanity by hanging out with metal kids and investigating the music habit that costs some teenage hard-core fans up to $100 a week in records and concert tickets. With groups like Van Halen, Quiet Riot, Judas Priest, Def Leppard, Iron Maiden, AC/DC, and Black Sabbath making big bucks, heavy metal and its attendant sadism, Satanism, and sexism is definitely here to slay.

SEX IN FAT CITY, U.S.A.

Every week "flab flights" land at Raleigh-Durham airport, trundling in obese patrons desperate for treatment at the fabled fat farms of Durham, North Carolina. The indefatigable Al Goldstein, a sometime fatty himself, reports on his own foray into this territory in a hilariously informative article that explores the bizarre connection between sex and fat. "Fucking a fattie," Al writes, "can be an exercise in creative engineering. 'Roll 'em in flour and go for the wet spot' is an oft-repeated bit of advice." For further insights and revelations about this weird subclass of sexuality that is "as strange as any S&M cult," you won't want to miss next month's *Penthouse*.



TIM HAGGERTY

A WILD AND CRAZY HALLOWEEN

The skilled craziness of a talented *Penthouse* cartoonist named Tim Haggerty provides an all-too-macabre twist for the Druid harvest season. Halloween '84 (*not* a movie sequel) is the backdrop for Haggerty's unique brand of humor; in this particular case, an *off brand,* vended in a *sick* fashion and offered up under the counter (in a plain brown wrapper) to our *Penthouse* readers. Enjoy it, but for the sake of your own sanity, don't take it seriously.

L. ARKEV/LIAISON

ARE WE LOSING EUROPE?

Europe—the birthplace of Western civilization and today the world's largest trading bloc, an industrial and agricultural powerhouse of 270 million people—is the greatest prize in the never-ending rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union. But, according to foreign-affairs expert Tad Szulc, Western Europe is increasingly drifting toward neutrality and rejecting America. In next month's "Advise & Dissent," Szulc, an award-winning international journalist, contrasts Ronald Reagan's seeming indifference to this crisis with the scheming of the shrewd old men in the Moscow politburo who know that they don't need a military victory over the United States if Western Europe falls into neutrality.

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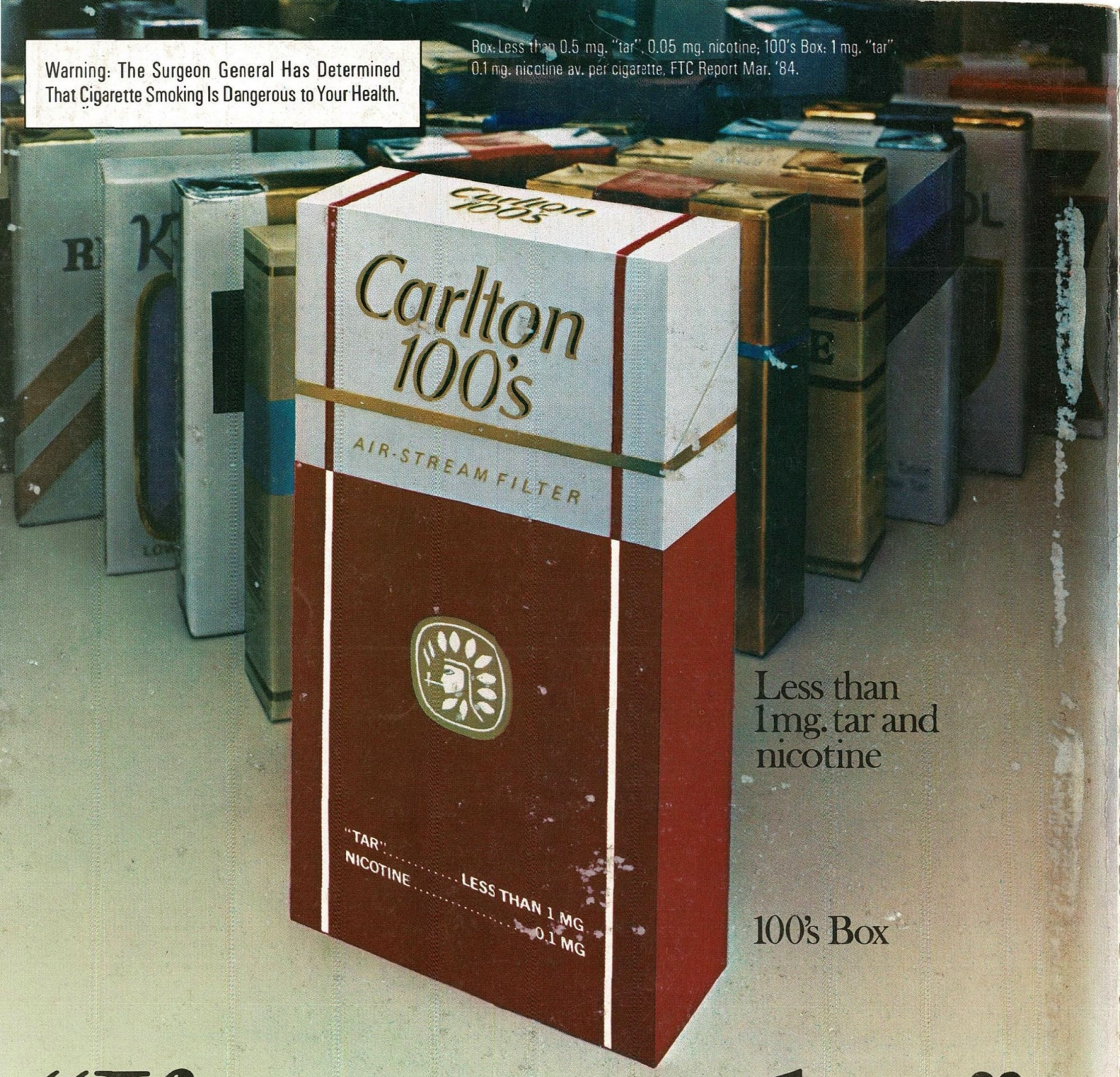

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